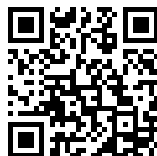

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Aunt Judy's annual volume

Alfred Gatty, Horatia K.
F. Gatty Eden, Juliana Horatia Gatty Ewing

Aunt

AUNT JUDY'S
CHRISTMAS VOLUME.

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CHRISTMAS VOLUME.
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

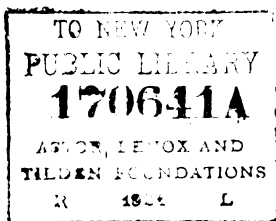
EDITED BY MRS. ALFRED GATTY,

AUTHOR OF "PARABLES FROM NATURE," ETC.



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B

TIMOTHY'S SHOES.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER.

 TIMOTHY'S mother was very conscientious. When she was quite a young woman, just after the birth of her first baby, and long before Timothy saw the light, she was very much troubled about the responsibilities of having a family.

"Suppose," she murmured, "they catch measles, whooping-cough, chicken-pox, scarlatina, croup, or inflammation of the lungs, when I might have prevented it; and either die, or have weak eyes, weak lungs, or a chronic sore throat to the end of their days. Suppose they have bandy legs from walking too soon, or crooked spines from being carried too long. Suppose, too, that they grow up bad—that they go wrong, do what one will to keep them right. Suppose I cannot afford to educate them properly, or that they won't learn if I can afford to have them taught. Suppose that they die young, when I might have kept them alive; or live only to make me think they had better have died young. Oh dear, it's a terrible responsibility having a family!"

"It's too late to talk about that now, my dear," said her godmother; (a fairy godmother, too!) "the baby is a very fine boy, and if you will let me know when the christening-day is fixed, I will come and give him a present. I can't be godmother, though; I'm too old, and you've talked about responsibilities till I'm quite alarmed." With which the old lady kissed her goddaughter, and nearly put out the baby's eye with the point of her peaked hat, after which she mounted her broomstick and rode away.

"A very fine boy," continued the young mother. "Ah! that's just where it is; if it had only been a girl I shouldn't have felt so much afraid. Girls are easily managed. They have got consciences, and they mend their own clothes. You can make them work, and they

can amuse themselves when they're not working. Now with boys it is quite different. And yet I shouldn't wonder if I have a large family of boys, just because I feel it such a responsibility."

She was quite right. Years went by; one baby after another was added to the family, and they were all boys. "Twenty feet that want socks," sighed the good woman, "and not a hand that can knit or darn!"

But we must go back to the first christening. The godmother arrived, dressed in plum-coloured satin, with a small brown-paper parcel in her hand.

"Fortunatus's Purse!" whispered one of the guests, nudging his neighbour with his elbow. "The dear child will always be welcome in my poor establishment," he added aloud to the mother.

"A mere trifle, my love," said the fairy godmother, laying the brown-paper parcel beside her on the table, and nodding kindly to her goddaughter.

"That means a mug," said one of the godfathers, decidedly. "Rather shabby! I've gone as far as a knife, fork, and spoon myself."

"Doubtless 'tis of the more precious metal," said Dr. Dixon Airey, the schoolmaster (and this was his way of saying that it was a gold mug), "and not improbably studded with the glittering diamond. Let us not be precipitate in our conclusions."

At this moment the fairy spoke again. "My dear goddaughter," she began, laying her hand upon the parcel, "I have too often had reason to observe that the gift of beauty is far from invariably proving a benefit to its possessor." ("I told you it was a purse," muttered the guest.) "Riches," continued the fairy, "are hardly a less doubtful boon; and the youth who is born to almost unlimited wealth is not always slow to become a helpless bankrupt. Indeed, I fear that the experience of many centuries has almost convinced us poor fairies that extraordinary gifts are not necessarily blessings. This trifle," she continued, beginning to untie the string of the parcel, "is a very common gift to come from my hands, but I trust it will prove useful."

"There!" cried the godfather, "didn't I say it was a mug? Common? Why there's nothing so universal, except, indeed, the knife, fork, and spoon."

But before he had finished his sentence the parcel was opened, and the fairy presented the young mother with—a *small pair of strong*

leather shoes, copper tipped and heeled. "They'll never wear out, my dear," she said; "rely upon it, you'll find them 'a mother's blessing,' and however large a family you may have, your children will step into one another's shoes just at the age when little feet are most destructive." With which the old lady carefully wound the string on her finger into a neat twist, and folding the bit of brown paper, put both in her pocket, for she was a very economical dame.

I will not attempt to describe the scandalised buzz in which the visitors expressed their astonishment at the meanness of the fairy's gift. As for the young mother, she was a sensible, sweet-tempered woman, and very fond of her old godmother, so she set it down to a freak of eccentricity; and, dismissing a few ambitious day-dreams from her mind, she took the shoes, and thanked the old lady pleasantly enough.

When the company had departed, the godmother still lingered, and kissed her goddaughter affectionately. "If your children inherit your good sense and good temper, my love, they will need nothing an old woman like me can give them," said she; "but, all the same, my little gift is not *quite* so shabby as it looks. These shoes have another quality besides that of not wearing out. The little feet that are in them cannot very easily go wrong. If, when your boy is old enough, you send him to school in these shoes, should he be disposed to play truant, they will pinch and discomfort him so that it is probable he will let his shoes take him the right way; they will in like manner bring him home at the proper time. And——"

"Mrs. Godmother's broomstick at the door!" shouted the farming man who was acting as footman on this occasion.

"Well, my dear," said the old lady, "you will find out their virtues all in good time, and they will do for the whole family in turn; for I really can come to no more christenings. I am getting old—besides, our day is over. Farewell, my love."

And mounting her broomstick, the fairy finally departed.

KINGCUPS.

As years went by, and her family increased, the mother learned the full value of the little shoes. Her nine boys wore them in turn, but they never wore them out. So long as the fairy shoes were on their feet they were pretty sure to go where they were sent, and to come

back when they were wanted, which, as all parents know, is no light matter. Moreover, during the time that each boy wore them, he got into such good habits that he was thenceforward comparatively tractable. At last they descended to the ninth and youngest boy, and became—Timothy's shoes.

Now the eighth boy had very small feet, so he had worn the shoes rather longer, and Timothy got them somewhat later than usual. Then, despite her conscientiousness, Timothy's mother was not above the weakness of spoiling the youngest of the family; and so, for one reason or another, Master Timothy was wilful, and his little feet pretty well used to taking their own way before he stepped in the fairy shoes. But he played truant from the dame's school, and was late for dinner so often, that at length his mother resolved to bear it no longer; and one morning the leather shoes were brightly blacked, and the copper tips polished, and Master Tim was duly shod, and dismissed to school with many a wise warning from his fond parent.

"Now, Tim, dear, I know you will be a good boy," said his mother, a strong conviction that he would be no such thing pricking her conscience. "And mind you don't loiter or play truant, for if you do these shoes will pinch you horribly, and you'll be sure to be found out."

Tim's mother held him by his right arm, and Tim's left arm and both his legs were already as far away as he could stretch them, and Tim's face looked just as incredulous as yours would look if you were told that there was a bogy in the storecloset who would avenge any attack upon the jam-pots with untold terrors. At last the good woman let go her hold, and Tim went off like an arrow from a bow, and he gave not one further thought to what his mother had said.

The past winter had been very cold, the spring had been fitful and stormy, and May had suddenly burst upon the country with one broad bright smile of sunshine and flowers. If Tim had loitered on the school path when the frost nipped his nose and numbed his toes, or when the trees were bare and the ground mud, and the March winds crept up his jacket-sleeves, one can imagine the temptations to delay when every nook had a flower and every bush a bird. It is very wrong to play truant, but still it was very tempting. Twirr-r-r-r—up into the blue sky went the larks, hedge-birds chirped and twitted in and out of the bushes, the pale milkmaids opened their petals, and

down in the dark marsh below the kingcups shone like gold. Once or twice Tim loitered to pick milkmaids, and white starflowers, and speedwell; but the shoes pinched him, and he ran on all the more willingly that a newly-fledged butterfly went before him. But when the path ran on above the marsh, and he looked down and saw the kingcups, he dismissed all thoughts of school. True, the bank was long and steep, but that only added to the fun. Kingcups he must have. The other flowers he flung away. Milkmaids are wan-looking at the best; starflowers and speedwell are ragged; but those shining things that he had not seen for twelve long months, with cups of gold and leaves like water-lilies—Tim flung his satchel on to the grass, and began to scramble down the bank. But though he turned his feet towards the kingcups, the shoes seemed resolved to go to school; and as he persisted in going towards the marsh, he suffered such twitches and twinges that he thought his feet must have been wrenched off. But Tim was a very resolute little fellow, and though his ankles bid fair to be dislocated at every step, he dragged himself, shoes and all, down to the marsh. And now, provokingly enough, he could not find a kingcup within reach; in very perversity, as it seemed, not one would grow on the safe edge, but, like so many will-o'-the-wisps, they shone out of the depths of the treacherous bog. And as Tim wandered round the marsh, jerk, wrench—oh, dear! every step was like a galvanic shock. At last, desperate with pain and disappointment, he fairly jumped into a brilliant clump that looked tolerably near, and was at once ankle-deep in water. Then, to his delight, the wet mud sucked the shoes off his feet, and he waded about among the rushes, reeds, and kingcups sublimely happy.

And he was none the worse, though he ought to have been. He moved about very cautiously, feeling his way with a stick from tussock to tussock of reedy grass, and wondering how his eight brothers had been so feeble-minded as never to think of throwing the obnoxious shoes into a bog and so getting rid of them once for all. True, in fairy stories, the youngest brother always does accomplish what his elders had failed to do, but fairy tales are not always true. At last Tim began to feel tired; he hurt his foot with a sharp stump. A fat yellow frog jumped up in his face and so startled him that he nearly fell backwards into the water. He was frightened, and had culled more kingcups than he could carry. So he scrambled out,

and climbed the bank, and cleaned himself up as well as he could with a small cotton pocket-handkerchief, and thought he would go on to school.

Now, with all his faults, Tim was no coward and no liar, so with a quaking heart and a stubborn face he made up his mind to tell the dame that he had played truant; but even when one has resolved to confess, the words lag behind, and Tim was still composing a speech in his mind, and had still got no further than, "Please, ma'am," when he found himself in the school and under the dame's very eye.

But Tim heeded not her frown, nor the subdued titters of the children; his eyes were fixed upon the schoolroom floor where—in Tim's proper place in the class—stood the little leathern shoes, very muddy, and with a kingcup in each.

"You've been in the marsh, Timothy," said the dame. "*Put on your shoes.*"

It will be believed that when his punishment and his lessons were over, Tim allowed his shoes to take him quietly home.

THE SHOES AT SCHOOL.

When Timothy's mother heard how he had been in the marsh, she decided to send him at once to a real boys' school, as he was quite beyond dame's management. So he was sent to live with Dr. Dixon Airey, who kept a school on the moors, assisted by one usher, a gentleman who had very long legs and used very long words, and who wore common spectacles of very high power on work days, and green ones on Sundays and holidays.

And Timothy's shoes went with him.

On the whole he liked being at school. He liked the boys, he did not hate Dr. Airey much, and he would have felt kindly towards the Usher but for certain exasperating circumstances. The Usher was accustomed to illustrate his lessons by examples from familiar objects, and as he naturally had not much imagination left after years of grinding at the rudiments of everything with a succession of lazy little boys, he took the first familiar objects that came to hand, and his examples were apt to be tame. Now though Timothy's shoes were well-known in his native village, they created quite a sensation in Dr. Dixon Airey's establishment, and the Usher brought them into his familiar examples till Timothy was nearly frantic. Thus: "If

Timothy's shoes cost 8s. 7d. without the copper tips &c." or, illustrating the genitive case, "Timothy's shoes, or the shoes of Timothy," or again: "The shoes. Of the shoes. To or for the shoes. The shoes. Oh shoes! By, with, or from the shoes."

"I'll run away by, with, or from the shoes shortly," groaned Timothy, "see if I don't. I can't stand it any longer."

"I wouldn't mind it, if I were you," returned Bramble minor. "They all do it. Look at the fellow who wrote the Latin Grammar! He looks round the schoolroom, and the first thing that catches his eyes goes down for the first declension, *forma*, a form. They're all alike."

But when the fruit season came round, and boys now and then smuggled cherries into school, which were forfeited by the Usher, he sometimes used these for illustrations instead of the shoes, thus (in the arithmetic class): "two hundred and fifty-four cherries added to one thousand six hundred and seventy-five make——?"

"A *very* big pie!" cried Tim on one of these occasions. He had been sitting half asleep in the sunshine, his mind running on the coming enjoyments of the fruit season, cooked and uncooked; the Usher had appealed to him unexpectedly, and the answer was out of his lips before he could recollect himself. Of course he was sent to the bottom of the class; and the worst of going down in class for Timothy was that his shoes were never content to rest there. They pinched his poor feet till he shuffled them off in despair, and then they pattered back to his proper place, where they stayed till, for very shame, Tim was obliged to work back to them; and if he kept down in class for two or three days, for so long he had to sit in his socks, for the shoes always took the place that Tim ought to have filled.

But, after all, it was pleasant enough at that school upon the moors, from the time when the cat-heather came out upon the hills to the last of the blackberries; and even in winter, when the northern snow lay deep, and the big dam was "safe" for skaters, and there was a slide from the Doctor's gate to the village post-office—one steep descent of a quarter of a mile on the causeway, and as smooth as the glass mountain climbed by the princess in the fairy tale. Then Saturday was a half-holiday, and the boys were allowed to ramble off on long country walks, and if they had been particularly good they were allowed to take out Nardy. This was the Doctor's big dog, a noble

fellow of St. Bernard breed. The Doctor called him Bernardus, but the boys called him Nardy.

Sometimes, too, the Usher would take one or two boys for a treat to the neighbouring town, and when the Usher went out holidaying, he always wore the green spectacles, through which he never saw anything amiss, and indeed (it was whispered) saw very little at all.

Altogether Timothy would have been happy but for the shoes. They did him good service in many ways, it is true. When Timothy first came, the little boys groaned under the tyranny of a certain big bully of whom all were afraid. One day when he was maltreating Bramble minor in a shameful and most unjust fashion, Timothy rushed at him and with the copper tips of his unerring shoes he kicked him so severely that the big bully did not get over it for a week, and no one feared him any more. Then in races, and all games of swift and skilful chase, Timothy's shoes won him high renown. But they made him uncomfortable whenever he went wrong, and left him no peace till he went right, and he grumbled loudly against them.

"There is a right way and a wrong way in all sublunary affairs," said the Usher. "Hereafter, young gentleman, you will appreciate your singular felicity in being incapable of taking the wrong course without feeling uncomfortable."

"What's the use of his talking like that?" said Timothy, kicking the bench before him with his "copper tips." "It's not the wrong way I want to go; it's my own way, that's all." And night and day he beat his brains for a good plan to rid himself of the fairy shoes.

THE SHOES AT CHURCH.

On Sunday, Dr. Dixon Airey's young gentlemen went to the old church in the valley. It was a venerable old building with a stone floor, and when Dr. Dixon Airey's school came in they made such a clattering with their feet that everybody looked round. So the Usher very properly made a point of being punctual that they might not disturb the congregation.

The Usher always went to church with the boys, and he always wore his green spectacles. It has been hinted that on Sundays and holidays he was slow to see anything amiss. Indeed if he were directly told of misconduct, he would only shake his head and say :

"*Humanum est errare*, my dear boy, as Dr. Kerchever Arnold truly remarks in one of the earlier exercises."

And the boys liked him all the better, and did not on the whole behave any the worse for this occasional lenity.

Four times in the year, on certain Sunday afternoons, the youth of the neighbourhood were publicly catechised in the old church after the second lesson at Evening Prayer, and Dr. Dixon Airey's young gentlemen with the rest. They all filed down the aisle in a certain order, and every boy knew beforehand which question and answer would fall to his share. Now Timothy's mother had taught him the catechism very thoroughly, and so on a certain Sunday he found that the lengthy answer to the question, "What is thy duty towards thy neighbour?" was given to him. He knew it quite well, but a stupid, half-shy, and wholly aggravating fit came upon him, and he resolved that he would not stand up with the others to say his catechism in church. So when they were about halfway there, Timothy slipped off unnoticed, and the Usher—all confidence and green spectacles—took the rest of his party on without him.

Oh, how the shoes pinched Tim's feet as he ran away over the heather, and how Tim vowed in his heart never to rest till he got rid of them! At last the wrenching became so intolerable that Tim tore them off his feet, and kicked them for very spite. Fortunately for Tim's shins the shoes did not kick back again, but they were just setting off after the Usher, when Tim snatched them up and put them in his pocket. At last he found among the grey rocks that peeped out of the heather and bracken one that he could just move, and when he had pushed it back, he popped the shoes under it, and then rolled the heavy boulder back on them to keep them fast. After which he ate bilberries till his teeth were blue, and tried to forget the shoes and to enjoy himself. But he could not do either.

As to the Usher, when he found that Timothy was missing, he was very much vexed; and when the Psalms were ended and still he had not come, the Usher took off his green spectacles and put them into his pocket. And Bramble minor, who came next to Timothy, kept his Prayer Book open at the Church Catechism and read his duty to his neighbour instead of attending to the service. At last the time came, and all the boys filed down the aisle. First the parish schools, and then Dr. Dixon Airey's young gentlemen; and just as they took their

places, between Bramble minor and the next boy, in the spot where Timothy should have been—stood Timothy's shoes.

After service the shoes walked home with the boys, and followed the Usher into Dr. Dixon Airey's study.

"I regret, sir," said the Usher, "I deeply regret to have to report to you that Timothy was absent from Divine worship this evening."

"And who did his duty to his neighbour?" asked the Doctor, anxiously.

"Bramble minor, sir."

"And how did he do it?" asked the Doctor.


"Perfectly, sir."

"Mrs. Airey and I," said the Doctor, "shall have much pleasure in seeing Bramble minor at tea this evening. I believe there are green-gage turnovers. We hope also for the honour of *your* company, sir," added the Doctor. "And when Timothy retraces his erring steps, *tell him to come and fetch his shoes.*"

(To be continued.)

THE OLD WORK-BOX.

By Madame Guizot de Witt.

AMMA, when shall we see Amélie, then? sighed a little girl of ten years old, sitting at her mother's feet and playing with the long steel chains fastened to her waistband from which hung the house-key. "You said perhaps she would come this year. How long is it since we saw her?"

Madame Rattier raised her head, her eyes filling slowly with big tears. "You have not seen your sister, my child, for three years!"

"But you, mamma?" thoughtlessly persisted the little girl.

"I saw her for a couple of hours, just a year ago."

The mother rose and left the room, wishing to hide the irrepressible emotion aroused by speaking of the daughter to whose removal from her motherly care she had yielded assent some time previously.

"Mamma has been crying!" exclaimed Jean, a tall boy of fourteen, coming into the small drawing-room where his sister still was. The child had remained seated on her footstool, amazed at her mother's

tears, and reproaching herself for having caused them. At Jean's outburst she jumped up.

"How do you know that?" asked she.

"I met her going upstairs to her bedroom holding her handkerchief before her eyes. When I wanted to speak to her she made me a sign without answering, and shut her door. Who has been vexing mamma?" And Jean doubled his fists, quite ready to defend his mother against all the world.

"I do not know—" and Gabrielle hesitated; "I only asked when we should see Amélie? and mamma looked at me with tears in her eyes. I went on without seeming to notice, and then she left the room without saying a word. Yes; she said we had not seen our sister for three years, and she only saw her for two hours last year."

"Then it's *your* fault!" shouted Jean; "why do you go and talk to her about Amélie? You know quite well that she cannot reconcile herself to the gap there is in her flock. As if the other youngsters here were not enough," he added, looking out of window at the game going on between a merry party who were brandishing their lances, cut from rose-trees bordering the kitchen-garden. "Come out; they're waiting for you to take sides. I hope you'll be beaten, to punish you for having made mamma cry."

And Jean hurried his little sister off into the garden. Shouts greeted their approach. "Here's Richard Cœur-de-Lion," said they.

"It's only Jean!" protested a mite of a maiden only four years old, who did not understand the joke.

"Not at all! he is Richard Cœur-de-Lion, King of England! and I am Philippe-Auguste!" cried Albert.

Albert was thirteen; his thick black short hair, square shoulders, and bold look indicated a champion sufficiently powerful to combat the English king's representative, with his wavy light hair, superior height, yet girl-like delicacy of complexion.

He had seized his lance, and was choosing from the clustering rose-trees a switch suited to his little sister's tiny grasp, as her weapon.

"Gabrielle, Gabrielle!" they screamed, "come with us: Jean's side is strong enough! Who will you be?"

"I am the brother of Madam Bluebeard. I see sister Ann waiting for me over there;" and the child was running to join those who wanted her.

But Jean held her back by her frock. "None of that!" said he,

gravely ; " it was I who went to find you ; I will protect you. Philippe-Auguste has help enough. He can take that small ' Red Riding-Hood ' if he likes ; I don't know what to do with her. I'll make the wolf eat her up presently."

" My name's Cathérine !" exclaimed " Little Red Riding-Hood," beginning to cry.

But Cinderella came away from the opposite party.

" Come with me," said she ; " we will remain together, and I'll defend you against the wolf."

That ferocious animal was already crawling " all fours " on damp grass, soiling his clean clothes. Jean called out, " It's not time yet !" and the wolf standing upright on his hinder paws, let " Little Red Riding-Hood " pass by in charge of Cinderella without further hostile demonstration.

Their game was complicated and ingeniously planned, the blockading party devising warlike tactics according to the exigencies of their sham fight. The two sides met face to face. Philippe-Auguste, Cinderella, and " Little Red Riding-Hood " in one group ; Richard the Lion-hearted, the liberator of Madam Bluebeard, and the wolf on the other, the latter being very unmanageable, as suited his assumed part, yet making incursions on their opponents' ground.

Jean warned him : " You'll get yourself caught !" Twice already had Philippe-Auguste started in chase of him. If the wolf were caught, the rules of the game compelled him to keep with the conquering party beside tiny " Red Riding-Hood," without making pretence to eat her up, until Richard Cœur-de-Lion or his assistant might come and set him free.

The contest was sanguinary. Already Red Riding-Hood's screams had re-echoed in the meadow, while Cinderella (in rushing to defend her from the ferocious animal) had torn out the back gathers of her dress, which she had drawn together on one side with a pin, but each new crisis of the conflict increased her untidiness. Cathérine had tried several times to stop her sister—" Your skirt is trailing on the ground, there's a great hole," but no one took any notice of this remark. Their lances were nearly all shattered ; they fought with the stumps, war-cries resounding in the air, " Cœur-de-Lion ! Cœur-de-Lion !" " Montjoyé Saint Denis ! France ! France !"

Suddenly the clanging of a bell was heard ; tolling twice, then a silence ; thrice, and a fresh pause—for the last time it rang rather

long. All the combatants stopped. "We did not hear any carriage," said they; "why are they ringing for papa?"

"All the carriages in the neighbourhood might have passed on the high road, or driven into our courtyard, and we should not have heard them," suggested Philippe-Auguste, smiling. "It's some business-call which mamma does not like settling by herself. Let's take new sticks and begin again."

"Begin again!" repeated the others.

Elizabeth did not care for her frock, having raised it in festoons tied with a string round her waist. Red Riding-Hood, relieved from her fright, was sitting on the ground, gathering a bunch of wild flowers. The wolf was talking amicably with her, as in the fable; and Madam Bluebeard's brother, weapon in hand, was leaning for support against an old nut-tree, which represented (according to these playmates) that very cruel husband!

"Richard Cœur-de-Lion" had disappeared. All through their outcries, mimic games, and noisy mirth, the eldest son had preserved a secret melancholy at heart. He could not clearly understand it himself, but his mother's closed door and her wet eyes were painfully vivid in his remembrance. At the first sound of the bell he had run off by the house drive, to know if she wanted him, or to ask the visitors' names, at least.

M. Rattier was very seldom disturbed in his farming operations. He was often some distance off, overlooking labourers or directing extra difficult work, and did not like being called back to the house unnecessarily.

"I lose half my day thus," he informed his wife; "you may as well see all visitors for me."

Jean found no one in the drawing-room: there was no visitor concerned, then.

"A telegram, sir," observed the old man-servant, whom he met on the staircase; "bad news I'm sure. Nothing else comes by those detestable iron wires! Madame turned pale on seeing the paper, and said to me, 'Ring for your master, Pierre,' but her voice was quite shaky. I stayed about to know if she wanted anything; but no one budged, and I didn't dare go in. You go, do, Master Jean."

For the first time in his life Jean paused outside his mother's door. Usually, all the family ran in there without knocking, as to an entirely

familiar resort, a place always open to them. But Pierre's superstitious uneasiness had partly affected the schoolboy.

"May I come in?" he inquired, timidly.



He had spoken softly ; no one answered. He repeated his request in a louder tone.

"Come in," replied Madame Rattier.

On opening the door, her son found her seated in an arm-chair

with bowed head, and hands clasping a paper lying opened on her knee. A mixture of remorse and sorrow could be read in her eyes as she looked at her son.

"Your grandmamma has had an attack of paralysis," she said, slowly; "they want your father."

"Grandmamma!" exclaimed Jean; "oh, my poor father!"

CHAPTER II.

IN the midst of Madame Rattier's grief, her son's words brought deep consolation. She felt that, in the years of struggle with herself, she had won at last; she had preserved to her husband's mother the place which naturally belonged to her in her grandchildren's hearts.

Married early, by her parents' desire, she had been in ignorance of the coldness, the discussions excited in her husband's family by the preference he had felt for her. She came of a noble race, illustrious as ancient. She brought only a small dowry, absolutely insignificant in the opinion of rich manufacturers like the Rattier family.

They also accused her of having retained habits and pretensions to elegance inconsistent with her poverty. It is true, antiquated party prejudices, democratic jealousy of nobility, still smouldered in the mind of the elder Madame Rattier, whose father had acquired a large fortune by steady and intelligent application to business. When married, she had seconded her husband's undertakings by personal efforts as well as by the large sums of money she brought him.

In more advanced age, when convinced that her only son, soured by the intensity of past quarrels, would never consent to quit his farm for the superintendence of the large manufactory, left by his father's death without a master, she had resolved to carry on the affairs in which she had so long shared responsibilities with her husband. She had kept the pretty residence built by M. Rattier on becoming wealthy and giving up his limited accommodation at the warehouse; and in this home she had lived many years alone. The paper-making prospered under her direction as much as in M. Rattier's life-time. Their clients even observed that his widow was more self-willed; she was also more clever and enterprising than he. Madame Rattier had never broken with her son. Despite the acerbity perceptible in their communications of late years, maternal love lay hidden beneath her love of

money, and motherly pride made her value riches only as a means to improve her only child's position; both these passions burned fiercely in a heart closed apparently to all sorts of tenderness.

Year by year she wrote to invite her son; taking generally the same opportunity for fixing which grandchild should accompany its father. On no other occasion, bold as he was, would M. Rattier have risked a visit to his mother, nor would he have ventured on taking any other of his children than the one she had asked. If he or she happened to be ill, the father went alone to "the Fall," as M. Rattier had named his paper-mill, in honour of the splendid watercourse that set all its machinery in motion.

Jean had been the first invited, and next Albert, while they were yet very young; and their grandmother had taken pains to give them abundance of juvenile enjoyments. They had been permitted the use of a donkey, as well as a chaise, carrying them everywhere they liked to go. Neighbours' children were asked to breakfast or dinner, or even to sleep at the house, wherein usually resounded nothing but the monotonous mill-wheels pounding the pulp, turning rollers which pressed it out into large sheets of paper.

But vainly did Madame Rattier relax in favour of her grandsons that rigorous discipline to which, formerly; their father had been obliged to submit. Jean and Albert were not happy at "the Fall," where they felt themselves banished from the care and kisses of their mother, lonely and dull without joyous companionship of brothers and sisters; and their return to Berville had always been marked by extreme outbursts of satisfaction.

Amélie's turn had followed. Only six years of age, the little girl was uneasy beforehand. Her brothers' tales had not inspired any wish to go to "the Fall," nor to see her grandmother. She was timid, and dreaded the reproofs which Madame Rattier would very likely administer.

"You, who love me so much, you scold me a little sometimes," she said to her mother. "My grandma does not love me; she will scold me much more."

"That is not at all certain;" and a smile flickered on her mother's lip. "I reprove you just because I do love you."

"And then," continued Amélie, "I hold myself very awkwardly, I know that very well; you often tell me of it, and my grandmamma

always sits up in her chair properly. Jean told me so. She never leans against the back of it at all."

"If you come home from 'the Fall' holding yourself upright, I shall be very grateful to your grandmamma," replied Madame Rattier.

The little girl went, nevertheless.

She went; but she did not return. From the first moment that the gentle, diffident, frightened child had put her trembling little hand into her grandmother's, a new affection took possession of the old lady's heart. She had never had a daughter. The one given by God and brought to her by her son she had repulsed, and that sweet sense of loving protection experienced by stronger natures for those weaker and dependent had not hitherto softened her harsh character.

Her son, when scarcely more than a lad, had engaged in counter schemes to hers, and had scattered at once all her wishes and her most cherished prejudices. From childhood he had become self-reliant, not wanting her help. But this little Amélie, with her soft voice, her eyes cast down, her long wavy hair falling over her shoulders, touched a hidden chord of feeling undiscovered until now; she took her granddaughter on her lap, closely embracing her with an almost wild vehemence. Instead of being alarmed, the child appeared to understand this extreme emotion, clinging to her grandmother confidently.

Madame Rattier got up, still holding Amélie in her arms: "Give me this little one," said she to her son; "all shall be forgiven and forgotten, as if you had never left me lonely."

M. Rattier hesitated, knowing what a shock such an arrangement would cause his wife. He was not ignorant of the tender anxiety wherewith she watched over the soul as well as the body of each of their children; and he asked himself if his own mother were as capable of bringing up a daughter; while he felt at heart some compunction for the grief he himself had caused. His marriage he had never regretted; only, since he had children of his own, and saw sons growing up around him, his conscience had been roused concerning his own boyish shortcomings towards his mother; his impatience of her rightful authority, and the boorishness and ill-temper he had shown. Perhaps a secret feeling, which he did not care to fathom, hinted that his mother, being very rich, might bequeath a large fortune; and as he had a numerous family to be provided for, it would be advisable that Amélie should be richly dowered.

Meanwhile his mother's fixed gaze was following every turn of his mind.

When he made a sign of assent, the old lady gave a sigh of satisfaction, having guessed instinctively that she had triumphed.

"Keep her," said M. Rattier, "on condition that she shall come and see her mother now and then, and that Adrienne may come here too."

"That is only right," said the grandmother, smothering with kisses the little girl, who opened her eyes wide with amazement, not understanding their agreement.

M. Rattier returned alone to Berville.

CHAPTER III.

THE husband had not understood a mother's heart, nor sounded the depth of sorrow he was causing his wife. When she saw him come back without the child, she looked over his shoulder eagerly even while embracing him; then ran to the door, but her husband stopped her. He now regretted not having prepared her for this blow, fearing she would go to "the Fall" and reclaim her daughter. So he hesitated—and his usually firm voice shook slightly when he said—

"Amélie is not there. I have left her with my mother, who has taken a fancy to her, and wants to adopt her."

He had spoken abruptly, to avoid dwelling on painful details.

His wife having stopped on her way to the door, was turning round to listen. She looked at him with an incredulousness which was succeeded by despair; then, convinced at last, by the inflexibility of his countenance, of the truth, without a complaint, without a cry or tear, she dropped at his feet, as if struck by a thunderbolt, and for the first time in her life she fainted.

When she regained consciousness, and was lying on her bed, her husband brought all her children beside it, "all that he has left me," she thought, on opening her eyes and perceiving Jean and Albert, Gabrielle, Paul, and the tiny Elizabeth, who was scarcely three months old, and whom the father held in his arms.

Her baby crowed at seeing her; all the rest were crying, terrified at seeing her thus—she who habitually welcomed them with a smile. She raised herself with difficulty.

Her boys climbed up, and clung round her neck.

"Don't die any more," said Albert, chokingly.

Jean was busy lifting up Gabrielle, and poor little Paul, more plump than he was tall, could not reach his mother; he held out his tiny arms and cried; his father, grasping him with one hand, set him on the bed too.

Madame Rattier had taken her infant daughter. As her arms encircled the babe, her husband bent forward, and whispered—

"My mother had not even one!"

A single reproachful look shot from his wife's eyes, over-brimming with tears.

"If you had only forewarned me," she murmured.

Thenceforth all was past: she kept silence, yet her wound bled inwardly.

During the six years since this separation had been effected she had seen her child six times. Madame Rattier had sent Amélie to her mother for one fortnight yearly (at first), but in getting older she became more exacting. Amélie had gained more and more exclusive possession of her grandmother's heart, seeming almost to have displaced her father; the old dame could not spare her even a single day. At great inconvenience, the mother left the other children to go and embrace her who had been carried off, and who met her with caresses, but let her depart without tears, like any casual visitor. The journey was found impracticable since little Cathérine had been added to the troop of laughing juveniles growing up at Berville.

The preceding year the young matron, not ashamed of silver threads showing amid her fine chestnut hair, had only spent two hours at "the Fall." Obligated to return home and nurse Elizabeth, who was ill, she had been unable to resist a longing to embrace her eldest daughter on the appointed anniversary.

All past suffering, all that positive anguish of their separation, all possible uncertainties of reunion presented themselves to Madame Rattier's mind, and seemed to pass before her vision, while she again read, mechanically, the telegram crushed between her hands.

The wording of the message left little hope. Scarcely might the son arrive in time to close his mother's eyes!

(To be continued.)

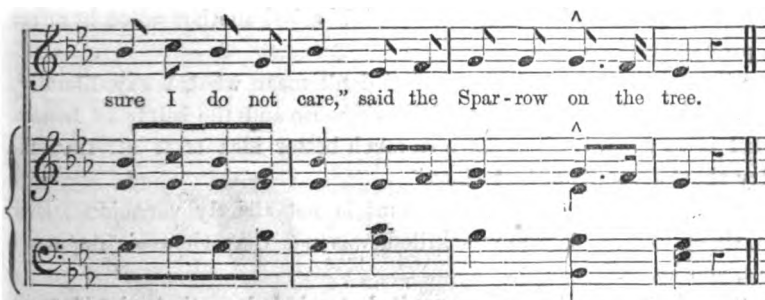
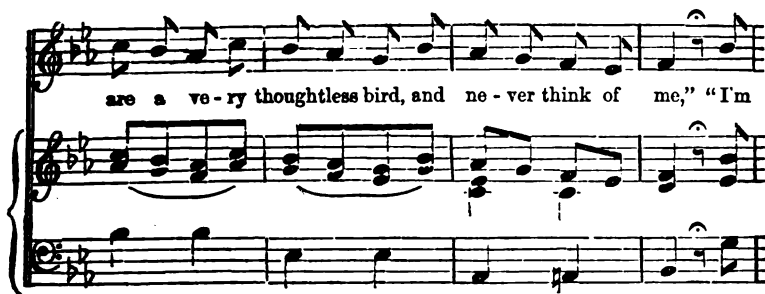
The Sparrow on the Tree.

Words and Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

Andante con molto Espress. "Como

in, you naugh-ty bird, The rain is pour-ing down, What

will your mo-ther do, If you sit there and drown? You



2

"Come in, you naughty bird,
 I see you're very cold,
 So come in here at once,
 Or I shall have to scold.
 If you stay out you're sure to have
 'Rheumatics' in the knee."
 "I'm sure I do not care,"
 Said the Sparrow on the tree.

3

"Come in, my darling bird,
 And sit by me in here,
 I'll dry your little wings,
 They must be wet, I fear;
 Please come into this barn, my son,
 And 'cuddle' close to me—"
 But ne'er another word
 Said the Sparrow on the tree.

4

The little bird was drown'd;
 The mother hung her head;
 Next morning, as I pass'd,
 I found her lying dead.
 So never say, "You do not care,"
 For "don't care," as you see,
 Is certain to be drown'd,
 Like the Sparrow on the tree.

SCENES AND SKETCHES FROM THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

INTRODUCTION.



SAY, Rochester.

"Well, Otho, what *do* you say?"

"Why, I wish people who write history would copy this style a little more," holding up the book as he spoke.

"What is the book? 'Old Mortality?' why, what do you mean, old fellow?"

"'Old Mortality' is a novel, isn't it?" asked another voice in rather a pretty foreign accent.

"Yes! yes, it is, and of course I don't mean what I say literally; but the historical description of Claverhouse and the battle of Loudon Hill is so good, it gives one a so much better idea of it all than the dry short accounts of historians."

"But, Otho, my boy, that account is not strictly veracious; Dick Graham, the cornet who was killed, was not Claverhouse's nephew a bit, you know."

"Well, well, I know he wasn't, but what does that signify? you know quite well what I mean, and I know you agree with me, though you won't say so."

"Yes, I think I do know what you mean, Otho, though I can't say you express yourself very clearly. You think historians should give us an insight into their heroes' motives and feelings as well as relate their bare actions."

"Exactly; and tell us what they said and thought."

"I heard somebody say once that the conversation between Claverhouse and Henry Morton near the end of the book gives one the best idea possible of Claverhouse's character," struck in another of the party.

"Yes! well," said the wise Rochester, "the truth is, you want historians to draw a good deal on their imaginations; but how if they have got none to draw upon?"

"Then they should not attempt to write history," promptly replied Otho.

"It would be rather good fun," said the young foreigner, "to try and write history as if it was a novel."

"Oh, yes!" cried Otho, "Rochester shall do it, and read it to us afterwards."

"You mean that I should write you a history as if it was a fiction?"

"Yes, Rochester," chimed in a pretty little girl who had been listening attentively to the discussion; "it will be something like Macaulay's history."

"You sarcastic child, where did you pick up that sentiment? as if you were promoted to read Macaulay too."

"Everybody knows that Hilda is an awful Jacobite," observed Robert.

"Be quiet, Robert. But seriously, Rochester," said Otho, "I really think the first thing that made me like history was a little book called 'Anecdotes of Kings.' I remember there was the famous duel in the reign of Gustavus Adolphus, that every one knows, worked up into a story. I recollect being delighted to find afterwards from history that the foundation of the story was true."

"Yes, I know the story you mean, and I'll tell you what I'll do for the amusement of you young ones" (Otho, twelve years old, drew up his head)—"I'll write for you 'Scenes from the Thirty Years' War;' it is a jolly time to write about, and I'll invent conversations for my heroes, or rather put what they did say, or might be supposed to have said, in the form of dialogue, and touch up my scenes with a few imaginary details; but the personages themselves shall all be historical, and I won't send them off on imaginary enterprises, and I will have no fictitious names, except where I want one for a page or a servant here and there."

"Good, good!" cried two or three voices. "Do, Rochester; it will be as jolly as any of your stories of knights and battles."

"Stop; let us see what our Swedish cousins say to the arrangement. Come, Henrik and Rollo, shall you like this for an after-tea occupation on Saturday evenings?"

"Oh, certainly!" responded the young foreigners; "the Thirty Years' War concerns our country rather."

"Yes," cried Robert, "and see if Rochester does not make a great deal of Gustavus Adolphus; he is such a hero of his."

"So he is of mine," said the blue-eyed Hilda.

"I suggest Saturday because it is a half-holiday," said Rochester, "and they never want us in the drawing-room till eight."

"Yes," said Otho, "and you know Mr. Randolph always drinks tea down at the parsonage with his brother. How jolly it is to have a tutor who wants to go and see his brother every Saturday!"

"It is settled then. Rochester, it is time to go into the drawing-room now; it is eight o'clock."

"Stop one moment; who makes up the party?"

"I," said Otho, "and Robert, and Henrik, and Rollo, and Hilda, if she is not too young."

"I too young!" said Hilda, in disdain.

"Very well," said Rochester, "and if you are bored you have only to say so."

"Oh, Henrik and I will be severe critics," said Otho, as the children descended together to the drawing-room.

The four young Wilmots were the children of Lord St. Evreux, who had married an exceedingly pretty Swedish woman. Rochester, the eldest, was a clever, good-natured boy of fifteen, but rather delicate and fond of indoor pursuits. Otho was a regular history-monger, and was for ever busied in musty books searching for small details respecting his historical favourites, of whom he possessed a large stock. The name of the Swedish boys was Lilijenhorn; they were the children of Lady St. Evreux's brother, who had been drowned several years before in the attempt to cross the Gulf of Bothnia on the ice, and their mother dying soon after, they were now being educated with their English cousins, with whom they had been domesticated some time.

They were nice-looking lads, very fair: little Rollo's silky curls were, indeed, almost white; and their eyes were of that bright blue that you hardly ever see save in the far north, like that of a china tea-cup. Besides the sensible individuals I have mentioned, there were several younger branches of the Wilmot family, who, as Otho gravely observed, would, it was to be hoped, profit a few years hence by the laudable exertions of their brothers.

Upon which Rochester patted him on the back, and said, "Hear, hear, oh my Solon!"

FIRST EVENING.

I have no intention of describing in full the origin, progress, and results of the 'Thirty Years' War, that I leave you to gather from

history, and this work can hardly lay claim to such a dignified appellation. If you really wish to find out the causes of that long and desolating contest you will attentively read the History of the Reformation in the reign of Charles V.; you will see how, little by little, the Protestant religion increased in strength under his brother, Ferdinand I., and his nephew, that best and noblest and gentlest of German emperors, Maximilian II.; how in the reign of the weak and bigoted Rudolph II. the Protestants were insulted and oppressed, and their privileges taken from them; how their condition grew worse under the Emperor Matthias; how Ferdinand of Gratz, while yet archduke, having caused himself to be elected King of Bohemia, audaciously broke his plighted word and violated all his written engagements till the Protestant lords of Prague threw off their allegiance and elected a Protestant prince as their sovereign—Frederic, Prince Palatine of the Rhine.

In history you will learn that the Bohemians, after a short period of success, were completely defeated at the battle of Prague by the armies of Bavaria and the Empire, and Frederic the Palatine was obliged to fly. It is easier to gain a victory than to know how to make use of one. Maximilian of Bavaria won the battle for his imperial master, but Ferdinand was incapable of profiting by the Elector's success.

By gentle measures he might now have conciliated the Protestants; he succeeded by the most indefatigable persecution and the most intolerable oppression in goading them to despair.

SCENE I.

It was about the year 1624, and Ferdinand II. was sitting one evening in a small cabinet of the Imperial Palace of Vienna. It was a pretty little room fitted with black oak and very simply furnished. Opposite the window hung several portraits. One was a very handsome full length of the Archduke Charles, the Emperor's father; he was represented in full armour richly inlaid; the figure was beautifully proportioned, and the face very handsome. This prince had been a suitor for the hand of Queen Elizabeth of England, and it was whispered by some that if that queen, who was a great admirer of beauty, had only obtained a sight of Charles, she might not have been so obdurate as she was to the other aspirants to her hand. But the Emperor Maximilian II. did not choose that his brother should go to

London to be looked at and sent back if not approved of. On either side of this picture hung the portraits of Ferdinand himself and his empress. The gem of the collection, however, was an oil sketch of a group by which there seemed to hang a tale. A young-looking man was leaning over the chair of a very lovely woman who had an infant in her lap, while an older man was playing with a little boy who was clambering on his knee. They were the portraits of the Archduke Ferdinand, his wife and children, and of his brother Maximilian, while yet archduke. Ferdinand, who was the second son of the Emperor Ferdinand I., had married, without his father's consent, the daughter of a Tyrolese nobleman whom he saw and with whom he fell desperately in love while hunting in the Tyrol. It was a long time before the Emperor would forgive him, but at length, at the intercession of Maximilian, he consented to see the offenders, and when the young archduchess, leading her little son by the hand, threw herself at his feet, the old man could not resist her fascinating beauty. Ferdinand was restored to favour, and his sons were allowed the privileges of their rank, but were declared incapable of succeeding to the imperial throne.

But to return from this digression to the inmate of the cabinet, who appeared to be deep in some painful reverie.

"Very low indeed has the Empire fallen," he said to himself, "that she must rely for safety on Bavaria alone, on Maximilian, that crafty Elector, or on the wavering and uncertain aid of Spain and the Catholic League." He raised his eyes to where the dark countenance of Charles V. seemed to frown upon him from the canvas, as if to reproach him for guiding so ill the reins of government he had so eagerly grasped; and then his eyes glanced to the bright, youthful countenance of his father, whose sunny expression and evident freedom from care made him almost regret for a moment his boyish days at Gratz, spent in the society of his brothers, Charles and Leopold, or his cousins, Ernest and Maximilian and Albert.

He was roused from these meditations, however, by the opening of the door and the announcement of the Archduke Leopold, his youngest brother, whom he greeted with great pleasure.

"I sent for you, brother," said the Emperor, "to ask your advice concerning a matter which has long troubled me."

"If I can be of any service to your Imperial Majesty," said the Archduke, "you know I am always ready."

"I can no longer conceal from myself," pursued the Emperor, "that I am little better than a slave to my own subjects. The Elector of Bavaria and his general, old Tilly, have indeed driven the Protestants from Bohemia, and the Elector has fulfilled to the letter his instructions to appropriate to himself the estates of that unhappy fool Frederic, but except the recovery of my kingdom his conquests have little profited me."

"The Elector is faithful to your Imperial Majesty," observed the Archduke.

"I doubt it not, I doubt it not," replied Ferdinand; "yet the enemies of my religion are nearly as powerful as ever; the King of Denmark has thrown himself heart and hand into their cause, and that roving adventurer, Ernest of Mansfeld, is, I hear, already at the head of a fresh army."

"You know, my brother," said Leopold, "that I have always been averse to the severe measures which followed the battle of the White Mountain; but the moment for conciliation which was lost then has long ago passed by, I fear."

"You and our cousin Albert were always advocates for gentle measures, I know, Leopold," answered the Emperor, "while my motto has ever been, No peace with heretics; and I ask you to consider which plan has answered best. Did not our royal cousin Philip entirely drive out the heretical religion from his kingdom of Spain, while through the inactivity and apathy of my uncle Maximilian II. this detestable faith has been spreading, and you see now the consequence."

"Yet my theory still holds good, sire," said the Archduke, smiling. "King Philip lost the Netherlands."

"You are obstinate, Leopold," returned the Emperor: "but we have wandered from the point in this controversy respecting toleration. I must repeat that I am at the mercy of the Elector of Bavaria, and I can no longer remain in such a degrading position. The Austrian Empire must have a standing army of its own; what say you?"

"How is it to be obtained, sire? From what I hear there is no money in the exchequer, and armies do not grow out of the earth."

"I hope," returned the Emperor, proudly, "that there is some patriotism and honour left among my subjects—that they will not see tamely the overthrow of their sovereign and their religion."

"Your Imperial Majesty has done *one* of your subjects at least no more than justice. Forgive me, brother, for keeping you in suspense, for I bring with me the offer of one who has served your Majesty already, to raise and equip at his own expense an army of fifty thousand men to be placed at the disposal of the Empire."

Ferdinand opened his eyes, as well he might. "And who is he, by all the saints?"

"Albrecht von Waldstein, Duke of Friedland." And placing the letter of the Duke of Friedland on the table, Leopold, without noticing the speechless astonishment of his imperial brother, made his obeisance, and departed to communicate further with Count Questenberg, the friend of Waldstein, or, as he is more widely known, Wallenstein, who had brought the message from Gitchin.

Men in these days would be surprised if the Duke of Northumberland or the Marquis of Westminster were to offer on a public emergency to raise and equip fifty thousand men from their own resources. And Wallenstein's magnificent offer was a matter of equal surprise and incredulity to the public of the seventeenth century, but Wallenstein was as good as his word. In a few months the Duke of Friedland was in Lower Saxony at the head of thirty thousand men, and Christian of Denmark began to feel alarmed at the approach of so formidable an army, which, besides, was daily increasing. The war was now renewed in good earnest.

SCENE II.

One evening in June Mansfeld was reposing in his lodging after days and nights of indefatigable exertion. But though he was resting his limbs by extending them on the floor his mind was hard at work, for he was intensely studying a map which occupied nearly all the clear space in his apartment. He had arrived the day before at Brunswick with his pupil-in-arms, Prince Christian of Brunswick, and had brought a most welcome reinforcement to the King of Denmark's army, which now numbered sixty thousand men. The troops had been reviewed that morning by the king in person, who was eager to begin operations, and Mansfeld, who had already received his orders, had returned to his lodging to consult the map and arrange the dispositions of his route. Just as he was folding the map, the door of his

apartment opened and a young man walked in. He was a good-looking youth, richly dressed; his countenance was noble and wore an expression of enthusiasm which was borne out by his character, for this was Prince Christian of Brunswick, who, like the gallant Englishman, Lord Craven, had drawn his sword from a spirit of ardent loyalty towards the unhappy Queen of Bohemia. He had already suffered in their service, for he had but one arm, having lost the other in battle, but the deprivation had neither affected his spirits nor impaired his activity.

Prince Christian was, as Harte observes, "So young that he had not arrived at the happy hour of wearing the moustache;" his hair he wore long and curling, and across his right shoulder a white scarf with the inscription embroidered on it, "For God and for Her."

"You have declined the King of Denmark's invitation to supper, Mansfeld," said Christian as he entered.

"I have, Prince; I have many arrangements to make, and have no time for ceremonious visits."

"You positively march to-morrow then?"

"I do, at mid-day, in pursuit of Wallenstein, or rather, I should say, to lead Wallenstein after me and prevent him from joining Tilly. But, Prince, you are engaged at the Hof, I presume."

"No, Ernest, I intend to spend our last evening with my old preceptor in arms," said Christian, clapping Mansfeld on the shoulder; "there is no saying whether I may take another lesson in the art of war with you or not."

"Well thought of, Prince; then we will have supper at once."

And the necessary orders having been given the two companions in arms were soon conversing over their tête-à-tête meal.

"Our greatest advantage," said Christian, after a while, "is the jealousy that exists between the Duke of Friedland and old Tilly. Wallenstein, who is Lucifer himself, I believe, can endure no coadjutor."

"This Wallenstein is descended from a Protestant family, they say," observed Mansfeld.

"Indeed!" said Christian; "I was not aware of it, but he must have turned Romanist early in life then."

"There is a story of his falling out of a window while page to Charles, Count of Burgau, and being saved by the interposition of the Virgin; but of course this is one of their popish fabrications. There is

no doubt, however, that he has a genius for war, or he would not enjoy the reputation he has."

"And that he is a favourite of fortune," added Christian, "for his enormous wealth has been obtained by marriage and by the acquisition of so many forfeited estates in Bohemia."

"He is certainly more a *favourite* than a *soldier* of fortune, which two terms, as you and I, Prince, know full well are by no means synonymous."

"The latter meaning rather a soldier of no fortune," answered the Prince of Brunswick. "Yes, Ernest, outlaws like us must learn to despise fortune now that we have only this left to depend upon," clapping his hand on the hilt of his sword.

"And that cause to cling to," said Mansfeld, smiling, and pointing to the inscription on his enthusiastic friend's scarf.

"For God and for Her," replied Christian, reverently, and kissing the sacred words. The conversation continued till the hour was getting late, when Mansfeld, who had lately received but short answers to his observations, looked up and saw that Christian was pressing his hand upon his forehead, and that every muscle was quivering as if with intense pain.

"Good heavens, Prince!" he exclaimed. "What is the matter? You are ill."

"No, no," answered the other, lifting his face, which was pale as death, "it is passing off, whatever it is."

"But it is serious; you showed less signs of suffering when your arm was cut off after Fleura."

"To the music of my trumpets," said the Prince, with an attempt at a smile; "but this pain I have had some time, only it is more violent at some moments than at others. Besides, it signifies little so long as I can mount a horse or draw my sword. So make yourself easy, Ernest, and now—good-night."

Mansfeld warmly grasped the slender hand which was held out to him, and detained it while he spoke his adieus.

"Farewell, comrade," he said; "mayhap before we meet again the soldier of fortune and the favourite of fortune will have changed places."

Mansfeld stood for some time pondering on these unequivocal symptoms of some unknown disease which Christian, in spite of him-

self, had evinced, for his friend possessed the virtue of bodily fortitude to a remarkable degree, and he remembered well that when it was announced to him, after the battle of Fleura, that he must lose his arm, he ordered that the operation should be performed to the sound of military music in case the pain should extract from him a groan or a cry. Mansfeld was not aware that the young Prince of Brunswick was a prey at the moment to a fearful and lingering disorder, which, though accompanied by attacks of agonising pain, he resolutely concealed, performing his military duty with unabated spirit and energy. Pity that these two gallant soldiers, Ernest and Christian, both men of genius and talent and heroism, should have stained their reputation by the merciless cruelty with which they conducted their campaigns.

The following morning the troops were in motion, Christian of Denmark and Christian of Brunswick towards Hesse and the Palatinate, and Mansfeld towards Dessau, to occupy the attention of Wallenstein, who was entrenched there with his army. Both plans were unsuccessful; the King of Denmark and Count Tilly, the General of the League, met at Lütter, and, after a sanguinary battle the former was completely defeated, while Mansfeld imprudently attacked Wallenstein's entrenchments, and was repulsed with so great loss that in the opinion of the Imperialists it was impossible for him ever to rally again. But they little knew the capabilities of Mansfeld.

HENRIK. What do you stop there for, Rochester?

ROCHESTER. I shall take care not to read to you too much at a time.

HENRIK. Well, but I want to know what became of Ernest and Christian, for if I ever knew I have totally forgotten. Read on; you have got some more written.

ROCHESTER. Next time; it's ten minutes to eight, look.

OTHO. I say, Rochester, is that story of the Archduke Ferdinand and his Tyrolese wife quite true?

ROCHESTER. It is historical; you will find it in "Coxe's History of the House of Austria." That Count of Burgau, to whom Wallenstein was page, was his son; he kept a sort of royal state at Innspruck.

OTHO. That Maximilian II. was a very good emperor.

ROCHESTER. He and Albert II. were the best emperors that Ger-

many ever had. Maximilian was half a Protestant, which is singular, seeing that he was educated in Spain with his cousin Philip.

ROBERT. What, with Philip II.?

ROCHESTER. Yes; they did not grow up like one another: Charles V. was very fond of him; he left him in charge of the government of Spain once when Maximilian was only twenty-one.

OTHO. Ah! yes; and William of Orange, the Taciturn, was brought up with him.

HENRIK. Charles V. was a good judge of men, I have always heard; Egmont and Philibert Emanuel of Savoy were favourites of his, too.

HILDA. Egmont is a favourite of mine at least. I like him better than William of Orange.

ROCHESTER. Perhaps he was the most fascinating of the two; he was an accomplished soldier too, but not such a statesman as his friend, I imagine. They were both men to have lived and died for.

ROLLO. What was the name of that battle, Rochester, where Christian lost his arm?

ROCHESTER. Fleura. It was fought in the Netherlands against the Spaniards.

ROBERT. I always forget who the Queen of Bohemia was.

HILDA. Why, sister of Charles I., Robert. Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice were her sons, you know.

OTHO. Prince Rupert was born at Prague, after his father's election to the throne, wasn't he, Rochester?

ROCHESTER. Yes, and carried to the font in the arms of old Count Thurn. The poor little fellow was very nearly lost when Frederic and his family escaped so hastily after the battle of the White Mountain.

ROLLO. There's eight o'clock. You will read some more of that next Saturday evening, I suppose, Rochester?

ROCHESTER. No doubt, my Scandinavian cousin, if circumstances are favourable.

(*To be continued.*)



THE LOST TREASURE.

"Better is he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."



WARM sunny morning in early summer; the sky an intense blue and unclouded. The face of nature smiling in her radiant beauty.

A group of little girls with shining hair, clean pinafores, merry voices, and smiling lips.

Which of the two pictures is more gladdening to the heart it is almost impossible to say; perhaps the latter, because of its rarity; for though nature smiles and looks beautiful some part of almost every day in the year, it is not so often that we see a number of children looking so thoroughly happy and free from childish troubles as the five little girls I am now going to introduce to the reader.

A birthday party! Not such as one sees now-a-days.

A hot, gas-glaring room, crowded with people, both big and little, dressed to their own and each other's discomfort; little faces, which ought to be all roses and sunshine, looking heavy, pale, and clouded; cross, irritable voices, belonging to pairs of sleepy eyes, which refuse to be kept open at a time when the tired little owners ought to be dreaming in their white-curtained beds at home. Not such a birthday party as this, which is the ruin of many children's health and temper; but a good old-fashioned birthday treat; four or five little friends spending a long, happy day together in the open air, with feasts for their dolls, romps in the shrubberies, strawberries and cream on the lawn, and a scramble after five o'clock tea. It was no wonder, then, that with such innocent amusements as these Lily Selwyn and her little guests still wore their cheerful faces when the hour for parting came; Daisy and Molly Cheap went home in their father's big brougham, and Lucy and Fanny Mortimer on foot with their maid. Lily watched her last little friend away, and then, very sleepy and tired, ran to the long drawing-room to find her mother.

"This has been the happiest day of my life," she said, standing by Mrs. Selwyn, who smiled at this oft-repeated assertion from her little daughter, each thing she enjoyed being with her the best or happiest

thing of her life; but this was better far than that the child should grumble or wish things had been otherwise; and Mrs. Selwyn only said: "And are you sure, darling, that your guests enjoyed themselves as much?"

"I am sure of it, mamma," Lily said, emphatically. "Fanny never once cried, and Molly Cheap only once spoke crossly to Daisy—dear Daisy, whom I love better than all the others; did you know that, mamma?" Lily continued, anxiously, "for I am afraid Daisy does not know it, and I do so want her to love me as much as I love her."

"I am glad you like Daisy," Mrs. Selwyn said; "but you must not expect her to love you best or even as much as you love her, for she has a sister, and you have none."

"Oh, mamma, then I want her love all the more," Lily cried, surprised at her mother's line of argument.

"Perhaps so, little one; and if you try to win her love, and are gentle and yielding, and ready to give up your will to others, I think she will love you too." And the mother smiled as she thought how easy she found it to love her impetuous, warmhearted little daughter.

"She is two years older than I am," continued Lily, "so perhaps she does not care much for coming to play with me. Do you know, mamma, she looked so strangely just before she went away, and hardly remembered to say good-night to me."

After a little more such talk Mrs. Selwyn said Lily must go to bed. So with a long good-night kiss the little girl ran away.

* * * * *

"But, mamma, I liked it best of all my presents; I must find it; I cannot bear it to be lost." It was Lily who spoke thus peremptorily, standing on the lawn, before the house, in an attitude of defiance, her cheeks scarlet with anger, and the eyes that were so gentle only yesterday now full of angry tears. "I say it must be found: let me go to Mrs. Mortimer, and ask if that horrible little——"

"Hush, hush, Lily," Mrs. Selwyn said, interrupting her gently; "I know you liked the locket best, being papa's gift; but looking cross and speaking loud will not bring it from its hiding-place. I promise every inquiry shall be made about it; and now run in quickly to lessons: you must not keep Miss Montgomery waiting any longer."

But Lily still stood speaking angrily, and fretting for her lost

locket, and no lessons would have been done that morning had not the rector's grave voice of displeasure bade her go in at once.

Miss Montgomery's patience was sorely tried that morning, but she was gentle as usual, and twelve o'clock came at last, when both pupil and teacher were released. Lily, hastening downstairs, did not like being called back to put away her books, and hardly stopping, cried out, "I can't stop now with those tiresome books; you must wait." Banging the door after her in a very strange fashion for a little lady, half-way across the hall the governess overtook her, and the rector, looking out of his study, was grieved to see Lily shaking herself petulantly out of her governess's grasp. The next moment she was in the study alone with her father.

"Lily," he said, sternly, though he was feeling very sorry for the little one in her trouble, "this is strange behaviour in you to your teacher; it makes me afraid to give my little daughter presents, if the losing of one of them so completely upsets her mind and breaks down all good intentions."

Lily stood reluctant; then, looking up into the face of her father, whom she thought the kindest, the cleverest, and most handsome person in the whole world, she said, looking still cross and impatient, "I *cannot* help saying things when I get angry, papa." She was astonished at the effect this speech produced on her father. She hardly ever remembered having seen him look so angry before, and could not quite understand what made him so now.

"Child," he said, laying a hand heavily on her shoulder, "never dare to say again that you cannot help what you do when angry. Drive such a thought out of your head; you don't know where it may lead you." His voice was low and husky, and he turned abruptly away with a sort of groan. Lily, trembling and silent, stood with her eyes fixed on the carpet, not daring to speak. After a moment of total silence he came back, and turning her face round to look into his own, smiled so tenderly and like his old self, that the child put up her hands and began to cry bitterly.

"Oh, papa, I did not know I said anything so wicked," she said, sobbing. "Are you angry still?"

"No, no, not angry, my darling child," the rector said, "only afraid for you—only grieved—your words brought back so vividly to my mind something which happened many, many years ago. Sad and painful

as the tale is, I think it will be but wise to tell it you, Lily, that it may impress more strongly on your mind what I have been saying."

So there, sitting in the cool pleasant study, the window open into the garden, and the soft breeze stirring the curtains, Lily listened, with her small hand in that of her father, to the tale which he told her in these few words.

"My story is a true one, of course," the rector began, "about a sweet gentle girl of ten, and her brother some years older, the children of wealthy parents: indeed both Jamie and Laura were heirs to a large fortune, but not on that account much the happier: they had everything they expressed a wish for, and very many were the wishes Jamie expected to have fulfilled.

"Laura was a dear, fun-loving child, with such bright eyes, and oh! such active limbs: she was a little selfish sometimes, but that was only natural, brought up as she had been. Jamie had his good points, but one great besetting sin, and that was passion," the rector said, placing a loving hand on the little brown head beside him. "He had so given way to his angry feelings, that he came to think at last that it was impossible to check them; and though he did not often fly into a passion, yet when he did he thought himself quite unanswerable for what he might say or do; and, indeed, as he grew to be a big fellow of thirteen or fourteen he was scarcely conscious of his words when in a passion, having so long indulged his bad feelings."

The rector paused for some minutes, and then proceeded with his story, now shading his face from his little daughter.

"Well, Lily, it was a rare thing for Jamie to get angry with his sister, for he loved her more than any one in the world; but on one sad occasion he so far forgot himself as to fly into a great rage with her, his gentle timid little sister. Coming home for the holidays one half, he brought a beautiful pair of rabbits with him, and it was his and Laura's great delight, during his six weeks at home, to look after and take care of these animals. He hoped to have them quite tame before returning to school, but on leaving home to spend the day with some friends at a distance, he left strict injunctions with Laura not to let them out of the hutch on any account. I need not say anything of what happened that day, nor the sorrow and pain little Laura went through whilst waiting anxiously for her brother to return.

"He came all too soon, and was walking, whistling and happy, up the

garden, when Laura appeared from somewhere, seeming almost to have come out of the ground, so silent and ghostlike she looked, standing before him in the way, with eyes wide open and trembling lips.

"‘Well, little one,’ he said, prepared with his usual playful greeting, but she drew back, putting out her hand deprecatingly.

"‘Oh, Jamie, I am so sorry, so *very* sorry!’

"How her voice shook, poor little darling!—she knew what she had to expect from his wretched temper!" The rector seemed hardly able to proceed.

"‘Oh, James,’ she said again, her voice choked with the beating of her heart, ‘please do not be very angry, but your rabbits—I could not help—I did not know that Lion was loose.’

"She stopped, scared by the look gathering on his brow, while he, turning on his heel, led the way in a few long strides to the little grass paddock where the rabbits lived, his sister following behind. There what a sight met his eyes, a very painful one to a boy so passionately fond of all animals as James was; stretched lifeless on the grass were his two pretty bunnies cruelly bitten in the neck. He had left them darting about and nibbling the young grass to their hearts’ content, and in his short absence the two tender little creatures had been suddenly seized and shaken to death by the great yard dog, Lion: it was a most trying sight and thought for any one, but did not warrant the loud abusive tones of Jamie as he turned with uplifted fist to the frightened little girl. The blow, had it reached her, would probably have brought tears into her pretty eyes, but that was all; for instead, she sprang aside instinctively to avoid it, not so much, I fully believe, from fear as with the thought of shame he would have if in striking he should hurt her.

"In moving quickly backwards, she tripped on a stone, and fell headlong down a flight of stone steps leading from where they stood to the courtyard below."

"Oh, papa," Lily said, looking up alarmed and interested as her father paused again, "she surely was not killed?"

"Ah, Lily, that would have been an awful consequence indeed to James’s passion! No, Laura was not killed, but lamed for life, her hip-joint put out in that terrible fall. I will not say one word of James’s feelings; indeed I could not do so, as for days his sister lay

between life and death, and at last was told she could never run and play again with other children; but I trust I may solemnly say that he became a different boy or man from that time, and was saved from any more terrible consequences of his sin. His sister has always declared that it was not his fault really, and that had she taken the blow bravely all would yet have been well; but James knows it was not so. A lifelong impression was produced on his mind, and that day when he blighted his sister's whole life will ever stand out in vividness before his eyes;" and Mr. Selwyn shuddered, though adding immediately, "Laura is one of the happiest, sweetest women living; I wish my little Lily might know her."

After a little pause of silence, he said anxiously, "Lily, will it make it less hard for my little girl to check her faults to know that others have felt the same feelings and temptations, and found it hard to conquer the terrible, angry thoughts that will often arise?" and taking her two hands in his, he said, "Will it make my little daughter love her father less to know that he has been speaking of himself all this time, and that is why he trembled so to hear her speak of not being able to control angry thoughts?"

Looking up, she saw tears in that dear father's eyes, and flinging her two arms about him, she cried; "You poor, poor papa! how can you bear it? Is dear little Laura my kind invalid aunt, who sent me that beautiful Bible last year? Oh, how I wish I might see her! How good she must be!"

"She is, my dear. But, Lily, will my having told you this tale, so full of painful memories as it is, will it make you more careful and watchful in striving to overcome your fault? for if not then I might have spared myself the infinite pain of speaking of a circumstance which brings my boyish fault so vividly before me."

Lily was ready to promise not to forget all her father had been saying, and went away very sober and thoughtful, leaving the rector to prepare his sermon for the morrow.

Once more alone, he sank into his chair, drew pen and paper before him, and without a moment's hesitation wrote down for his text that which was uppermost in his mind, and about which his thoughts were keenest:—

"Better is he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."

* * * * *

Morning service over, the rector was returning, tired and exhausted, his thoughts still bent upon the subject he had but just been bringing before his congregation, when on entering the house he heard stormy sounds issuing from the dining-room, and looking in, found his wife, in her usual gentle tones, remonstrating with Lily, who, with cheeks equal in hue to her rose-coloured sash, and a fierce angry light in her eyes, was speaking loud and fast: "Then she is a thief, and a wicked girl; and I thought her so good; deceitful, sly, unkind——"

A word from her father stayed further words, and the whole of yesterday's conversation flashed on the child's mind, driving the tears into her eyes as she remembered her father's voice of pain as he told of his boyish passion and its fearful consequence.

"Oh, papa! I forgot," she said, and ran from the room.

Mrs. Selwyn was startled and surprised at this sudden transition from passion to penitence, and after hearing some explanation of its cause from her husband, she gave him an account of the cause of Lily's outburst.

A note had come from Mrs. Cheap, the mother of Daisy, saying that her little girl was much distressed and afraid about one of Lily's birthday gifts, a beautiful enamelled gold locket, containing hair. She said Daisy, after much crying and shame, had explained that she had been touching and admiring it, shortly before leaving on the evening of the birthday, when she had accidentally dropped it, and in searching for it placed her foot so heavily on the delicate jewel that it was quite crushed and misshapen. Knowing that Lily prized the locket above all her other presents, Daisy, though not naturally inclined to deceit, but lacking moral courage, had slipped the unfortunate locket into her pocket, hardly knowing what she meant to do. Since then, her mother wrote, she had been so intensely miserable and unlike herself, that at last the truth had come out, and Mrs. Cheap thought it right to send a note with the locket, disfigured as it was. Daisy hoped to summon courage in the afternoon to come and obtain her friend's forgiveness.

The rector and his wife dined alone that day, leaving Lily to herself, and half an hour after Mr. Selwyn went up to tell her that Daisy was come to say how sorry she was, and ask forgiveness.

"I do not want to see her," Lily said, turning away her head; "I did not think she could have done such a thing."

"We all do wrong sometimes," her father said, quietly. "Daisy's

offence is no worse than yours ; it was an accident at first, followed by a deceitful act, prompted from want of moral courage ; but there are many ways of being cowardly, Lily ; one is, giving way to our passions at the risk of hurting another, either by word or deed. Was my little girl asleep, or thinking of other things, during the sermon this morning ?" And not waiting to hear her answer he left her to herself.

Some little time afterwards, with slow steps Lily crept down to the drawing-room, where she found her mother and Mrs. Cheap, talking at the further end, and Daisy looking disconsolately from the window.

At any other time the two children would have met joyfully and affectionately, but now Daisy lifted such a woebegone face, and her eyes were so heavy and red with crying, that Lily, forgetting all but that she loved her as much as ever, went forward and kissed her as warmly as usual ; then Daisy, with two great tears in her eyes, said how very, *very* sorry she was, and Lily went and stood beside her mother till the visit was over.

After Mrs. Cheap and Daisy had some time taken leave, the rector found his little daughter once more indulging in tears ; and on his asking the cause, she replied, " I wish Daisy knew how much I love her ! I do love her so much ; and I am sure she does not care for me. I thought I should not like her after what she did, but directly I saw her again I loved her as much as ever."

" Daisy will love you, Lily," the rector said, sitting down beside her, " if you show her how truly you are trying to overcome your faults. If you had persisted in refusing to see her and hear her confession, you would now have been harbouring unkind thoughts about her, and indulging your angry feelings ; but you thought, I feel sure, of all I told you yesterday, and came down to speak forgiveness to your friend. And see the result. You find you love her even more than ever. If our love is true and holy, it will never grow less for having to acknowledge that our loved ones have their faults as we have ours."




A FLAT IRON FOR A FARTHING ;

OR, SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN ONLY SON.

By J. H. Ewing.

CHAPTER I.

MOTHERLESS.

 WHEN the children clamour for a story, my wife says to me, "Tell them how you bought a flat iron for a farthing." Which I very gladly do; for three reasons. In the first place, it is about myself, and so I take an interest in it. Secondly, it is about some one very dear to me, as will appear hereafter. Thirdly, it is the only original story in my somewhat limited collection, and I am naturally rather proud of the favour with which it is invariably received. I think it was the foolish fancy of my dear wife and children combined that this most veracious history should be committed to paper. It was either because—being so unused to authorship—I had no notion of composition, and was troubled by a tyro tendency to stray from my subject; or because the part played by the flat iron, though important, was small; or because I and my affairs were most chiefly interesting to myself as writer, and my family as readers; or from a combination of all these reasons together, that my tale outgrew its first title, and we had to add a second, and call it "Some Passages in the Life of an only Son."

Yes, I was an only son. I was an only child also, speaking as the world speaks, and not as Wordsworth's "simple child" spoke. But let me rather use the "little maid's" reckoning, and say that I had, or rather that I have, a sister. "Her grave is green, it may be seen." She peeped into the world, and we called her Alice; then she went away again and took my mother with her. It was my first great, bitter grief.

I remember well the day when I was led with much mysterious solemnity to see my new sister. She was then a week old.

"You must be very quiet, sir," said Mrs. Bundle, a new member of

our establishment, "and not on no account make no noise to disturb your dear, pretty mamma."

Repressed by this accumulation of negatives, as well as by the size and dignity of Mrs. Bundle's outward woman, I went a-tiptoe under her large shadow to see my new acquisition.

Very young children are not always pretty, but my sister was beautiful beyond the wont of babies. It is an old simile, but she was like a beautiful painting of a cherub. Her face wore an expression of lofty happiness, seldom seen except on a few faces of those who have but lately come, or those who are about to go from this world. The hair that just gilded the pink head I was allowed to kiss was one shade paler than that which made a great aureole on the pillow about the pale face of my "dear, pretty" mother.

Years afterwards—in Belgium—I bought an old mediæval painting of a Madonna. That Madonna had a stiffness, a deadly pallor, a thinness of face incompatible with strict beauty. But on the thin lips there was a smile for which no word is lovely enough; and in the eyes was a pure and far-seeing look, hardly to be imagined except by one who painted (like Fra Angelico) upon his knees. The background (like that of many religious paintings of the date) was gilt. With such a look and such a smile my mother's face shone out of the mass of her golden hair the day she died. For this I bought the picture; for this I keep it still.

But to go back.

I liked Mrs. Bundle. I had taken to her from the evening when she arrived in a red shawl, with several handboxes. My affection for her was established next day, when she washed my face before dinner. My own nurse was bony, her hands were all knuckles, and she washed my face as she scrubbed the nursery floor on Saturdays. Mrs. Bundle's plump palms were like pincushions, and she washed my face as it had been a baby's.

On the evening of the day when I first saw Sister Alice, I took tea in the housekeeper's room. My nurse was out for the evening, but Mrs. Cadman from the village was of the party, and neither cakes nor conversation flagged. Mrs. Cadman had hollow eyes, and (on occasion) a hollow voice, which was very impressive. She wore curl-papers continually, which once caused me to ask my nurse if she ever took them out.

"On Sundays she do," said nurse.

"She's very religious then, I suppose," said I; and I did really think it a great compliment that she paid to the first day of the week.

I was only just four years old at this time—an age when one is apt to ask inconvenient questions and to make strange observations—when one is struggling to understand life through the mist of novelties about one, and the additional confusion of falsehood which it is so common to speak or to insinuate without scruple to very young children.

The housekeeper and Mrs. Cadman had conversed for some time after tea without withdrawing my attention from the new box of bricks which Mrs. Bundle (commissioned by my father) had brought from the town for me; but when I had put all the round arches on the pairs of pillars, and had made a very successful "Tower of Babel" with cross layers of the bricks tapering towards the top, I had leisure to look round and listen.

"I never knew one with that look as lived," Mrs. Cadman was saying, in her hollow tone. "It took notice from the first. Mark my words, ma'am, a sweeter child I never saw, but it's *too* good and *too* pretty to be long for this world."

It is difficult to say exactly how much one understands at four years old, or rather how far one quite comprehends the things one perceives in part. I understood, or felt, enough of what I heard, and of the sympathetic sighs that followed Mrs. Cadman's speech, to make me stumble over the Tower of Babel, and present myself at Mrs. Cadman's knee with the question—

"Is mamma too pretty and good for this world, Mrs. Cadman?"

I caught her elderly wink as quickly as the housekeeper, to whom it was directed. I was not completely deceived by her answer.

"Why, bless his dear heart! Master Reginald, who did he think I was talking about?"

"My new baby sister," said I, without hesitation.

"No such thing, lovey," said the audacious Mrs. Cadman; "Housekeeper and me was talking about Mrs. Jones's little boy."

"Where does Mrs. Jones live?" I asked.

"In London town, my dear."

I sighed. I knew nothing of London town, and could not prove

that Mrs. Jones had no existence. But I felt dimly dissatisfied, in spite of a slice of sponge-cake, and being put to bed (for a treat) in papa's dressing-room. My sleep was broken with uneasy dreams, in which Mrs. Jones figured with the face of Mrs. Cadman and her hollow voice. I had a sensation that that night the house never went to rest. People came in and out with a pretentious purpose of not awaking me. My father never came to bed. I felt convinced that I heard the doctor's voice in the passage. At last, while it was yet dark, and when I seemed to have been sleeping and waking, waking and falling asleep again in my crib for weeks, my father came in with a strange look upon his face, and took me up in his arms, and wrapped a blanket round me, saying mamma wanted to kiss me, but I must be very good and make no noise. There was little fear of that! I gazed in utter silence at the sweet face that was whiter than the sheet below it, the hair that shone brighter than ever in the candle-light. Only when I had kissed her, and she had laid her wan hand on my head, I whispered to my father, "Why is mamma so cold?"

With a smothered groan he carried me back to bed, and I cried myself to sleep. It was too true, then. She was too good and too pretty for this world, and before sunrise she was gone.

Before the day was ended Sister Alice left us also. She never knew a harder resting-place than our mother's arms.

CHAPTER II.

"THE LOOK"—RUBENS—MRS. BUNDLE AGAIN.

My widowed father and I were both terribly lonely. The depths of his loss in that lovely and lovable creature who had blessed his life for nearly six years I could not fathom at the time. For my own part, I was quite as miserable as I have ever been since, and I doubt if I shall ever feel such overwhelming desolation again, unless the same sorrow befalls me as then befel him.

I "fretted"—as the servants expressed it—to such an extent as to affect my health; and I fancy it was because my father's attention was called to the fact that I was fast fading after the mother and sister whose death (and my own loneliness) I bewailed, that he roused himself from his own grief to comfort mine. Once more I was "dressed" after tea. Of late my bony nurse had not thought it

necessary to go through this ceremony, and I had crept about in the same crape-covered frock from breakfast to bedtime.

Now I came down to dessert again, and though I think the empty place at the table-end gave my father a fresh shock when I took my old post by him, yet I fancy the lonely evening was less lonely for my presence.

From his intense indulgence I think I dimly gathered that he thought me ill. I combined it in my mind with a speech of my nurse's that I had overheard, and which gave me the horrors at the time—"He's got *the look*! It's his poor ma over again!"—and I felt a sort of melancholy self-importance not uncommon with children who are out of health.

I may say here that my nurse had a quality very common amongst uneducated people. She was "sensational;" and her custom of going over all the circumstances of my mother's death and funeral (down to the price of the black paramatta of which her own dress was composed) with her friends, when she took me out walking, had not tended to make me happier or more cheerful.

That night I ate more from my father's plate than I had eaten for weeks. As I lay after dinner with my head upon his breast, he stroked my curls with a tender touch that seemed to heal my griefs, and said, almost in a tone of remorse,

"What can papa do for you, my poor dear boy?"

I looked up quickly into his face.

"What would Regy like?" he persisted.

I quite understood him now, and spoke out boldly the desires of my heart.

"Please, papa, I should like Mrs. Bundle for a nurse; and I do very much want Rubens."

"And who is Rubens?" asked my father.

"Oh, please, it's a dog," I said. "It belongs to Mr. Mackenzie at the school. And it's such a little dear, all red and white; and it licked my face when nurse and I were there yesterday, and I put my hand in its mouth, and it rolled over on its back, and it's got long ears, and it followed me all the way home, and I gave it a piece of bread, and it can sit up, and——"

"But, my little man," interrupted my father—and he had absolutely smiled at my catalogue of marvels—"if Rubens belongs to Mr. Mac-

kenzie, and is such a wonderful fellow, I'm afraid Mr. Mackenzie won't part with him."

"He would," I said, "but——" and I paused, for I feared the barrier was insurmountable.

"But what?" said my father.

"He wants ten shillings for him, nurse says."

"If that's all, Regy," said my father, "you and I will go and buy Rubens to-morrow morning."

Rubens was a little red and white spaniel of much beauty and sagacity. He was the prettiest, gentlest, most winning of playfellows. With him by my side, I now ran merrily about, instead of creeping moodily at the heels of nurse and her friends. Abundantly occupied in testing the tricks he knew, and teaching him new ones, I had the less leisure to listen open-mouthed to cadaverous gossip of the Cadman class. Finally, when I had bidden him good-night a hundred times, with absolutely fraternal embraces, I was soothed by the light weight of his head resting on my foot. He seemed to chase the hideous fancies which had hitherto passed from nurse's daytime conversation to trouble my night visions, as he would chase a water-fowl from a reedy marsh, and I slept—as he did—peacefully.

Nor was this all. My other wish was also to be fulfilled, but not without some previous disagreeables. It was by a certain air and tone which my nurse suddenly assumed towards me, and which it is difficult to describe by any other word than "heighty-teighty," and also by dark hints of changes which she hoped (but seemed far from believing) would be for my good, and, finally, by downright lamentations and tragic inquiries as to what she had done to be parted from her boy, and could her chickabiddy have the heart to drive away his loving and faithful nurse, that I learned that it was contemplated to supersede her by some one else, and that if she did not know that I was to blame in the matter, she at any rate believed me to have influence enough to obtain a reversal of the decree. That Mrs. Bundle was to be her successor I gathered from allusions to "your great fat bouncing women that would eat their heads off; but as to cleaning out a nursery—let them see!" But her most masterly stroke was a certain conversation with Mrs. Cadman, carried on in my hearing.

"Have you ever notice, Mrs. Cadman," inquired my bony nurse of

her not less bony visitor—"Have you ever notice how them stout people as looks so good-natured as if butter wouldn't melt in their mouths, is that wicked and cruel underneath?" And then followed a series of nurse's most ghastly anecdotes, relative to fat mothers who had ill-treated their children, fat nurses who had nearly been the death of their unfortunate charges, fat female murderers, and a fat acquaintance of her own, who was "taken" in apoplexy after a fit of rage with her husband.

"What a warning! what a moral!" said Mrs. Cadman. She meant it for a pious observation, but I felt that the warning and the moral were for me. And not even the presence of Rubens could dispel the darkness of my dreams that night.

Alternately goaded and caressed by my nurse, who now laid aside a habit she had had of beating a tattoo with her knuckles on my head when I was naughty, to the intense confusion and irritation of my brain, I at last resolved to beg my father to let her remain with us. I felt that it was—as she had pointed out—intense ingratitude on my part to wish to part with her, and I said as much when I went down to dessert that evening. Moreover, now I lived in vague fear of those terrible qualities which lay hid beneath Mrs. Bundle's benevolent exterior.

"If nurse has been teasing you about the matter," said my father, with a frown, "that would decide me to get rid of her, if I had not so decided before. As to your not liking Mrs. Bundle now, my dear little son, you must learn to know your own mind. You told me you wanted Mrs. Bundle—by very good luck I have been able to get hold of her, and when she comes you must make the best of her."

She came the next day, and my bony nurse departed. She wept indignantly, I wept remorsefully, and then waited in terror for the manifestation of Mrs. Bundle's cruel propensities.

I waited in vain. The reign of Mrs. Bundle was a reign of peace and plenty, of loving-kindness and all good things. Moreover, it was a reign of wholesomeness, both for body and mind. She did not give me cheese and beer from her own supper when she was in a good temper, nor pound my unfortunate head with her knuckles if I displeased her. She was strict in the maintenance of a certain old-fashioned nursery etiquette, which obliged me to put away my chair after meals, fold my clothes at bedtime, put away my toys when

I had done with them, say "please," "thank you," grace before meat, prayers night and morning, a hymn in bed, and the Church Catechism on Sunday. She snubbed the maids who alluded in my presence to things I could not or should not understand, and she directed her own conversation to me on matters suitable to my age, instead of firing anecdotes, redolent alike of graveyards and the police reports, over my childish head at her gossips. The fore-doomed babies, the murders, the mysterious whispered communications faded from my untroubled brain. Nurse Bundle's tales were of the young masters and misses she had known. Her worst domestic tragedy was about the boy who broke his leg over the chair he had failed to put away after breakfast. Her romances were the good old Nursery Legends of Dick Whittington, the Babes in the Wood, and so forth. My dreams became less like the columns of a provincial newspaper. I imagined myself another Marquis of Carrabas, with Rubens in boots. I made a desert island in the garden, which only lacked the geography-book peculiarity of "water all round" it. I planted beans in the fond hope that they would tower to the skies and take me with them. I became Lord Mayor of London, and Mrs. Bundle shared my civic throne and dignities, and we gave Rubens six beefeaters and a barge to wait upon his pleasure.

Life, in short, was utterly changed for me. I grew strong, and stout, and well, and happy. And I loved Nurse Bundle.

CHAPTER III.

THE DARK LADY—TROUBLE IMPENDING—BEAUTIFUL, GOLDEN MAMMA.

So two years passed away. Nurse Bundle was still with me. With her I "did lessons" after a fashion. I learned to read, I had many of the Psalms, and a good deal of poetry—sacred and secular—by heart. In an old-fashioned, but slow and thorough manner, I acquired the first outlines of geography, arithmetic, &c., and what Mrs. Bundle taught to me I repeated to Rubens. But I don't think he ever learned the "capital towns of Europe," though we studied them together under the same oak tree.

We had a happy two years of it together under the Bundle dynasty, and then trouble came.

I was never fond of demonstrative affection from strangers. The

ladies who lavish kisses and flattery upon one's youthful head after eating papa's good dinner, keeping a sharp protective eye on their own silk dresses, and perchance pricking one with a brooch, or pushing a curl into one eye with a kid-gloved finger—I held in unfeigned



abhorrence. But over and above my natural instinct against the unloving fondling of drawing-room visitors, I had a special and peculiar antipathy to Miss Eliza Burton.

At first, I think I rather admired her. Her rolling eyes, the black hair plastered low upon her forehead, her colour—high, but never changeable nor delicate—the amplitude and rustle of her skirts, the impressiveness of her manner, her very positive matureness, were just what the crude taste of childhood is apt to be fascinated by. She was the sister of my father's man of business; and she and her brother were visiting at my home. She really looked well in the morning, "toned down" by a fresh, summer muslin, and all womanly anxiety to relieve my father of the trouble of making the tea for breakfast.

"Dear Mr. Dacre, *do* let me relieve you of that task," she cried, her ribbons fluttering over the sugar-basin. "I never like to see a gentleman sacrificing himself for his guests at breakfast. You have enough to do at dinner, carving large joints, and jointing those terrible birds. At breakfast a gentleman should have no trouble but the cracking of his own egg and the reading of his own newspaper. Now do let me!"

Miss Burton's long fingers were almost on the tea-caddy; but at that moment my father quietly opened it, and began to measure out the tea.

"I never trouble my lady visitors with this," he said, quietly. "I am only too well accustomed to it."

Child as I was, I felt well satisfied that my father would let no one fill my mother's place. For so it was, and all Miss Burton's efforts failed to put her, even for a moment, at the head of his table.

I do not quite know how or when it was that I began to realize that such was her effort. I remember once hearing a scrap of conversation between our most respectable and respectful butler and the housekeeper—"behind the scenes"—as the former worthy came from the breakfast-room.

"And how's the new missis this morning, Mr. Smith?" asked the housekeeper, with a bitterness not softened by the prospect of possible dethronement.

"Another try for the tea-tray, ma'am," replied Smith, "but it's no go."

"A brazen, black-haired old maid!" cried the housekeeper. "To think of her taking the place of that sweet angel, Mrs. Dacre (and she barely two years in her grave), and pretending to act a mother's part by the poor boy and all. I've no patience!"

On one excuse or another, the Burtons contrived to extend their

visit; and the prospect of a marriage between my father and Miss Burton was now discussed too openly behind his back for me to fail to hear it. Then Nurse Bundle hardly on this subject exercised her usual discretion in withholding me from servants' gossip, and servants' gossip from me. Her own indignation was very strongly aroused, and I had no difficulty in connecting her tearful embraces, and her allusions to my dead mother, with the misfortune we all believed to be impending.

At first I had admired Miss Burton's bouncing looks. Then my head had been turned to some extent by her flattery, and by the establishment of that most objectionable of domestic jokes, the parody of love affairs in connection with children. Miss Burton called me her little sweetheart, and sent me messages, and vowed that I was quite a little man of the world, and then was sure that I was a desperate flirt. The lank lawyer wagged my hand of a morning, and said, "And how is Miss Eliza's little beau?" And I laughed, and looked important, and talked rather louder, and escaped as often as I could from the nursery, and endeavoured to act up to the character assigned me with about as much grace as Æsop's donkey trying to dance. I must have become a perfect nuisance to any sensible person at this period, and indeed my father had an interview with Nurse Bundle on the subject.

"Master Reginald seems to me to be more troublesome than he used to be, nurse," said my father.

"Indeed you say true, sir," said Mrs. Bundle, only too glad to reply; "but it's the drawing-room and not the nursery as does it. Miss Burton is always a begging for him to be allowed to stay up at nights, and to lunch in the dining-room, and to come down of a morning, and to have a half-holiday in a afternoon; and, saving your better knowledge, sir, it's a bad thing to break into the regular ways of children. It ain't for their happiness, nor for any one else's."

"You are perfectly right, perfectly right," said my father, "and it shall not occur again. Ah! my poor boy," he added in an irrepressible outburst, "you suffer for lack of a mother's care. I do what I can, but a man cannot supply a woman's place to a child."

Mrs. Bundle's feelings at this soliloquy may be imagined. "You might have knocked me down with a feather, sir," she assured the butler (unlikely as it seemed!) in describing the scene afterwards. She found strength, however, to reply to my father's remark.

"Indeed, sir, a mother's place never can be filled to a child by no one whatever. Least of all such a mother as he had in your dear lady. But he's a boy, sir, and not a girl, and in all reason a father is what he'll chiefly look to in a year or two. And for the meanwhile, sir, I ask you, could Master Reginald look better, or behave better than he did afore the company come? It's only natural as smart ladies who knows nothing whatever of children, and how they should be brought up, and what's for their good, should think it a kindness to spoil them. Any one may see the lady has no notion of children, and would be the ruin of Master Reginald if she had much to do with him; but when the company's gone, sir, and he's left quiet with his papa, you'll find him as good as any young gentleman needs to be, if you'll excuse my freedom in speaking, sir."

Whatever my father thought of Mrs. Bundle's freedom of speech, he only said,

"Master Reginald will be quite under your orders for the future, nurse," and so dismissed her.

And Mrs. Bundle, having "said her say," withdrew to say it over again in confidence to the housekeeper.

As for me, if my vanity was stronger than my good taste for a while, the quickness of childish instinct soon convinced me that Miss Burton had no real affection for me. Then I was puzzled by her spasmodic attentions when my father was in the room, and her rough repulses when I "bothered" her at less appropriate moments. Then I got tired of her, of the sound of her voice, of her black hair and unchanging red cheeks. And from the day that I caught her beating Rubens for lying on the edge of her dress, I lived in terror of her. Those rolling black eyes had not a pleasant look when the lady was out of temper. And was she really to be the new mistress of the house? To take the place of my fair, gentle, beautiful mother? That wave of household gossip which for ever surges behind the master's back was always breaking over me now, in expressions of pity for the motherless child of "the dear lady dead and gone."

"I don't like black hair," I announced one day at luncheon; "I like beautiful, shining, golden hair, like poor mamma's."

"Don't talk nonsense, Reginald," said my father, angrily, and shortly afterwards I was dismissed to the nursery.

If I had only had my childish memory to trust to, I do not think

that I could have kept so clear a remembrance of my mother as I had. But in my father's dressing-room there hung a water-colour sketch of his young wife, with me—her first baby—on her lap. It was a very happy portrait. The little one was nestled in her arms, and she herself was just looking up with a bright smile of happiness and pride. That look came full at the spectator, and perhaps it was because it was so very lifelike that I had (ever since I could remember) indulged a curious freak of childish sentiment by nodding to the picture and saying, "Good-morning, mamma," whenever I came into the room. Such little superstitions become part of one's life, and I freely confess that I salute that portrait still! I remember too, that as time went on I lost sight of the fact that it was I who lay on my mother's lap, and always regarded the two as mamma and Sister Alice—that ever-baby sister whom I had once kissed, and no more. I generally saw them at least once a day, for it was my privilege to play in my father's dressing-room during part of his toilette, and we had a stereotyped joke between us in reference to his shaving, which always culminated in my receiving a piece of the creamy lather on the tip of my nose.

But it was one evening when the shadow hanging over the household was deepest upon me, that I slipped unobserved out of the drawing-room where Miss Burton was "performing" on my mother's piano, and crept slowly and sadly upstairs. I went slowly, partly out of my heavy grief, and partly because I carried Rubens in my arms. Had not the lawyer kicked him because he lay upon the pedal? I was resolved that after such an insult he should not so much as have the trouble of walking upstairs. So I carried him, and as I went I consoled with him.

"Did the nasty man kick him? My poor Ru, my darling, dear Ru! The pedal is yours, and not his, and the whole house is yours, and not his nor Miss Burton's; and oh, I wish they would go!"

As I whined, Rubens whined; as I kissed him he licked me, and the result was unfavourable to balance, and I was obliged to sit down on a step. And as I sate I wept, and as I wept that overpowering mother-need came over me, which drives even the little ragamuffin of the gutter to carry his complaints to "mother" for comfort and redress. And I took up Rubens in my arms again, sobbing and saying, "I shall go to mamma!" and so weeping and in the darkness we crept into the dressing-room.

I could see nothing, but I knew well where "mamma" was, and standing under the picture I sobbed out my incoherent complaint.

"Good-evening, mamma! Good-evening, Sister Alice! Please, mamma, it's me and Rubens." (Sobs on my part, and frantic attempts by Rubens to lick every inch of my face at once.) "And please, mamma, we're very miser-r-r-r-able. And oh! please, mamma, don't let papa marry Miss Burton. Please, please don't, dear, beautiful, golden mamma! And oh! how we wish you could come back! Rubens and I."

My voice died away with a wail which was dismally echoed by Rubens. Then, suddenly, in the darkness came a sob that was purely human, and I was clasped in a woman's arms, and covered with tender kisses and soothing caresses. For one wild moment, in my excitement, and the boundless faith of childhood, I thought my mother had heard me, and come back.

But it was only Nurse Bundle. She had been putting away some clothes in my father's bedroom, and had been drawn to the dressing-room by hearing my voice.

I think this scene decided her to take some active steps. I feel convinced that in some way it was through her influence that a letter of invitation was despatched the following day to Aunt Maria.

(To be continued.)

THE RED SNOW PLANT.



OW let me introduce the reader to the red snow plant in a state of domestication, though I admit it sounds absurd to talk of "domesticating" a plant that lives in the snow. Ay, but the secret is that, although the *Protococcus* flourishes much more luxuriantly, and is much more conspicuous in snow than elsewhere, yet it is to be found elsewhere. Critical professors may step in here, however, with the remark that I am confounding two species—that it is the red *rain*, not the red *snow* plant I am talking about now; *Protococcus pluvialis* to wit—not *Protococcus nivalis*. But on the other side we have Dr. Harvey's testimony, "I have found it on a window-stock and in the gutters of a house. Probably there are thousands or

millions of *Protococcus nivalis* about your vicarage. And you don't know it. It is true that when it grows in this domestic way the Germans call it *Prot. pluvialis*, but to my mind (and that of many other botanists) there is about as much specific difference between the *matter* of snow and the *matter* of rain as between *P. nivalis* and *P. pluvialis*. Of course, when the plant is in its *pluvialis* state, it is difficult to find, being inconspicuous."

Nevertheless, it was detected in the Arctic regions on decayed mosses, on rocks, and on the bare soil as well as the snow. It is to be found on the borders of Lake Lismore in Scotland; it becomes conspicuous on the brilliant white limestone rocks of the plains below the snowy Alps (where it was noticed long ago and described by the name of *Lepraria Kermesina*), and we ourselves have it from a limestone rock by a canal at Plassy, near Limerick, Ireland.

Yes, dear reader, we have had a ten years' acquaintanceship with *Protococcus nivalis* in its *pluvialis* condition, and one thing we can positively state, viz., that the scientific description of *P. nivalis* describes *P. pluvialis*. The inference from which is plain—the nominal species are one and the same thing under different circumstances. And such was Dr. Harvey's conclusion, even after studying an essay nearly two hundred large quarto pages long,* on *P. pluvialis*, in which no less than twenty-two distinct, and many more sub-distinct varieties, or rather states, are enumerated, described, figured, and measured to fourteen places of decimals!

True, these varieties of condition have not been observed in the plant collected from the snow, but that is natural enough. It is one thing to watch a plant in a gutter all the year round, day by day, but quite another to have to climb a mountain to fetch it. Let any one who finds *P. nivalis* in Switzerland bring some home and deposit it in a stone vase in his garden with a little water, and we would venture the prophecy that he will find it undergoing all the phases of appearance attributed to the globules of *P. pluvialis*. With regard to these appearances, they are sometimes so singular and the globules sometimes ape animal life in such a remarkable manner, that it need not surprise any one to find them now and then described as animalcula. Will the reader like to hear a few of our own experiences? In the spring of 1861 we received a few scrapings of dried red snow from the surface-

* By a German Professor, De Flotow.

hollows worn in a limestone rock at Plassy, and being seized with the idea of making a red snow aquarium, we put the scraps into a white dish with water, keeping it indoors. But they remained inert. Nothing came of the experiment, the water dried up, and we tired, gave up the whim, and threw the dusty remains into a stone vase in the garden; one of two which served the dogs for drinking-troughs. It must have been months afterwards that one day to our disgust we found the water in the vase thick and red, as if red ochre had been mixed up in it. The first impression was, "Poor dogs! how mischievous to dirty their drinking water!" and we sent for the juveniles of the family (whom we suspected of the deed) to ladle it out. During the operation an elder girl remarked, "I don't think it is paint. It is something growing on the stone." Imagine our feelings on hearing this—and remembering what it *might* be. Dabbing a finger against the side of the vase, there came a patch of red upon it, which the microscope soon showed to be the lost red snow plant in full vigour—*Protococcus nivalis*, or, as Dr. Harvey called it, "*Protococcus pluvialis* of the humbugs!"

Unfortunately, the delight and excitement of finding it alive after so long a stagnation occupied all our attention, and not knowing we should never see it in so luxuriant a state again, we gave no critical examination to the globules—so that all we can report of them is that they were present in such extraordinary profusion as to thicken as well as colour the water.

The next curious appearance we noticed (for we were then by no means giving the subject as much attention as it deserved) was seeing the water in the other vase (which we had inoculated with the plant) thick *green*, as if so much green pea soup had taken the place of the water. Moreover on the surface were patches of tiny bubbles, as if the liquid was seething. On examining this mess under the microscope, we beheld to our astonishment crowds of green globules rolling ceaselessly and violently round and round, and over and over, as if they were alive and mad. This rotatory motion is well known as characteristic of the spores of the lower algæ when first they issue from the mother plant. As they grow to maturity it subsides, and so it did in this case, only as their motion got slower the globules gradually changed colour from green to red, and when quite red became stationary; and before many days were over the vase had resumed its

normal appearance, i.e., having a red band of colour at the height where the plant was, or had been thickest, and the water clear with a reddish tinge.

The green pea soup never reappeared in the same abundance, but we have constantly seen motion of a similar character though less vivacious in imperfectly reddened globules, though never when they had attained the full garnet condition. Moreover the microscope showed other and more complicated movements of which we can offer no explanation, and which have sometimes been attributed to animal life. Of these some records jotted down on a few different occasions will perhaps give a better idea than a more formal statement.

"*May*, 1865.—A red cloudiness in the water. Globules in rotatory motion. On examination each with a red centre only, surrounded by a reticulated greenish-white cellular formation, difficult to observe exactly from the perpetual rolling over. Might be a loose honeycomb-structure within. Globules surrounded by a more or less broad hyaline nimbus, as if enclosed in a ball of gelatine: sometimes assuming as they go round an oval bag-like shape; sometimes seeming to elongate for a moment at one point into a beak-like opening. This, a mere glimpse, disappearing as suddenly as seen, but recurring constantly. Now and then the hyaline border seemed marked by rays. Once there was an appearance of four globules together, each with its red centre and cellular formation round; first one and then another coming to the surface as the rotatory movement continued. A few days later the small mussel shell put into the aquarium at night was coloured bright red by the morning.

"*August*, 1867.—Water in the vase yellowish-green, globules of various sizes, some rotating, others stationary. In the imperfectly-coloured ones the same appearances as before; one side elongating every now and then as described to a beak-like opening, but now from this mouth or beak two lines like feelers seemed to radiate just as far as the line of nimbus.

"A few days later the water was redder, globules more advanced, many altogether red and stationary, none moving fast. In some of the larger ones an appearance of *several* lines like hairs radiating from the globule to the extremity of the nimbus.

"*September*, 1869.—The same appearances as before. Feelers from the beak-like opening very distinct.

"We wonder if these imperfect records will arouse any fresh interest about the red snow plant. In these days of travel there can be no difficulty in obtaining it, and the rules for growing it are of the simplest. 'It grows indifferently,' says Dr. Harvey, 'anywhere where there is water and a place to rest on;' and he adds, 'a little mud with carbonate of lime mixed through it, thinly spread on the hollow of a stone, which hollow may be intermittingly filled with rain or snow water, ought to suit it. And it will grow in moisture, and lie by in drought.'"

We believe this order of a shallow habitat to be desirable, as obtaining more sunshine. Our own experiment, however, was made accidentally as described, in a deep vase; and possibly the imperfect colouring of it in some years has been due to this circumstance. Professor Agassiz asserts that light is essential to the redness of its colour, a fact which he says is satisfactorily ascertained by the red colour gradually changing to green as it occurs more or less secluded from the light, in the fissures of the rock or on stones, whereas its vivid appearance on white limestone rocks attracted attention, as has been already told, long before the plant was generally understood.

We will just further mention that one of the sights connected with this plant we have never been fortunate enough to witness, namely, the bursting of the parent cell with the throwing out of the little ones. Nevertheless this sight is sometimes to be seen, and there is a chance for any one who takes the trouble of keeping it. The scientific *specific* description of *Protococcus nivalis*, as given by Dr. Greville, is as follows. *Globules exactly spherical, very minute, fine purple red, gelatinous mass, pale, spreading.**

EDITOR.


* This, of course, is not obvious when it grows in water.



DIE WACHT AM RHEIN.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

[The following interesting note upon this song came to hand too late for insertion with the translation given in the Correspondence of our October number. But as the words, either original or translated, are now in almost everybody's hands, the explanation here offered has a continuous interest, and we therefore give our readers the benefit of it. There is but one reference to the words of this particular translation; and our subscribers can easily refer for them to last month's number.—EDITOR.]

OME of our young friends, we hope, are able to read the original of the famous song which has roused the patriotism of all Germans to the defence of their native land, with an enthusiasm of which we have not seen the like in our generation. For the benefit of those who are as yet ignorant of German, we have given a translation which keeps close to the meaning and spirit of every line and word. Our readers will observe that "The Watch" does not mean a watch, or look-out, on the banks of the Rhine, to descry the approach of the enemy, which might be kept by a sentinel, like the watchman on the tower in Jezreel (2 Kings ix. 17);—but a band of soldiers supposed to be posted on the river to repel all invaders. The word is used in the same sense in English, when the 42nd Highlanders are called (from the dark colour of their tartans) "The Black Watch." This imaginary "watch" is supposed, at the opening of the song, to raise a shout—sudden and sonorous as thunder, uniting many voices like the sea (Psalm xciii. 4, Isaiah xvii. 13, Ezekiel xliii. 2), sharp and martial as the clash of weapons—summoning all Germany to the protection of its frontier. At the same time it assures the Fatherland that, come who will, "the Watch" will make good the defence. In the second verse the summons reaches the myriad homes of the people, and a young warrior starts from each to join "the Watch," repeating as he goes the assurance to Fatherland which forms the burden of the song. The third verse expresses his reflections by the way; and the fourth his emotion on reaching the river. Here the translator has failed to find a better rhyme to "heaven" than "them;" but he could not sacrifice the fine idea implied in the upward glance of the young soldier below, and the answering look "out of the eye of heaven" from the fathers who have fought for Fatherland before him. Then comes the oath of each and all to defend *both* banks of the sacred Rhine to the last, the French being supposed to claim the left. This solemn pledge, floating out upon the stream, is carried throughout Germany,

and wherever the echo comes the people instantly raise their colours and march to the defence, responding to the summons of the opening verse—

“We *all* will ward our river line!”

The burden has now become the voice of the nation, and Fatherland is *sure* of her peace.

This noble song is now exercising a larger moral force than any composition of our day. Let us hope that, while confirming the gallant Germans in their glorious patriotism, it will induce them to regard the same feeling in the heart of poor misguided, chastised, and fallen France.

G. T.

BURIED CITIES.

1. A Neuilly on se promène dans le Parc.
2. L'Empire c'est la paix.
3. Avez-vous trouvé la ville de Fécamp aristocratique ?
4. Liée sur la roche, elle fut délivrée par Persée.
5. Dans le Tyrol le pain à l'anis me semble très désagréable.
6. Le perruquier a taché en vain de boucler mon toupet.
7. Il faut suivre le chemin jusqu'au pont ; de là on va en bateau.
8. Je désire ni caille ni ortolan pour mon souper.
9. Il a cédé le champ au général.
10. Blessé, il tomba de son cheval ; en ce moment l'Empereur arriva.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.



PUSS CAT MEW sends our young readers a puzzle:—
 “Fifteen schoolgirls have to take a walk every day, three girls in a row: every day the order is changed, so that two of the same girls never walk together twice. Thus, if Mary, Lily, and Kate walk together one day, neither Mary and Lily, nor Lily and Kate, nor Kate and Mary must walk together again. How many days will elapse before they will be compelled to get into the same order again?”

“Christian, dost thou see them?” is one of the “Hymns of the Eastern Church,” translated by Dr. Meale; but Puss Cat Mew asks who are the authors of two

others, “O happy band of pilgrims,” and “I need Thee, precious Jesu.” She also wishes to know whether there is any foundation on fact for Miss Muloch’s story, “A Noble Life.”

“Self” communicates a very interesting account of the “Evelina Hospital,” in Southwark Bridge Road, of which she thinks “Bice” must have heard. It was built by Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, in memory of his wife, who died in her first confinement, and it is endowed and entirely maintained by him. There are 36 beds in it. It was opened in June, 1869, and within the first twelve months they had 20,000 out-patients. It is entirely for children from two to ten

years of age; and the only recommendations required are poverty and illness. "Self" enters into some other details, and also says she shall be happy to furnish "Bice" with any further particulars.

"Orange Blossom." Aunt Judy returns all rejected MSS. to the writers when postage stamps are sent for their transit, and she cannot undertake to write letters inquiring if she may keep them for any other purpose.

"Kate B." Aunt Judy knows of no modern History of France but that by M. Emile de Bonnechose.

"Some rather big children." We are preparing a burlesque for December, but it is impossible to arrange any play for "only one door," or, in proper parlance, "one exit." The "rather big children" must improvise a second exit by means of a screen.

"Skylark." We were asked before to name easy plays for three or four girls, and could think of nothing better than "Les Flaçons," by Madame de Genlis. You must ask the booksellers.

"E. H. S." It is quite possible to copy oils in water-colours. With regard to the book which gives the most information on the art of figure drawing, E. H. S. must apply to some artist or publisher.

The same correspondent sends a receipt for drying flowers; she says it is the Swiss method. They lay out the flowers, when cleaned, upon a piece of silk the same colour as the flower, and after arranging it place another piece of silk on the top, weighting it very slightly at first, but increasing the weight gradually as the flower dries. If there is any charm in this at all it must, we imagine, lie in the use of the silk.

"Ethel." Aunt Judy is very sorry she cannot give the information desired

as to the origin of the phrase, "Not lost but gone before." It has been a subject of much inquiry, but hitherto nothing very satisfactory has been elicited. The pity is Aunt Judy cannot recall what her belief was about it when she used it for the title of a parable.

"D. L." wants to know the author of a poem called "Somebody's Darling."

"M." Aunt Judy knows of no story-book on the collects, but they are explained in the "Monthly Paper of Sunday Teaching," published by Messrs. Mozley. General story-books for Sunday reading are numerous. "M." has only to apply to any good bookseller. The present number of the Magazine will show that her last wish has been anticipated.

"Minna." Aunt Judy is unable to answer either of your questions.

"Lizzie H. Whitshed." "The Cousins and their Friends" is not published separately. Could you not purchase the first two volumes of the Magazine and read it there? You will find many other things well worth reading into the bargain.

Report of the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot" at the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital.

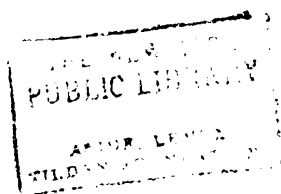
"In the last month's report Charlie S— was introduced to Aunt Judy's readers as the new occupant of the Cot: it is with much satisfaction that a favourable report can now be given: his leg is progressing well, and he is still remarkable for his patience and cheerfulness. He is extremely unselfish, being quite eager to share every little treat with his companions. His delight was great a few days ago on receiving a letter (the first letter he had ever received in his life) from one of Aunt Judy's readers, containing a present of sixpence in postage stamps. His fingers trembled with

eagerness as he tried to open the envelope without injury to the monogram. Charlie has been a longer time in the ward than any of his companions, and he is very proud of the distinction, being regarded as quite an authority by the other boys. A lady recently asked him whether he liked being in the Hospital; he answered, 'Yes, I do, for before I came I never said my prayers.' He takes much interest in the Sunday teaching, and by his questions shows how well he attends to the instruction given."

Contributions to the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot" received to October 15th, 1870.

	£	s.	d.
Miss H. Birley, at Mrs. Jones, Milnthorpe, Westmoreland (collected)	0	3	6
Mary, Emily, and Percivall, Harrow	0	10	0
"Josephine," Ireland, two comforters, four pairs of cuffs, two satchels and chain for the inmate of the "Aunt Judy's Cot," also 1s. from "A kind friend"	0	1	0
Timothy Titan, Leicester	0	0	4
Mrs. J. Tanner, collected by her children	0	10	0
Miss Sarah W. Wienholt, Llanwerth, Newport	0	5	0
Button, 2s., Aggie, 1s., Tee, 2s. 6d., Baby Ida, 1s.	0	6	6
"A Nursery Money Box"	0	5	0
Miss Hale, Queen Anne Street	0	10	0
Miss Alice Cowie, Palmerstone Villa, Shanklin, Isle of Wight, (monthly)	0	1	0
Miss Alcock Stawell, Kilbrittain Castle, Ireland, 2s., Colonel Alcock Stawell, 5s., Mrs. Alcock Stawell, 5s., Mr. A. S. Riversdale, 2s.	0	14	0
Fanny Cowie (Norwood), 1s., Mary, 1s., Mamma, 2s.	0	4	0
Minna Lance, Harry, and Emma (annual)	0	10	0
From the children at Ilex House, Teignmouth	0	3	0
X.	0	0	8
Mrs. Dickson, 5s., Mrs. Eyre, 2s. 6d., Mrs Head, 2s. 6d., A Friend, 1s., Mrs. Penny,			

	£	s.	d.
2s. 6d., Mrs. Brisley, 1s. Collected by Mrs. A. Head, Rides Farm, Eastchurch	1	0	0
May, Pethechyn, Devon	0	3	6
Lizzie Blagrove, Walton Lodge, Oxford, for C. S.	0	5	0
Ella Acland, Langdown Lawn, Hythe	0	1	2
Ethel and Maggie, Sterling House, Bournemouth (collected)	0	10	6
Beatrice and Florence	0	5	0
Katie, Marion, Edith, and Aunties	0	2	6
Susan and Harriet (monthly). Soft Pillow, 10s., Ducnea, 2s. 6d., Friday, 1s., Brunette, 1s., Bolster, 2s., The Silent One, 9d., Madge, 6d., Sandown, 2s. 6d., Little One, 6d.	1	0	9
Proceeds of a Children's Bazaar, from Maggie, H. Greg, and Alice L. Broadbent	1	10	0
Annie and Theodora, also a box of valuable clothing from "The Mother"	0	5	0
Mary Kate Harrison, Belsize Park	0	10	0
"Tally"	0	1	0
Emma and Jane, Winchester	0	0	6
"Meta, aged 11 years, on her death-bed, September 27th, wished her pocket-money to be given to the Aunt Judy's Cot Fund," Anlaby House	1	10	0
"Little Charlie," Rochester	0	1	0
L. C. Buddicom, Penbedw Hall, Mold	2	0	0
Charlie Antony, Lugg Vale, Hereford	0	2	6
Jack, for George	0	1	0
Kate Sarah, 1s., Jessie Philpot, 1s. 6d., Wm. Byerley, 4d.	0	2	10
Anonymous, parcel of books and pictures.			
George and Agatha, a box of old toys.			
Anonymous, a box of shells.			
M. K. G., Hampstead, four pairs of socks, and four books.			
Elizabeth, a parcel of books, muffatees, boxes of beads, &c.			
G. E. B., some coloured pictures.			
Clara Robertson, parcel of pictures.			





A FLAT IRON FOR A FARTHING.

CHRISTMAS GREETING. 1870.

ANOTHER Christmas is coming round, and Aunt Judy feels a wish to offer greetings to her young friends, as she has no tale or parable wherewith to amuse them. According to Andersen's immortal saying, "Fairy-tale never dies," but haunts the dreams of the young and vigorous rather than sits by the wakeful pillow of age; and as for similitudes, they enter the mind as they choose, and cannot be summoned to order.

But good wishes and thanks for much and even affectionate appreciation, and that extending to far-distant colonies and quite foreign lands, cannot come amiss; and Aunt Judy entreats that a little bit of serious advice it is in her heart to add at the present moment, may not do so either. In the midst of the Christmas enjoyment and fun this year, she would beg her young friends to remember now and then with sympathy, good wishes—and a prayer that they may be comforted—the many, many children whom this terrible European war has deprived of fathers in the prime of life, and whose Christmas must be spent at the knees of widowed and weeping mothers.

We owe to Germany one of our prettiest Christmas institutions—the Christmas Tree. How many Prussian ones will never this year be decked or lighted—and in both contending countries what a mockery must the season of the Advent of the Prince of Peace bring with it! Let a prayer go up then from young and old, that God will put into the hearts of rulers the spirit of peace, which shall enable the nations to bear and forbear somewhat for the common good. For ourselves, dear young friends, let us hold our peaceful happiness this Christmas—if it be granted to us then—with such gratitude as will make us remember with tender pity and kind wishes those less fortunate than ourselves.

EDITOR.

A FLAT IRON FOR A FARTHING;

OR, SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN ONLY SON.

CHAPTER IV.

AUNT MARIA—THE ENEMY ROUTED—LONDON TOWN.



AUNT MARIA was my father's sister. She was married to a wealthy gentleman, and had a large family of children. It was from her that we originally got Nurse Bundle; and anecdotes of her and of my cousins, and wonderful accounts of London

(where they lived), had long figured conspicuously in Mrs. Bundle's nursery chronicles.

Aunt Maria came, and Uncle Ascott came with her.

It is not altogether without a reason that I speak of them in this order. Aunt Maria was the active partner of their establishment. She was a clever, vigorous, well-educated, inartistic, kindly, managing woman. She was not exactly "meddling," but when she thought it her duty to interfere in a matter, no delicacy of scruples, and no nervousness balked the directness of her proceedings. When she was most sweeping or uncompromising, Uncle Ascott would say, "My dear Maria!" But it was generally from a spasm of nervous cowardice, and not from any deliberate wish to interrupt Aunt Maria's course of action. He trusted her entirely.

Aunt Maria was very shrewd, and that long interview with Nurse Bundle in her own room was hardly needed to acquaint her with the condition of domestic politics in our establishment. She "took in" the Burtons with one glance. The ladies "fell out" the following evening. The Burtons left Dacrefield the next morning, and at lunch Aunt Maria "pulled them to pieces" with as little remorse as a cook would pluck a partridge. I never saw Miss Eliza Burton again.

Aunt Maria did not fondle or spoil me. She might perhaps have shown more tenderness to her brother's only and motherless child; but, after Miss Burton, hers was a fault on the right side. She had a kindly interest in me, and she showed it by asking me to pay her a visit in London.

"It will do the child good, Regie," she said to my father. "He will be with other children, and all our London sights will be new to him. I will take every care of him, and you must come up and fetch him back. It will do you good too."

"To be sure!" chimed in Uncle Ascott, patting me good-naturedly on the head; "Master Reginald will fancy himself in Fairy Land. There's the Zoological Gardens, and Madame Tussaud's Waxwork Exhibition, and the Pantomime, and no one knows what besides! We shall make him quite at home! He and Helen are just the same age, I think, and Polly's a year or so younger, eh, mamma?"

"Nineteen months," said Aunt Maria, decisively; and she turned once more to my father, upon whom she was urging certain particulars.

It was with unfeigned joy that I heard my father say,

"Well, thank you, Maria. I do think it will do him good. And I'll certainly come and look you and Robert up myself."

There was only one drawback to my pleasure, when the much anticipated time of my first visit to London came. Aunt Maria did not like dogs; Uncle Ascott too said that "they were very rural and nice for the country, but that they didn't do in a town house. Besides which, Regie," he added, "such a pretty dog as Rubens would be sure to be stolen. And you wouldn't like that."

"I will take good care of Rubens, my boy," added my father; and with this promise I was obliged to content myself.

The excitement and pleasure of the various preparations for my visit were in themselves a treat. There had been some domestic discussion as to a suitable box for my clothes, and the matter was not quickly settled. There happened to be no box of the exactly convenient size in the house, and it was proposed to pack my things with Nurse Bundle's in one of the larger cases. This was a disappointment to my dignity; and I ventured to hint that I "should like a trunk all to myself, like a grown-up gentleman," without, however, much hope that my wishes would be fulfilled. The surprise was all the pleasanter when, on the day before our departure, there arrived by the carrier's cart from our nearest town, a small, daintily-finished trunk, with a lock and key to it, and my initials in brass nails upon the outside. It was a parting gift from my father.

"I like young ladies and gentlemen to have things nice about 'em," Nurse Bundle observed, as we prepared to pack my trunk. "Then they takes a pride in their things, and so it stands to reason they takes more care of 'em."

To this excellent sentiment I gave my heartiest assent, and proceeded to illustrate it by the fastidious care with which I selected and folded the clothes I wished to take. As I examined my socks, in imitation of Nurse Bundle, an idea struck me, based upon my late reading and approaching prospects of travel.

"Nurse," said I, "I think I should like to learn to darn socks, because, you know, I might want to know how, if I was cast away on a desert island."

"If ever you find yourself on a desolate island, Master Reginald," said Nurse Bundle, "just you write straight off to me, and I'll come and do them kind of things for you."

"Well," said I. "Only mind you bring Rubens, if I haven't got him."

For I had dim ideas that some Robinson Crusoe adventures might befall me before I returned home from this present expedition.

My father's place was about sixty miles from London. Mr. and Mrs. Ascott had come down in their own carriage, and were to return the same way. I was to go with them, and Nurse Bundle also. She was to sit in the rumble of the carriage behind. Every particular of each new arrangement afforded me great amusement; and I could hardly control my impatience for the eventful day to arrive.

It came at last. There was very early breakfast for us all in the dining-room. No appetite, however, had I; and very cruel I thought Aunt Maria for insisting that I should swallow a certain amount of food, as a condition of being allowed to go at all. My enforced breakfast over, I went to look for Rubens. Ever since the day when it was first settled that I should go, the dear dog had kept close, very close, at my heels. That depressed and aimless wandering about which always afflicts the dogs of the household when any of the family are going away from home was strong upon him. After the new trunk came into my room, Rubens took into his head a fancy for lying upon it; and though the brass nails must have been very uncomfortable, and though my bed was always free to him, on the box he was determined to be, and on the box he lay for hours together.

It was on the box that I found him, in the portico, despite the cords which now added a fresh discomfort to his self-chosen resting-place. I called to him, but though he wagged his tail he seemed disinclined to move, and lay curled up with one eye shut and one fixed on the carriage at the door.

"He's been trying to get into the carriage, sir," said the butler.

"You want to come, poor Ruby, don't you?" I said; and I went in search of meats to console him.

He accepted a good breakfast from my hands with gratitude, and then curled himself up with one eye watchful as before. The reason of his proceedings was finally made evident by his determined struggles to accompany us at the last; and it was not till he had been forcibly shut up in the coach-house that we were able to start. My grief at parting with him was lessened by the distraction of another question.

Of all places about our equipage, I should have preferred riding with the postilion. Short of that, I was most anxious to sit behind in the rumble with my nurse. This favour was at length conceded, and after a long farewell from my father, gilded with a guinea in my pocket, I was, with a mountain of wraps, consigned to the care of Nurse Bundle in the back seat.

The dew was still on the ground, the birds sang their loudest, the morning air was fresh and delicious, and before we had driven five miles on our way I could have eaten three such breakfasts as the one I had rejected at six o'clock. In the first two villages through which we drove people seemed to be only just getting up and beginning the day's business. In one or two "genteel" houses the blinds were still down; in reference to which I resolved that when I grew up I would not waste the best part of the day in bed, with the sun shining, the birds singing, the flowers opening, and country people going about their business, all beyond my closed windows.

"Nurse, please I should like always to have breakfast at six o'clock. Do you hear, Nursey?" I added, for Mrs. Bundle feigned to be absorbed by a flock of sheep which were being driven past us.

"Very well, my dear. We'll see."

That "we'll see" of Nurse Bundle's was a sort of moral soothing syrup, which she kept to allay inconvenient curiosity and over-pertinacious projects in the nursery.

I had soon reason to decide that if I had breakfast at six, luncheon would not be unacceptable at half-past ten, at about which time I lost sight of the scenery and confined my attention to a worsted-work bag in which Nurse Bundle had a store of most acceptable buns. Halting shortly after this to water the horses, the postilion got me a glass of milk from a wayside inn, over the door of which hung a small gate, on whose bars the following legend was painted:—

"This gate hangs well
And hinders none.
Refresh and pay
And travel on."

"Did you put that up?" I inquired of the man who brought my milk.

"No, sir. It's been there long enough," was his reply.

"What does 'hinders none' mean?" I asked.

The man looked back, and considered the question.

"It means as it's not in the way of nothing. It don't hinder nobody," he replied at last.

"It couldn't if it wanted to," said I; "for it doesn't reach across the road. If it did, I suppose it would be a tollbar."

"He's a rum little chap, that!" said the waiter to Nurse Bundle, when he had taken back my empty glass. And he unmistakeably nodded at me.

"What is a rum little chap, Nurse?" I inquired when we had fairly started once more.

"It's very low language," said Mrs. Bundle, indignantly; and this fact depressed me for several miles.

At about half-past eleven we rattled into Farnham, and stopped to lunch at "The Bush." I was delighted to get down from my perch, and to stretch my cramped legs by running about in the charming garden behind that celebrated inn. Dim bright memories are with me still of the long-windowed parlour opening into a garden verdant with bright grass, and stately yew hedges, and formal-clipped trees; gay, too, with bright flowers, and mysterious with walks winding under an arch of the yew hedge to the more distant bowling-green. That arch, on one side of which an admirably-carved stone figure in broadcoat and ruffles played perpetually upon a stone fiddle to an equally spirited shepherdess in hoop and high heels, who was for ever posed in dancing posture upon her pedestal and never danced away. As I wandered round the garden whilst luncheon was being prepared, I was greatly taken with these figures, and wondered if it might be that they were an enchanted prince and princess turned to stone by some wicked witch, envious of their happiness in the peaceful garden amid the green alleys and fragrant flowers. As I ate my luncheon I felt as if I were consuming what was their property, and pondered the supposition that some day the spell might be broken, and the stone-bound couple come down from those high pedestals, and go dancing and fiddling into the Farnham streets.

They showed no symptoms of moving whilst we remained, and, duly refreshed, we now proceeded on our way. I rejected the offer of a seat inside the carriage with scorn, and Nurse and I clambered back to our perch. No easy matter for either of us, by the way!—Nurse Bundle being so much too large, and I so much too small to compass the feat with anything approaching to ease.

I was greatly pleased with the dreary beauties of Bagshot Heath, and Nurse Bundle (to whom the whole journey was familiar) enlivened this part of our way by such anecdotes of Dick Turpin, the celebrated highwayman, as she deemed suitable for my amusement. With what interest I gazed at the little house by the roadside where Turpin was wont to lodge, and where, arriving late one night, he demanded beef-steak for supper in terms so peremptory that, there being none in the house, the old woman who acted as his housekeeper was obliged to walk, then and there, to the nearest town to procure it! This and various other incidents of the robber's career I learned from Nurse Bundle, who told me that traditions of his exploits and character were still fresh in the neighbouring villages.

At Virginia Water we dined and changed horses. We stayed here longer than was necessary, that I might see the lake and the ship; and Uncle Ascott gave sixpence to an old man with a wooden leg who told us all about it. And still I declined an inside place, and went back with Nurse Bundle to the rumble. Early rising and the long drive began to make me sleepy. The tame beauties of the valley of the Thames drew little attention from my weary eyes; and I do not remember much about the place where we next halted, except that the tea tasted of hay, and that the bread and butter were good.

I gazed dreamily at Hounslow, despite fresh tales of Dick Turpin; and all the successive "jogs" by which Nurse called my incapable attention to the lamplighters, the shops, the bottles in the chemists' windows, and Hyde Park, failed to rouse me to any intelligent appreciation of the great city, now I had reached it. After a long weary dream of rattle and bustle, and dim lamps, and houses stretching upwards like Jack's beanstalk through the chilly and foggy darkness, the carriage stopped with one final jolt in a quiet and partially-lighted square; and I was lifted down, and staggered into a house where the light was as abundant and overpowering as it was feeble and inefficient without, and, cramped in my limbs, and smothered with shawls, I could only beg in my utter weariness to be put to bed.

Aunt Maria was always sensible, and generally kind.

"Bring him at once to his room, Mrs. Bundle," she said, "and get his clothes off, and I will bring him some hot wine and water and a few rusks. As in a dream, I was undressed, my face and hands

washed, my prayers said in a somewhat perfunctory fashion, and my evening hymn commuted in consideration of my fatigues for the beautiful verse, "I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest," &c.; and by the time that I sank luxuriously between the clean sheets, I was almost sufficiently restored to appreciate the dainty appearance of my room. Then Aunt Maria brought me the hot wine and water flavoured with sleep-giving cloves, and Nurse folded my clothes, and tucked me up, and left me, with the friendly reflection of the lamps without to keep me company.

I do not think I had really been to sleep, but I believe I was dozing, when I fancied that I heard the familiar sound of Rubens lapping water from the toilette jug in my room at home. Just conscious that I was not there, and that Rubens could not be here, the sound began to trouble me. At first I was too sleepy to care to look round. Then, as I became more awake and the sound not less distinct, I felt fidgety and frightened, and at last called faintly for Nurse Bundle.

Then the sound stopped. I could hardly breathe, and had just resolved upon making a brave sally for assistance, when—plump! *something* alighted on my bed, and, wildly impossible as it seemed, Rubens himself waggled up to my pillow, and began licking my face as if his life depended on laying my nose and all other projecting parts of my countenance flat with my cheeks.

How he had got to London we never knew. As he made an easy escape from the coachhouse at Dacrefield, it was always supposed that he simply followed the carriage, and had the wit to hide himself when we stopped on the road. He was terribly tired. He might well be thirsty!

I levied large contributions on the box of rusks which Aunt Maria had left by my bedside for his benefit, and he supped well.

Then he curled himself up in his own proper place at my feet. He was intensely self-satisfied, and expressed his high idea of his own exploit by self-gratulatory "grumphs," as after describing many mystic circles, and scraping up the fair Marseilles quilt on some plan of his own, he brought his nose and tail together in a satisfactory position in his nest, and we passed our first night in London in dreamless and profound sleep.

(To be continued.)

WHY THE ROBINS WEAR RED WAISTCOATS.

By the Author of "Four Messengers."



E all know how fond little girls are of asking questions ; and one especially who is seven years old seems never satisfied. Her small mind cannot content itself with story-books. Everything is a wonder to her. So in turn she questions mamma and Nurse and the good-natured young governess who comes daily to be teased by the inquiring Mary.

The raindrops falling from the bars of the nursery-window in large sullenly forming globes, the slender steeple of the neighbouring church, that appears to cleave the light summer clouds, the clouds themselves, and every object belonging to the outside world, at once so mysterious and charming to the small spectator, supply her with food for curiosity, speculation, interest, and wonder.

It is June, and the opposite houses are being painted. So now the workmen, as they climb the ladders, and the slow, gradual change of the sober, smutty walls into fresh brightness, colour, and cleanliness, are new sources of amusement to the admiring Mary, who, in her turn, is a very pretty little sight to behold, with her square-cut golden hair, and childish figure. She tries to guess the reason the area railings are always green ; wonders if the painter's children are ever allowed to have the remainder of the paint for themselves. A pail of paint ! To Mary that seems a height of enjoyment she can never attain ; and as she sits in the window-seat, with her doll in her arms, and her doll's wardrobe ready to repair at her side, she asks her nurse if she may have a basin—as being the nearest in size to a pail—to grind the colours of her paint-box, and approach, if possible, the ideal happiness of the workman's children.

"Certainly not, Miss Mary," said indignant Nurse. "What next will you want ? play with your doll—do."

Mary clasps the bland-faced Lisette tighter—alternately hushes, reproves, and coaxes her ; but still she finds she cannot amuse herself with her passive companion.

Lisette slips from the arms of her heedless mamma, while she climbs

on a chair and resumes her favourite occupation of looking out of window. But the view is the same as before. The house, the busy workmen, streaks of white, pinky-white, and grey paint, an old woman at an apple-stall at the corner of the square, a cat slowly winding itself down some kitchen steps, a butcher-boy dangling his basket and reading a paper, a servant with a baby. These are the most noteworthy specimens of animate life.

So Mary took a book, gay with pictures, and prettily bound, entitled, "Feathered Songsters," and tried to find novelty in its familiar pages.

"And why," she muses, "do robins wear red waistcoats? Other birds have dashes of colour under their wings or round their throats—like baby's comforter; it is only the robins who have entire jackets of smart feathers."

Mary, thoughtful, inquisitive, and idle, was fond of asking "why?"

"You should consider, my dear, before you speak," her mamma said sometimes, when these inquiries were many and tiresome; and after one "why" was answered Mary followed it up by "what for?"

"'Y' is a crooked letter," was Nurse's usual answer—very vexatious to Mary.

As soon as she took up a new idea she liked to worry people about it until something fresher still occupied her busy fancy.

Her mamma was out, so she began with Nurse, "Why do robins wear red waistcoats? Do tell me, please."

"I have no time to answer riddles, my dear," said Nurse.

"Oh, it is not a riddle, Nurse. I *want* to know."

"Well, Miss Mary, what a question, to be sure! What next you will wonder about, I cannot tell—Why do they have feathers or claws? I suppose."

"No, Nurse. All birds have feathers and claws. But I have looked at all the bird histories, and neither has a scarlet jacket except the robin. Why?"

"Well, miss, ask Miss Easy to-morrow morning."

"It is so stupid to wait," thought the little girl; and she employed herself with speculations as to the reason all day. She had not finished wondering when bedtime came; and she wondered even when the door was closed, the coverlid drawn over her, and twilight and silence reigned in the room.

She suddenly heard the sound of tiny wings beating the wall; and presently a London sparrow, who had flown through the open window in the heat of the day, and must have been shut in by mistake, clung with a pant of fatigue to the brass knob of her French bedstead. She would have called Nurse to give it its liberty; but "don't," chirped the visitor, so distinctly, that she was full of delight.

"I am in fairyland," she thought; "and the bird is an enchanted prince, who will mend my doll, and tell me stories."

"No," said the sparrow, as if he had guessed her belief; "wait until I am rested, and I will speak."

So by degrees the fluttering brown feathers calmed, the saucy black eye regained its charming conceited expression, the hurried beating of the sparrow's heart subsided, and, composed and collected, the comical decoration of the brass knob continued.

"Little Miss Mary," it said, "when you tease Nurse to explain things, and directly after asks *how* she knows, and who told her, what does she say?"

"She says," answered Mary, promptly, "don't be so tiresome! you are never contented; a little bird told me."

"I am that little bird," said the sparrow, settling his feathers with dignity.

"Then will you tell me too?" said Mary, eagerly, forgetting in her pleasure her last wonder that a sparrow could talk.

"Anything you wish to know I will tell you, Miss Mary. I trust to find your requests reasonable," he added, pompously; "also I stipulate that you must believe my tales. Of course, like other birds, I see a great deal of life in my flying visits. I look down the chimneys, and far below in the kitchen, I notice the cook over the fire, wondering if she will have fine weather for her holiday."

"Then do grown-up people wonder as well as children?" ventured Mary.

"Certainly. They would find every day very much like yesterday and to-morrow if they did not dream and speculate sometimes."

"And that would be so dull," said Mary, thoughtfully.

"Therefore," continued the sparrow, "I am in a position to tell you a few facts. I peep into houses, and notice good and bad dispositions. A good heart is shown in instances of which only a bird can judge. When mamma tells Nurse to save the bread-crumbs; or when she says, if a crust be thrown aside by dainty darling, 'remember the

robins,' then I clap my claws, screw my beak into a penetrating smile, and congratulate myself on having found a warm-hearted friend."

"Ah, the robins," said Mary, "that reminds me. Before you utter a word about bad hearts, tell me, tell me, dear sparrow, *why* do they wear red waistcoats?"

"Some hundred years ago," commenced the sparrow, "the eagle was king of birds. So he is still, nominally, but, alas! he does not hold a court, for autumn tourists climb after him, scribble in their notebooks about his eyrie, and disturb while they invade his solitary grandeur. His grave, golden eye casts majestic glances on the toilers with their knapsacks, their Alpine Club paraphernalia; and if he shed a tear for the happy times of his state and glory, who is there to weep with him? Far beneath he can see the express whirl, and remember the days when the beautiful country lay mapped out in unbroken brightness. He has seen the changes of the world, the institution of the Zoological Gardens.

"Once the eagle gave a banquet. All the birds, even to the lowly London sparrows and monotonous pigeons, were invited. The guests were to gather on a rock where the eagle dwelt, and as they approached the air was full of song. Men say, so and so's carriage *drew* up, but *we* say, such and such a bird *flew* up, in great splendour. Well, the eagle wished everything done properly, and as far as possible in the fashion of dinner-giving mortals. An ancestor of mine was to be present, and being a busy old bachelor and, like myself, something of a genius and an observer, he soon constituted himself adviser and factotum. He made serviettes out of leaves, ornamented snails with maidenhair fern, fricasseed the mice for the owls, beat time when the canaries rehearsed their duet, gave many a delicate hint to the jackdaw on the peculiar subject of an hereditary weakness as to the appropriation of property, and checked the magpie's love of gossip. He performed marvels.

"Yet there was a want, and, ignorant how to supply it, my ancestor grew reflective; and the puzzled preoccupied air he assumed soon attracted the notice of royalty.

"'Is anything amiss?' said the eagle.

"'May I offer *one* suggestion to your majesty?"

"'Speak, small sparrow. What now?"

"'I have seen,' said my ancestor, 'London footmen, two on each

side of the door. But we have no hall-porters, or men—I mean birds—to call the names of the company.’

“‘True,’ said the king; ‘what is to be done?’

“‘You require style at your feast; ask the lower class of your subjects to favour you with their service for one night. White gloves we must waive; let it be fashionable to have black claws; and as for height, the larger birds are apt to be fierce at times and think too much of their power and talons. But there are others who would consent.’

“Advertisements were written. One after another the lesser birds came flying with their credentials tucked under their wings and their characters in their pockets. The chaffinch, but he was too vulgar; the linnet, the thrush, the starling, and a dumb canary. But the thrush was not smart enough, and the canary too smart; the starling had a silly habit of repeating words without meaning, and the king and his counsellor knew not what to do.

“‘Must we give up the idea after all?’ said the eagle; ‘what is to be done?’

“‘My ancestor cast about in his mind for some expedient; but his wit, usually so fertile in resources, refused to aid him with any new invention.

“Now, Miss Mary, learn that, although our voices may be tuneless, and our feathers without a particle of colour, we really belonged to the gayer portion of bird community—sparrows are descended from robins.”

“Why?” asked Mary.

“‘Brown,’ thought my ancestor, ‘is a good wearing colour, but it requires a bright waistcoat. A sparrow cannot be footman. Yet, sire, my nephew is engaged to a Miss Robin who has a brother—he might do.’

“Arm in arm, or, as birds say, claw in claw, they approached the eagle.

“‘Little brown birds both,’ said the eagle, with a rallying smile; ‘which of you considers himself fine enough to be a porter?’

“With a modest pride, the robin faced him, and blushing till his bill shone, he disclosed his bright red jacket.

“‘The *beau idéal* of a London porter!’ he exclaimed.

“‘All but the gold buttons,’ said my ancestor.

“But his majesty would not listen to a complaint, and, delighted

beyond measure that now his rock party could safely compete with a garden party of Belgravia, he told the robin to usher in the guests.

"Thereafter he signified his royal desire that the robins should open their wings wider, and allow the bright waistcoat to be seen. And the order of 'Couleur grand' was bestowed upon them."

"And what do you mean by saying you belong to the robin family?" asked Mary.

"Because, since the marriage of my ancestor's nephew, we are cousins. We sparrows have an equal right to red waistcoats."

"Then why not wear them?" persisted Mary, with her usual pertinacity.

"Because, Miss Mary, we prefer our own respectable, time-honoured garments," said the sparrow, solemnly.

"And are not the robins respectable, although they are smart?" argued Mary.

The sparrow was silent.

"Did the ball go off well?" said Mary, slightly abashed.

"Wonderfully well," said the sparrow, brightening. "The singing was of course excellent, and a solo by a nightingale thrilling to hear. The refreshments and speeches were splendid, and the whole concluded with a wonderful bird waltz in the air."

"Then this is why the robins wear red waistcoats?" remarked Mary.

"This is the reason the waistcoat descends bright and unblemished from father to son," answered the sparrow. "But, oh! what is that?"

"My kitten is mewling at the door—Nurse hears talking—oh, fly, fly for your life, and thank you, dear sparrow!"

He waited no second bidding, but vanished—how, Mary never could tell.

Yet he came again and again after that night, and told her so many new facts, that in a short time she became quite able to amuse herself; and after repeating many pretty stories to her little brothers, greatly amused her mamma by quaintly replying to her question of where she had heard them,

"A little bird told me, mamma."

How true this was her mamma never guessed; but you and I, little reader, know all about it, and who was Mary's informant.

E. M. H.

TIMOTHY'S SHOES.

THE POOR PERSON.

REGRET to say that the events just related only confirmed Timothy in his desire to get rid of his shoes. He took Bramble minor into his confidence, and they discussed the matter seriously after they went to bed.

What a gift it is to be able to dispose in one trenchant sentence of a question that has given infinite trouble to those principally concerned ! Most journalists have this talent, and Bramble minor must have had some of it, for when Timothy had been stating his grievance in doleful and hopeless tones, his friend said :

"What's the use of putting them under stones, and leaving them in bogs ? Give your shoes to some one who wants 'em, my boy, and they'll be kept fast enough, you may be sure !"

"But where am I to find any one who wants them ?" asked Timothy.

"Why, bless your life !" said Bramble minor, "go to the first poor person's cottage you come to, and offer them to the first person you see. Strong shoes with copper tips and heels will not be refused in a hurry, and will be taken very good care of, you'll find."

With which Bramble minor rolled over in his little bed and went to sleep, and Timothy turned over in his, and thought what a thing it was to have a practical genius—like Bramble minor ! And the first half-holiday he borrowed a pair of shoes, and put his own in his pocket, and set forth for the nearest poor person's cottage.

He did not go towards the village (it was too public, he thought) ; he went over the moors, and when he had walked about half a mile, down by a sandy lane just below him he saw a poor person's cottage. The cottage was so tumble-down, and so old and inconvenient, there could be no doubt but that it belonged to a poor person, and to a very poor person indeed !

When Timothy first rapped at the door he could hear no answer, but after knocking two or three times he accepted a faint sound from within as a welcome, and walked into the cottage. Though more comfortable within than without, it was unmistakably the abode of a "poor

person," and the poor person himself was sitting crouched over a small fire coughing after a manner that shook the frail walls of the cottage, and his own frailer body. He was an old man, and rather deaf.

"Good afternoon," said Timothy, for he did not know what else to say.

"Good day to ye," coughed the old man.

"And how are you this afternoon?" asked Tim.

"No but badly, thank ye," said the old man; "but I'm a long age, and it's what I mun expect."

"You don't feel as if a small pair of strong leathern shoes would be of any use to you?" asked Tim in his ear.

"Eh? Shoes? It's not many shoes I'm bound to wear out now. These'll last my time, I expect. I'm a long age, sir. But thank ye kindly all the same."

Tim was silent, partly because the object of his visit had failed, partly with awe of the old man, whose time was measured by the tattered slippers on his feet.

"You be one of Dr. Airey's young gentlemen, I reckon," said the old man at last. Tim nodded.

"And how's the old gentleman? He wears well, do the Doctor. And I expect he's a long age, too?"

"He's about sixty, I believe," said Timothy.

"I thowt he'd been better nor seventy," said the old man, in almost an injured tone, for he did not take much interest in any one under threescore and tēn.

"Have you any children?" asked Tim, still thinking of the shoes.

"Four buried, and four living," said the old man.

"Perhaps *they* might like a pair——" began Timothy; but the old man had gone on without heeding him.

"And all four on 'em married and settled, and me alone; for my old woman went home twenty years back, come next fift o' March."

"I daresay you've grandchildren, then?" said Tim.

"Ay, ay. Tom's wife's brought him eleven, so fur; and six on 'em boys."

"They're not very rich, I daresay," said Tom.

"Rich!" cried the old man; "why, bless ye, last year Tom were out o' work six month, and they were a'most clemmed."

"I'm so sorry," said Tim; "and will you please give them these shoes?"

They're sure to fit one of the boys, and they are very very strong leather, and copper-tipped and heeled, and——”

But as Tim enumerated the merits of his shoes the old man tried to speak, and could not for a fit of coughing, and as he choked and struggled he put back the shoes with his hand. At last he found voice to gasp—“Lor, bless you, Tom's in Osstraylee.”

“Whatever did he go there for?” cried Tim, impatiently, for he saw no prospect of getting rid of his tormentors.

“He'd nowt to do at home, and he's doing well out yonder. He says he'll send me some money soon, but I doubt it won't be in time for my burying. I'm a long age,” muttered the old man.

Tim put the shoes in his pocket again, and pulled out a few coppers, the remains of his pocket money. These the old man gratefully accepted, and Tim departed. And as he was late, he took off the borrowed shoes and put on his own once more, for they carried him quicker over the ground.

And so they were still Timothy's shoes.

THE DIRTY BOY.

One day the Usher invited Timothy to walk to the town with him. It was a holiday, the Usher wore his green spectacles, Tim had a few shillings of pocket money, and plums were in season. Altogether the fun promised to be good.

Timothy and the Usher had so much moor breeze and heather scents every day, that they quite enjoyed the heavier air of the valley, and the smell of smoke and town life. Just as they entered the first street a dirty little boy, in rags and with bare feet, ran beside them, and as he ran he talked. And it was all about his own trouble and poverty, and hunger and bare feet, and he spoke very fast, with a kind of whine.

“I feel quite ashamed, Timothy,” said the Usher (who worked hard for twelve hours a day, and supported a blind mother and two sisters), “I feel quite ashamed to be out holidaying when a fellow-creature is barefooted and in want.” And as he spoke the Usher gave sixpence to the dirty little boy (who never worked at all, and was supported by kind people out walking). And when the dirty little boy had got the sixpence, he bit it with his teeth, and rang it on the stones, and

then danced catharine-wheels on the pavement till somebody else came by. But the Usher did not see this through his green spectacles.

And Timothy thought, "My shoes would fit that barefooted boy."

After they had enjoyed themselves very much for some time, the Usher had to pay a business visit in the town, and he left Timothy to amuse himself alone for a while. And Timothy walked about, and at last he stopped in front of a bootmaker's shop, and in the window he saw a charming little pair of boots just his own size. And when he turned away from the window, he saw something coming very fast along the pavement like the three legs on an Isle of Man halfpenny, and when it stood still it was the barefooted boy.

Then Timothy went into the shop, and bought the boots, and this took all his money to the last farthing.

And when he came out of the shop the dirty little boy was still there.

"Come here, my poor boy," said Tim, speaking like a young gentleman out of Sandford and Merton. "You look very poor, and your feet must be very cold."

The dirty boy whined afresh, and said his feet were so bad he could hardly walk. They were frost-bitten, sun-blistered, sore, and rheumatic; and he expected shortly to become a cripple like his parents and five brothers, all from going barefoot. And Timothy stooped down and took off the little old leathern shoes.

"I will give you these shoes, boy," said he, "on one condition. You must promise not to lose them, nor to give them away."

"Catch me!" cried the dirty boy, as he took the shoes. And his voice seemed quite changed, and he put one of his dirty fingers by the side of his nose.

"I could easily catch you if I wished," said Tim. (For slang was not allowed in Dr. Dixon Airey's establishment, and he did not understand the remark.)

"Well, you *are* green!" said the dirty boy, putting on the shoes.

"It's no business of yours what colour I am," said Tim, angrily. "You're black, and that's your own fault for not washing yourself. And if you're saucy or ungrateful, I'll kick you—at least, I'll try," he added, for he remembered he no longer wore the fairy shoes, and could not be sure of kicking or catching anybody now.

"Walker!" cried the dirty boy. But he did not walk, he ran. Down

the street as fast as he could go, and Timothy was parted from his shoes.

He gave a sigh, just one sigh, and then he put on the new boots, and went to meet the Usher.

The Usher was at the door of a pastrycook's shop, and he took Tim in, and they had veal-pies and ginger-wine; and the Usher paid the bill. And all this time he beamed affably through his green spectacles, and never looked at Timothy's feet.

Then they went out into the street, where there was an interesting smell of smoke, and humanity, and meat, and groceries, and drapery, and drugs, quite different to the moor air, and the rattling and bustling were most stimulating. And Tim and the Usher looked in at all the shop-windows gratis, and chose the things they would have bought if they had had the money. At last the Usher went into a shop and bought for Tim a kite which he had admired; and Tim would have given all he possessed to have been able to buy some small keepsake for the Usher, but he could not, for he had spent all his pocket-money on the new boots.

When they reached the bottom of the street, the Usher said, "Suppose we go up the other side and look at the shops there." And when they were half way up the other side, they found a small crowd round the window of a print-seller, for a new picture was being exhibited in the window. And outside the crowd was the dirty boy, but Tim and the Usher did not see him. And they squeezed in through the crowd and saw the picture. It was a historical subject with a lot of figures, and they were all dressed so like people on the stage of a theatre that Tim thought it was a scene out of Shakespeare. But the Usher explained that it was the signing of the Magna Charta, or the Foundation Stone of our National Liberties, and he gave quite a nice little lecture about it, and the crowd said, "hear, hear!" But as everybody wanted to look at King John at the same moment when the Usher called him "treacherous brother and base tyrant," there was a good deal of pushing, and Tim and he had to stand arm in arm to keep together at all. And thus it was that when the dirty boy from behind put his hand in the Usher's waistcoat pocket, and took out the silver watch that had belonged to his late father, the Usher thought it was Tim's arm that seemed to press his side, and Tim thought it was the Usher's arm that he felt. But just as the dirty boy had secured the watch the shoes gave him such a terrible twinge, that he started in spite of himself. And in his

start he jerked the Usher's waistcoat, and in one moment the Usher forgot what he was saying about our national liberties, and recalled (as with a lightning flash) the connection between crowds and our national pickpockets. And when he clapped his hand to his waistcoat—his watch was gone.

"My watch has been stolen!" cried the Usher, and, as he turned round, the dirty boy fled, and Tim, the Usher, and the crowd ran after him crying, "Stop thief!" and every one they met turned round and ran with them, and at the top of the street they caught a policeman, and were nearly as glad as if they had caught the thief.

Now if the dirty boy had still been barefoot no one could ever have stopped him. But the wrenching and jerking of the shoes made running most difficult, and just as he was turning a corner] they gave one violent twist that turned him right round, and he ran straight into the policeman's arms.

Then the policeman whipped out the watch as neatly as if he had been a pickpocket himself, and gave it back to the Usher. And the dirty boy yelled, and bit the policeman's hand, and butted him in the chest with his head, and kicked his shins; but the policeman never lost his temper, and only held the dirty boy fast by the collar of his jacket, and shook him slightly. When the policeman shook him, the dirty boy shook himself violently, and went on shaking in the most ludicrous way, pretending that it was the policeman's doing, and he did it so cleverly that Tim could not help laughing. And then the dirty boy danced, and shook himself faster and faster, as a conjurer shakes his chain of iron rings. And as he shook, he shook the shoes off his feet, and drew his arms in, and ducked his head, and, as the policeman was telling the Usher about a pickpocket he had caught the day before yesterday, the dirty boy gave one wriggle, dived, and leaving his jacket in the policeman's hand, fled away like the wind on his bare feet.

The policeman looked seriously annoyed; but the Usher said he was very glad, as he shouldn't like to prosecute anybody, and had never been in a police-court in his life. And he gave the policeman a shilling for his trouble, and the policeman said the court "wouldn't be no novelty to him,"—meaning to the dirty boy.

And when the crowd had dispersed, Timothy told the Usher about the boots, and said he was very sorry; and the Usher accepted his apologies, and said, "*Humanum est errare*, my dear boy, as Dr. Kuchever

Arnold truly remarks in one of the earlier exercises." Then Timothy went to the bootmaker, who agreed to take back the boots for a consideration. And with what was left of his money, Tim bought some things for himself and for Bramble minor and for the Usher.

And the shoes took him very comfortably home.

(To be continued.)

QUELQUES VILLES DE FRANCE DÉTERRÉES PENDANT LA GUERRE.

(See p. 62.)



DEPUIS le commencement de cette malheureuse guerre que la France a attirée sur elle-même, les regards de tout le monde ont été dirigés vers les villes et les cités de ce beau pays. Nous venons de recevoir quelques renseignements sur les plus remarquables de ces villes qui ont été ainsi déterrées.

À Neuilly on se promenait ordinairement dans le parc : maintenant les habitants ont prolongé leur promenade jusqu'à LYONS.

AIX n'est plus sous la domination Française : aussi l'empire n'est plus la paix.

Quelques uns des habitants de PARIS qui l'ont quitté à cause du siège nous assurent qu'ils trouvent la ville de Fécamp aristocratique.

À LA ROCHE on vient d'achever une statue de Liberté, avec cette inscription, " Liée sur la roche elle fut délivrée par Persée : " où est ce Persée qui serait capable maintenant de délivrer la France ?

Ces pauvres Français ont assurément bien des maux à souffrir : entendons leurs plaintes. Un des gardes mobiles nous écrit de NISMES : " Le pain d'anis me semble très désagréable." Un autre à CLERMONT se plaint d'être fort mal servi : " Le perruquier à taché en vain de boucler mon toupet."

Le chemin à LAON nous présente des difficultés ; on suit le chemin jusqu'au pont : de là on va en bateau.

À Mons un pauvre homme craignant de mourir de faim déclare : " Je ne suis point gourmand : je ne désire ni caille ni ortolan pour mon souper.

La bataille de PAU n'a pas encore été livrée. L'Empereur y a cédé le champ au général. Celui-ci, blessé à VALENCE, tomba de son cheval ; en ce moment arriva l'Empereur.

EADGYTH.



PRINCESS BLUESTOCKING ;

OR,

THE RIVAL BROTHERS.

A MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

Characters.

KING FINEARTS. QUEEN FINEARTS.

PRINCE HARMONY } Sons of King Finearts.
PRINCE PAINT }

PRINCESS BLUESTOCKING, betrothed to one or both of the Sons.

JEAMES, a Flunkey attached to the Court.

COURTIERS. Guests; among them, ANCIENTA FOGIE, an Old Maid, KING OF HEARTS,
MR. BANTING, &c., &c., *ad lib.*

Costumes.

According to fancy; as bright and extravagant as possible. JEAMES should be dressed as a modern flunkey, in plush, &c. - Addition may be made to the noses of the KING and JEAMES by cotton wool, coloured with rouge, attached with gum to the actors' natural noses.

SCENE I.

Room in palace of KING FINEARTS. Table in centre, chairs, &c. [PRINCE PAINT discovered at an easel painting. PRINCE HARMONY sitting on an ottoman, with guitar by his side.

PRINCE H. Well, Paint, my boy, you are indeed a swell,
I must say crimson suits you very well.
What think you of my suit?

PRINCE P. [examining PRINCE H.] So so, tol lol,
Though on the whole you look more like a doll
Than human being. But about dress have done,
Princess Bluestocking will be here at one.

PRINCE H. Oh, what a bore! I hate those stuck-up girls,
Who read hard books, and wear long streaming curls;
Go in for women's wrongs and women's rights;
Know Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, dress like frights;
Who jabber French and German all day long,
Yet never dance, nor even sing a song.
They laugh at Art, and this girl, as you'll see,
Will laugh at us; but that will not hurt me,
For I shall soar on music far above her,
And you, my boy, will have to be her lover.

PRINCE P. I shan't though.

PRINCE H. Umph! then what will father say?

PRINCE P. I do not mind. I'd sooner run away
Than marry any one I do not care for.

PRINCE H. Ah! then papa, no doubt, will pull your hair for
You; but now stop; to while away the time,
About this charming girl I'll sing a rhyme.

PRINCE P. Then while you sing I'll paint: tune your guitar,
And show the audience what a swell you are.

[PRINCE P. paints, while PRINCE H. tunes guitar and sings. The
guitar may be sham.

TUNE—"Not for Joe."

PRINCE H. [*sings*.] My father has determined that one of us shall be
The husband of this girl, behaving most unfeelingly;
So if he bluntly asks me to marry the Princess,
The answer I shall make him I think you all will guess.

CHORUS.

PRINCE P. [*at easel*.]

Not for Joe?

PRINCE H.

Precisely so,

Not for Joseph

If he knows it,

Not for Joe, not for Joe,

Not for Joseph, oh dear no!

The Princess p'raps will laugh at me; for all I care, she may;
As strong-minded young ladies are not much in our way.
And if I'm asked to sing a song to please the dear Princess,
The answer I shall make to her I think you all may guess.

CHORUS [*as before*].

PRINCE P. Encore! well sung!

PRINCE H. A truce to your applause;

You shouldn't shout *encore* without a *cause*.

PRINCE P. Of course you make caustic remarks.

PRINCE H. Well, shut up!

My nervous system's by this punning *cut up*.

PRINCE P. Don't *cut up* rough.

PRINCE H. The clock is striking one.

The Princess must be here by now.

PRINCE P. What fun!

[*Blast of penny trumpets outside. Both rush to the window.*

PRINCE H. Yes, there she is: they come [*shouting*]. Hi! Jeames, out there!

Enter JEAMES.

Just make the place look tidy; place a chair
'Bout here; not there. Now, Jeames, you'd best beware,
I'll give you such a pulling by the hair
As will make your well-powdered head look black;
Look sharp, you dolt, or I'll give you the sack.

JEAMES. Your sarvint, sir—you titivates me so, sir,
I hardly know my head, sir, from my toe, sir. [*Places chair wrong.*]

PRINCE H. [*in great passion.*] You blundering, idiotic varlet!
You utter Tom-nod dressed in scarlet!

JEAMES. [*majestically.*] Hi goes, sir—h'all your h'imperence a scorning,
H'and h'also begs to give you a month's warning. [*Exit JEAMES.*]

PRINCE P. [*turning from window.*] I say, my friend, the Princess comes up here;
Cease, palpitating heart! I feel quite queer.

*Enter KING and COURTIERS to music. PRINCESS BLUESTOCKING
leaning on KING's arm, followed by the QUEEN and COURTIERS.*

KING F. Ah! here you are, my darling, darling boys;
You are, indeed, your own dear pap-pa's joys.
Come, Harmony, you're first and first-born too.

[*PRINCE H. approaches, and in doing so treads on his father's foot.*]

KING F. [*boxing PRINCE H.'s ears.*] You clumsy fellow, treading on my shoe!
[*To Princess.*] Dear Princess, let me introduce to you
My eldest che-hild. Ah! if you only knew
A father's feelings. [*To PRINCE H. aside.*] Kiss her hand, young man;
Say something nice, sir—anything you can.

PRINCE H. [*to PRINCESS B.*] Your royal highness, most unused as I
To public speaking am, yet on—

ALL. Oh fie!

PRINCE H. I'll try another theme.

KING F. Nay, sing a song;
In music, sweet che-hild, you're never wrong.

Song.

TUNE—"Beautiful Star."

Charming Princess, I guess, I guess,
You have got me in a terrible mess;
For horrid Cupid has pierced my heart
With one of his darts, which makes it smart.

CHORUS.

Beautiful girl! beautiful girl!
Girl of the period! beautiful girl!

Charming Princess, I guess, I guess,
My love for you I cannot express,
You're the most beautiful girl I've seen,
Charming Princess, will you be my queen?

PRINCESS B. Well sung, indeed; your voice is very clear.

QUEEN F. Oh! I'm so glad you like his singing, dear;
He sings and plays, and plays and sings all day;
One of these times he'll sing himself away.

KING F. Now, Paint, my second darling, you come here;
Don't look so nervous, boy; there's nought to fear.

PRINCE P. Papa, you know I cannot sing or speak.

[*In KING F.'s ear.*] I'm nervous!

QUEEN F.

Ah! he always was a weak,
Sick, ailing baby. [*Goes up to PRINCE P.*] Did 'em tease 'em, love!
My own, my little cooing, nervous dove!
My sweety, come with me.

PRINCE P.

I'm coming, ma.
[*Aside.*] Oh dear! I am so frightened of papa.

[*Goes to PRINCESS B., kneels down and kisses her hand.*]

PRINCESS B. Rise up! don't kneel; you make me feel so shy.

PRINCE H. [*aside.*] My goodness! she's delicious—what an eye!PRINCE P. [*sheepishly.*] Ah, Princess! you're too kind. [*Aside.*] What shall I say?KING F. [*stamping.*] No more of this tomfoolery. [*Waving hand.*] Away![*To PRINCESS B.*] Now, madam, with your journey tired out,

You wish for some refreshment, I've no doubt;

So let us to the dining-room. I'm told

If we keep luncheon waiting, 'twill get cold.

[*Recount KING, COURTIER, &c.*]

PRINCE H. I say, Paint.

PRINCE P. Well?

PRINCE H. Do you not think her charming?

PRINCE P. So so. Tol lol. Nothing so very alarming.

PRINCE H. [*slyly.*] Oh! [*Exit, scratching his head and winking.*]PRINCE P. [*alone.*] Charming! bah! that is not half a word;

Lovely! divine! or anything absurd.

The truth is this, I'm deep in love; I'm mad.

I shall not tell my brother though, nor dad.

But after lunch I'll tell mamma, and she

Will tell the Princess Bluestocking. D'ye see?

Oh, Paint, you're very clever, I must say.

To ease my burning heart I'll sing a lay.

Song.

TUNE—"Meet me in the lane."

PRINCE P.

To think that I should be in love, in love,
And dare not for the world tell gov., tell gov.:
But if he should find out, why then I have no doubt
He'll box my little ears; because Harmony

Is also smitten frightfully,

And is sure to treat me spitefully.

We should get on delightfully,

If it were not for *he*.

But I shall tell mamma, mamma, mamma;

She will not tell papa, papa, papa;

But she will tell the Princess, and greatly her will impress
With the very great affection that I have for *she*.

Curtain.

SCENE II. (*as before*).

PRINCESS BLUESTOCKING *discovered alone on an ottoman.*

PRINCESS B. Oh dear! oh dear! I am in such a *stew*,
I feel quite *stupid*—oh, what shall I do?
King Finearts tells me that his eldest son
Already loves me; some would say, what fun!
But no, it makes me very far from glad;
I love the boy and venerate the dad.
All would be well without the Queen; but she
Embraces, kisses most affectionately,
And says her little cooing nervous dove
Has with me tumbled *head o'er ears* in love.
So how to marry either without row,
Is what I very much should like to know.
I do know which has stol'n my heart away;
Not he who can but mimic forms of clay;
But he whose art, as mighty as refined,
Reveals at will the workings of the mind.
But hush! [*Listens.*] I must not go on talking blue;
Some one is coming.

Enter PRINCE HARMONY.

Oh! it's only you!

PRINCE H. Princess, are you *at home*? and may I be
The same with you? You understand, I see.
PRINCESS B. Don't make such puns, sir; puns are always weak.
And I had rather hear you sing than speak.
PRINCE H. Agreed, Princess! So now let's sing a song.
PRINCESS B. Of Love and Cupid?

Will not that be wrong?

PRINCE H. Not in the least. What shall I sing? do say.
PRINCESS B. Oh, "Rose of the Garden, blushing and gay."

Song.

TUNE—"Fading away."

PRINCE H. Princess Bluestocking, blushing and gay,
Don't, like the roses, fade, dear, away.
PRINCESS B. Harmony, darling, this I must own,
That you would soften hearts made of stone.
PRINCE H. Princess Bluestocking!
PRINCESS B. Prince Harmony!
PRINCE H. Will you consent now my wife to be?

TUNE—"Gentle Zilella."

PRINCE H. Gentle Bluestocking, life, I must own,
Would be most shocking passed all alone.
PRINCESS B. Yes, it's a bother; but don't you see
That your young brother also loves me.
Should I consent then to wed you now,
He might object, then there'd be a row.

TUNE—"The Cure."

[Both dance to the music while singing this song.]

PRINCESS B. But I've a plan, a little plan, but most effective cure,
Which will bring everything all right, of this you may be sure.

PRINCE H. Then you consent to be my wife?

PRINCESS B. To tell the truth, I do.

And if you'll keep it quiet we'll be wedded shortly too.

CHORUS.

Both { Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! away with care and strife!
We very soon, dear audience, will be happy man and wife.

PRINCESS B. Now go; I hear your father coming here.

PRINCE H. I'll go if I may have one kiss.

PRINCESS B. Yes, dear! [PRINCE H. kisses her, and exit.

Enter KING.

KING F. Your highness, have you thought o'er what I said?

PRINCESS B. Yes, sire.

KING F. Then which would you prefer to wed?

PRINCESS B. I do not know, I like them both so much.

[Aside.] (That was a fib.) You see that they are such
Charming young men.

KING F. Both can't be yours; but one.

PRINCESS B. Then what will happen to your other son?

KING F. Dear me, I see. Umph! ah! what shall we do?

PRINCESS B. Well, I've a plan I will propound to you:

One must compose a song to sing to me;
And Paint shall draw my portrait—do you see?
I'll give them both two days to do the work in—
They must stick to it, for I'll have no shirking—
And then the one who does his work the best
Shall have me as his prize.

KING F. [spreading his arms and rushing to PRINCESS B.] Come to my vest,
And let me give a kiss to your smooth brow!

PRINCESS B. You've impudence for dozens, anyhow. [They embrace extravagantly.

KING F. There, my sweet Popsey Wopsey, now I'll go
And tell the Queen your plan.

PRINCESS B. Nay, do not so;

I'd sooner tell myself, so send her here.

KING F. All right, my love. [Pointing to PRINCESS B. aside.] Now isn't she a
dear? [Exit KING F.

PRINCESS B. [alone.] I do so hope that Prince Paint and the Queen

Will like the plan. The trouble I have been

At to arrange it! I hope they won't try

To spoil it all; if they do, I shall die:

I could not live now without *Harmony*.

In that dear boy—a happy combination—

Are money, happiness, and education.

Paint smells of turpentine and such-like things,

Besides, he hardly ever speaks or sings;

And then he's mamma's pet, the little muff!

No, of Prince Paint I think I've seen enough;

Too much, in fact ; whereas of Harmony
I never shall be happy till I be
The wife [*enter QUEEN F.*] Ah, here's the Queen !

QUEEN F. Good-day, my dear ;

I've kept you waiting for some time, I fear.

PRINCESS B. Oh, dear me, no ; I only want to say

A word about your sons.

QUEEN F. Then say away.

PRINCESS B. They both, it seems, do love me much, and so
I've formed a plan ; I don't know if 'twill do.
What I propose is this : let Harmony
Compose a little song to sing to me ;
And Paint must paint my portrait. Matrimony
Will be the prize, with me as wife ; d'ye see ?

QUEEN F. You little darling dove ! upon my word,
A better plan than this I never heard.
Have you not told the King ?

PRINCESS B. Some time ago.

QUEEN F. He kept it dark !

PRINCESS B. I told him to do so.

QUEEN F. You naughty little sly young fox, for shame !
You've played a most deceitful little game ;
But I forgive you—so come to my arms,
Thou most deceptive bundle of young charms. [*Embrace extravagant'y.*]

Enter KING.

KING F. I've told my sons, and they do both agree ;
They've set to work at once ; and therefore we
Have sent forth heralds far and wide to say
We hold a court on such and such a day ;
Begging that all will come, both great and small,
To a grand meeting in our Royal Hall.
But let us now, to clear our regal throat,
Indulge in song.

PRINCESS B. I cannot sing a note !

KING F. Well, never mind, instead we'll bawl a lay,
For about I must, whatever you may say.
Come, just one song before I lay my head
On down imperial—in fact, go to bed.

Song.

TUNE—" *Some Lady's dropped her Chignon.*"

PRINCESS B. Your eldest son is charming, and very handsome too ;
A handsomer or nicer man I'm sure I never knew ;
His music is most beautiful, and strikes one to the core ;
He's everything that's perfect, and pray what can I say more ?

CHORUS.

And that is all I know, sir,
About my eldest beau, sir ;
My answer may be, yes, sir,
But it also may be, no, sir. [*Repeat chorus, all singing.*]

- PRINCESS B. Your second son is charming, and very handsome too,
A handsomer or nicer man I vow I never knew;
His painting is most wonderful and beautiful, I'm sure;
He's everything that's perfect, and pray what can I say more?
- KING F. Why naught that I can see, dear;
With that I quite agree, dear;
But I think you have a preference,
And that for Harmony, dear. [*Repeat chorus all.*]

Curtain.

SCENE III.

Grand Hall of KING FINEARTS. In centre a throne, seats on each side forming semi-circle.—Enter KING, with only one shoe on.

- KING F. Distraction rain upon distraction's head!
I'm sure I saw it when I went to bed.
My search is bootless. I've looked everywhere;
A shoe's a very *slippery* affair.
This afternoon I hold a special court,
And, monarch as I am, I'm one shoe short;
A ~~shoeless~~ monarch at my child's marriage,
I've only *one* to throw after the carriage.
But resolution! [*Folding his arms and striking an attitude.*] What am
I to do?
- [*Calling.*] Here, Jeames, you varlet! seek my regal shoe.

Enter JEAMES.

- JEAMES. Come, search the palace. Should you not take pains,
I've *one* wherewith to batter out your brains.
Your Royal Highness flatters, I suppose;
I've got no brains to *batter*, as I knows.
H'im h'out of place, sire, in a *battery*;
Good *batter* pudding's more the sort for me.
- KING F. Away! let search be made at once; meanwhile
I'll sing a song in Double Dutchman style. [*Exit JEAMES.*]

Song.

TUNE—"Little Wee Dog."

Oh where, oh where, is my little shoe gone?
Oh where, oh where is he?
'Tis certain the court I shall have to postpone,
If my shoe isn't found directlee.

[*Chorus from behind scenes.*]

Oh where, oh where, is this little shoe gone?
Oh where, oh where is he?
The king his son's marriage will have to postpone,
If his shoe isn't found directlee.

KING F. [*Listening.*] A sound of revelry and song I hear.
The servants must have tapped my bitter beer.

[*Shouting.*] What ho, my vassals!

JEAMES. [*entering.*] Here, my liege, am I;
Your humble servant h'eating humble pie.

KING F. You're eating, are you? Have you not been drinking.
To make this noise? My shoe, I have been thinking,
At this rate won't be found before next year.

JEAMES. [*producing shoe.*] I've found the shoe, sire, underneath the chair.

KING F. Receive, my man, of diligence the fruits!

Knoel. [*JEAMES kneels, and KING F. kicks him.*] Rise, Sir Jeames,
Knight-Errand, *alias Boots!*

[*Flourish of trumpets outside.*]

KING F. [*contemplating shoe and putting it on.*] Arrived in time, and not a whit too soon.

[*To JEAMES.*] Go, tell the band to play a jolly tune.

[*Band plays a march. Enter QUEEN, PRINCESS BLUESTOCKING, and COURTIERE, followed by JEAMES, who introduces the new arrivals. KING FINEARTS ascends the throne.*]

JEAMES. The King of Hearts, a monarch hale and hearty,
A great addition to your Highness's party.

[*KING OF H. bows and goes to his place.*]

Ancienta Fogie, patron of false curls,
Desires a place among the pretty girls.

[*Enter ANCIENTA FOGIE, extravagant old maid.*]

That philanthropic people mayn't be wanting,
Last, but not least, approaches Mr. Banting.

[*Enter MR. BANTING, previous to his course of training.*]

[*This list may be prolonged ad lib. ; music played all the time.*]

KING F. [*When every one is settled, after a good deal of coughing, &c., coming down from throne.*]

Now that I've cleared my most imperial throat,

[*To JEAMES.*] Give me my pitchfork, or suggest a note.

At starting, friends, I feel a little shy.

JEAMES. [*suggesting a high note.*] La!

KING F. [*trying to reach it.*] La! You villain! that's a fifth too high.

JEAMES. [*falling on his knees.*] If but my liege will grant a moment's grace,
They'll sound the note upon the double bass.

[*Key-note played on piano deep in the bass.*]

Song.

TUNE—"The Hardy Norsemen's House of Yorc."

I'm going to sing a song, my guests,
Though I have not much voice;
My friend, the Princess here, requests
You'll help her in her choice:

For both my sons have fall'n in love,
 So to decide their strife
 I ask you which of them deserves
 The Princess for his wife.

[*Chorus to first four lines of melody.*]

Our thanks are due, great king, to you,
 And let us now express
 The interest we feel in all
 Concerning this Princess.

KING F.

Since competition's all the go
 In this enlightened nation,
 To win a wife all must submit
 To strict examination.
 My sons will each produce their work;
 And this I must request,
 That you will now proceed to say
 Which work of art is best.

[*Chorus as before.*]

PRINCESS B. I fear, my friends, from what the King's just sung
 You'll think me in these matters very young;
 And that may be the case, for of society
 I've not perhaps yet seen enough variety;
 I'm very fickle, as the stories say;
 I've fallen in love with *every* one to-day;
 And I profess and vow I never saw
 Such very captivating youths before;
 My indecision's come to such a pitch
 Take one I must—I ask you to say which!

[*Chorus of COURTIERs (begin to sing) "For she's a jolly good ——"*]

KING F. Hold! for the present we'll reserve our fun;
 Approach, Prince Paint, and show us what you've done.

PRINCE P. My dear Princess, I really feel so shy,
 Unless you smile I'll have to *pipe* my eye.

JEAMES. The noxious weed is not allowed; in short,
Piping's forbidden, smokers whipped when caught.

KING F. Silence! proceed, my child.

PRINCE P. My dear Bluestocking—

PRINCESS B. The boy's familiarity is shocking!

PRINCE P. [*Explaining his picture.*] This is a palace, that is you, and that
 I meant to be a dog, but it's a cat:
 My brain suggested dog, my hand said no;
 It came out cat, so I have left it so.
 A sweet princess's portrait would you see,
 This emblematic figure well survey.
 That daub of pink upon the cheek means health,
 The dog affection, and the palace wealth.
 The dress [*to be painted very loud*] denotes abundance of pin money.
 [*Shyly.*] In fact, I thought the picture rather funny!

All sing.

TUNE—"I'm par excellence the Idol of the day."

It's par excellence the portrait of the day,
It's par excellence whatever people say;
Harmony cannot win, he hasn't got a chance,

For Paint's produced a portrait which is quite par excellence.

KING F. Now, Harmony, my boy, produce your song.

PRINCESS B. I hope it's pretty and not very long.]

HARMONY sings.

TUNE—"I cannot sing the old songs."

I mustn't sing the old songs
I learnt some time ago,
For I must sing a new song;
An old song would not do.

I've done my best, although the words
And music aren't quite new.

It isn't quite an old song,
And yet it isn't new;
It is a half-and-half song,
And that, I hope, will do.

All sing.

It's par excellence the best song of the day,
It's par excellence whatever people say;
Prince Paint cannot win, so neither's got a chance,
For both the portrait and the song are quite par excellence.

KING F. [*stamping about.*] Confusion worse confounded has my wits!

The verdict, then, my friends, you say is

"QUITTS."

All.

JEAMES.

Permit me, sire, a theory to advance;
Since both the works turned out par excellence,
Chance can alone decide, that's clear enough;
Suppose you try a game of Blind Man's Buff.
Let the Princess Bluestocking be blindfolded,
And if she's caught a-peeping she'll be scolded,
Then let the Princess catch 'em if she can;
He who's caught first shall be the happy man.

KING F.

Capital plan! a monstrous good idea!

[*To JEAMES.*]

How should you like, my man, to be a peer?

JEAMES.

Most noble monarch, very much indeed.

KING F.

Ah, well! you won't be one this time. Proceed!

No, stop! this happy thought deserves a boon,
Kneel. [*Kicks him.*] Rise our special royal court Buffoon.

All shout.

Hurrah!

[PRINCESS BLUESTOCKING is blindfolded, and they play at Blind Man's Buff, orchestra playing a lively air. PRINCESS BLUESTOCKING catches both the Princes at the same time, they having, of course, hovered near her on purpose to be caught.]

TABLEAU.

PRINCE H.

All.

PRINCE H.

All.

PRINCE H.

All.

'Tis almost time to say good-night.

Hurrah! Hurrah!

It has really been a terrible fight;

Hurrah! Hurrah!

But now that Harmony's restored,
Kind friends, I hope you've not been bored,
And we'll all feel gay if you'll but say you're pleased.

But now that Harmony's restored,
Kind friends, we hope you've not been bored,
And we'll all feel gay if you'll but say you're pleased.

DANCE AND FINALE.

Curtain.

S. H. GATTY.

PUZZLES FROM WONDERLAND.

By the Author of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland."

I.

Dreaming of apples on a wall,
And dreaming often, dear,
I dreamed that if I counted all,
How many would appear?

II.

A stick I found, that weighed two pound:
I sawed it up one day
In pieces eight, of equal weight.
How much did each piece weigh?
[Everybody says "a quarter of a pound," which is wrong.]

III.

John gave his brother James a box:
About it there were many locks.

James woke, and said it gave him pain;
So gave it back to John again.

This box was not with lid supplied,
Yet caused two lids to open wide:

And all these locks had never a key—
What kind of box, then, could it be?

IV.

What is most like a bee in May?
 "Well, let me think: perhaps—" you say.
 Bravo! You're guessing well to-day!

V.

Three sisters at breakfast were feeding the cat.
 The first gave it sole—Puss was grateful for that:
 The next gave it salmon—which Puss thought a treat:
 The third gave it herring—which Puss wouldn't eat.

[Explain the conduct of the cat.]

VI.

Said the Moon to the Sun,
 "Is the daylight begun?"
 Said the Sun to the Moon,
 "Not a minute too soon."
 "You're a Full Moon," said he.
 She replied, with a frown,
 "Well! I never *did* see
 So uncivil a clown!"

[Query. Why was the moon so angry?]

VII.

When the King found that his money was nearly all gone, and that he really *must* live more economically, he decided on sending away most of his Wise Men. There were some hundreds of them—very fine old men, and magnificently dressed in green velvet gowns with gold buttons: if they *had* a fault, it was that they always contradicted one another when he asked for their advice—and they certainly ate and drank *enormously*. So, on the whole, he was rather glad to get rid of them. But there was an old law, which he did not dare to disobey, which said that there must always be

"Seven blind of both eyes:
 Ten blind of one eye:
 Five that see with both eyes:
 Nine that see with one eye."

[Query. How many did he keep?]

CHILDHOOD'S WISH AND MANHOOD'S AIM.



SAW an eager, smiling boy
 Gaze upward at the star-gemmed sky,
 Outstretch his tiny grasping hand
 In daring hope to bring it nigh.

Each flutt'ring butterfly to win,
 Each lovely flower that bloom'd apart,
 The rainbow's gorgeous arch to seize,
 He sought with longing childish heart.

I saw an earnest serious man,
 His eye all filled with holy light,
 His yearning heart on fame was set,
 On love, on all that makes life bright.

Pure thoughts, and aims sublimely high,
 Would dwell with him, his bosom fire;
 To all the beautiful and good
 His soul did lovingly aspire.

I saw an old man, calm and bright,
 Whose face as lake at eve was still;
 He sought no future earth could yield,
 His yearnings heaven alone could fill.

That eager childlike grasping hand,
 Each fancied treasure to obtain;
 That earnest aim of manhood's age,
 Some high ideal end to gain:—

What are they, but the highest proofs
 Of the immortal soul we own?
 Aspiring on through faith and hope,
 Till love in perfect trust is shown.

Oh, child! at thy unconscious sport,
 Longing for every winged toy,
 And man, with thy sublime desire,
 Yearning for good and all its joy;
 When holy age brings peaceful trust,
 Thou'lt feel thy ardent hopes were given
 By Him whose love eternal seeks
 To guide the wand'ring heart to heaven.

M. A. M.

"Infant Christ."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Words by the Editor.

Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

Andante.

High and low, and

rich and poor, Lift the latch, and ope the door,

Clear the way from dust of sin, Let the King of

Glo - ry in, Let the King of Glo - ry in.

This system contains the first musical staff with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand, with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) appearing in the second measure.

CHORUS.

Nay, we dare not, He's too great; Comes, no doubt, in

This system is the beginning of the chorus. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature remains B-flat major. The time signature changes to common time (C). The vocal line starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment consists of sustained chords in the right hand and a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is present in the first measure.

king - ly state; Would not our poor ho - mage see,

This system continues the chorus. The vocal line and piano accompaniment follow the same pattern as the previous system. The vocal line includes a slur over the notes for "poor" and "ho-mage".

He so great— so lit - tle we, He so great,

This system concludes the chorus. The vocal line and piano accompaniment continue. The vocal line features a slur over "He so great" and a final note on a half note G4. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) in the second measure.

"INFANT CHRIST."

He so great, . . .

mf ff mf

p After last Verse.

He so great—so lit - tle we. A - men.

f p

2

"But as King He comes not now,
 Veiled, the crown upon His brow;
 See Him here, of pomp despoiled,
 See Him here a little child."

Is this so? then open wide
 Gates and doors on every side,
 Yet to this our Infant King,
 Say what homage shall we bring?

3


"One, His love to great and small,
 One, the homage due from all;
 Sweet and easy is your part,
 'Tis to take Him to your heart."

Blessed Christmas, when you bring
 Royal child, and childlike King;
 Grace be ours to do our part,
 Take Him, take Him to our heart.

THE OLD WORK-BOX.

By Madame Guizot de Witt.

CHAPTER IV.

 RATTIER had left a week since. His mother had died before his arrival, dying, while insensible, in her pet Amélie's arms. Her own mother now awaited that daughter's coming home. "She does not weep," wrote her father; "it seems that she has inherited something of my mother's disposition. I cannot get her out of her room but by a formal request at meal-times. I will bring her to you as soon as possible, before returning here to settle affairs. . . . And," he added, with ill-disguised vexation, "my poor mother has left us better off than I expected; but Amélie shares half the fortune with myself. Her grandmother has left all her personal property to her. This little one will be a great heiress!"

The mother sighed. Of what importance was such an inheritance to her—compared with this pitiful picture drawn by her husband of Amélie, solitary, hiding herself in her room to mourn for her whom she had lost, lonely, in the midst of work, with lawyers and clerks for companions?

Madame Rattier often mentally repeated the words of the Psalmist David, "Oh! that I had wings like a dove!" but never had she desired more ardently than now for power to fly to her child's aid, to revive her by clasping her in her own arms to her own heart.

The report had spread through their household that Mademoiselle Amélie had become very rich. The servants at "the Fall" had written to tell those at Berville what they had heard about their late mistress's will. But the children, busy with their own plans, did not comprehend at all.

"I tell you," maintained Gabrielle, "a girl like Amélie can't have her own money."

"I have six half-pence," retorted Cathérine; "they're in mamma's box."

Elizabeth bridled up. "And me—I've got five francs!"

The possession of this enormous sum had given Elizabeth much

dignity in Paul's and Cathérine's opinion, since the day her godfather had made her a present of a small gold five-franc piece.

Albert being called as umpire, "Jean said yes," he reiterated to Gabrielle; "he says that our grandmamma might leave half her fortune to Amélie if she wished."

"It's unjust!" screamed Gabrielle; "all ought to belong to papa, for he was her son."

"Oh, Amélie cannot touch it until she has reached—I don't know what age!—twenty-one years, I think."

"So much the better," cried Gabrielle.

"What does it signify to you?" asked Albert, thoroughly surprised.

"It's not nice to have one child rich and all the others poor," murmured the little girl, looking foolish.

"I've quite enough money, and you too," said her brother, drily, "since we have just what mamma pleases to give us, that's all. Jean has explained that to me, and he's quite right."

The instinctive justice of the boys did not suffice to smoothe their younger sister's ruffled feelings.

Madame Rattier foresaw, by anticipation, the collisions and difficulties likely to result from Amélie's acquired habits, doubtless so different to those of her brothers and sisters; but she resolved, at least, to maintain their complete equality. Rich or poor, Amélie must live like the rest under their paternal roof.

"When Amélie comes here, I shall beg her to give me another baby," said Cathérine, who was casting a look of concern towards the headless doll lying at her feet.

"And I shall ask her for a whip and postilion's boots," said Paul.

Their mother heard them.

"Amélie will have just the same weekly pocket-money that Gabrielle has for her own use," she said, quietly.

All the children's castles-in-the-air, built upon Amélie's full purse, were overthrown by this speech.

That same evening M. Rattier was expected. With the exception of his wife no one cared particularly to see papa; all thoughts were bent on Amélie. Every preparation they made solely on her account. Their mother had great trouble to dissuade her little ones from decorating the wicket with a triumphal arch whereon they wanted to put a device with a crown.

"Mamma, there will be above it 'Long live Amélie,'" said they; "and when she passes under we can make the crown come down by a string upon her head."

"On her bonnet!" interrupted Albert.

But Madame Rattier had forbidden these rejoicings. "Amélie is unhappy, my dears; she has lost her second mother."

"We have only one mother!" all the children exclaimed. "Amélie has only one, like us!" and they all rushed to hug Madame Rattier at once. Gabrielle hung her head, reproaching herself for having forgotten Amélie's grief.

"I am very wicked, mamma," she confessed, when Paul, Elizabeth, and Cathérine had disappeared; "but I cannot keep from laughing and singing. I am obliged to try and recollect that grandmamma is dead."

"You did not know her, my child;" and the mother took her on her knee.

"But she was my grandma all the same," replied the little girl, who was subject to pricks of conscience. Her mother reassured her by saying: "You will not forget, when papa is here, the sad loss he has had, and when you see how sorry Amélie is!"

Gabrielle felt somewhat consoled. But if Amélie were distressed, how could she comfort her?

"I shall never know what to say to her," repeated the poor little girl to herself.

CHAPTER V.

MADAME RATTIER had made no change in her domestic arrangements. She had left Gabrielle in the same little room next that of her sisters'. The three boys slept in a large dormitory, constantly in disorder, notwithstanding their mother's watchful care.

Amélie was to take possession of a nook usually reserved for any of the children when ill, as it led out of Madame Rattier's own chamber.

"There'll be no more sick children, then," said Elizabeth, gravely, seeing the infirmary being set in order for Amélie's use. Their mother reflected that there were disorders of soul as well as bodily sickness, and that her eldest girl would perhaps need her tender assiduity and watchful sympathy to the utmost degree.

They heard a sound of wheels, and the whole group of children met together at the entry. Cathérine tried hard to get tight hold of her mother's hand.

"I will not go near the horse!" she said, positively.

Elizabeth and Gabrielle had just placed a last bouquet on the little rose-trimmed toilette-table, the only extra piece added to the pretty furniture in their "infirmery."

Madame Rattier had always contrived to soothe her invalid charges by surrounding them with objects pleasing to the sight. Her little ones were rather jealous of Amélie's being settled in this apartment, hung with bright-coloured chintz.

"Formerly it was very pleasant to have a cold, so as to sleep quite close by mamma," they agreed; "now we must remain in our own sleeping-rooms."

The elder boys came running in puffing for breath, and with their hair blown about. "Here they are!" cried Albert; "they are at the field gate, and we scampered like squirrels to get here before them." Jean said nothing, having placed himself at his mother's side and passed his arm round her waist. Their conveyance was driving into the court-yard. M. Rattier had put his head out of the carriage window. His children muttered, "We can't see Amélie!"

M. Rattier had just alighted, even before the horse was stopped. He kissed his children. Jean having made a move towards the travelling-carriage, his mother stopped him, saying, in a slightly troubled tone, "None but myself!" then she went forward to it—"My own Amélie!" thus, as it were by one word, retaining possession of that daughter from whom she had been parted six years.

She was lifting out the tall girl, who passively yielded, looking astonished and confused; but her husband gently interposed.

"You cannot carry Amélie, my love; she will soon be as tall as yourself."

"It is not very difficult;" for Madame Rattier had not left her daughter; but was helping her out gently. It seemed as if the girl dreaded her brothers' and sisters' caresses; she allowed herself to be kissed, undemonstratively, and went back to her father, who led her into the drawing-room in silence. The children followed her with disappointment on their faces. "Amélie might as well have remained at 'the Fall,'" muttered Paul, "since she is so little pleased at seeing us."

"But no," rejoined Elizabeth, his customary confidant; "she could not remain there, as there was no one to take care of her any longer. We must be very considerate to her, and then she will love us."

"She ought first to have been polite to us," maintained Paul, who was not disposed to make advances.

"Amélie is tired, dearest," said Madame Rattier, having noticed that, after taking a momentary survey of the drawing-room, her daughter sank upon a sofa, with an abstracted air, not paying attention to Cathérine's coaxing. Cathérine had brought her kitten, and wanted her sister to admire it.

"As soon as we have dined I shall make her go to rest."

"Where will you put her?" asked M. Rattier, who was somewhat tired of the silence and dull indifference that he had borne with from his eldest girl for a fortnight past, and not at all sorry to restore her to her mother's keeping.

She smiled, replying, "In the infirmary."

"I am not ill," was Amélie's first spontaneous observation.

Gabrielle did not give their mamma time to answer, but explained, "It's not a real sick room; it's all pretty and rose-coloured, and full of flowers. A door leads out of it into mamma's bedroom, and we sleep there when we've caught cold, so that she may nurse us."

"Oh!" ejaculated Amélie, without asking what would happen in future to those who had colds; and was shown the way to this same apartment, her mother following to rearrange her hair and her dress. Amélie accepted these attentions with simple indifference, like a person accustomed to be waited on. Gabrielle began to feel angry, and when her mother was brushing her sister's hair she seized her hand and kissed it fervently. Madame Rattier stooped and kissed the child; she read all that was passing in that little heart, but Amélie's, as yet, was like a shut book to her. She sighed; then confidence in God and characteristic self-control came to her aid. "This will be a trial of patience," she inwardly felt, while taking Amélie into the drawing-room.

It was, in fact, very trying work. Days passed by, and became weeks, weeks extended to months, and yet the young girl so abruptly drawn from her past routine seemed to take no footing under her father's roof. She remained there like some stray visitor, politely unconcerned in the every-day domestic interests of those around her. Her

mother had courageously resumed the task of her education, conducted hitherto on principles wholly unlike those which had guided herself while teaching her numerous family. The late Madame Rattier had evidently conceived most ambitious projects concerning the future style of living of her adopted darling. Music and dancing and foreign languages (with scarcely an exception beside) comprised nearly all the young lady's acquirements. She played the piano well; she drew fairly for her age; she knew what English her mother had taught her in infancy, ere she had been unexpectedly snatched away. She had studied Italian, but did not know French grammatically. In history, geography, and arithmetic, her instruction had been completely neglected.

Gabrielle, who had been amazed at hearing Amélie play waltzes and scales, and who regarded her drawings as master-pieces of their kind, was in some degree astonished at Amélie's making so many mistakes in spelling, or stopping short at the history questions which Madame Rattier regularly set for her children to answer.

"How was it, then, that grandma gave you lessons?" she at length inquired of her sister, after having vainly tried to comprehend this admixture of ignorance and information.

"My kind mother never gave me lessons," curtly answered Amélie; "all my professors came from town, and charged highly."

Gabrielle was silent; she had never heard about "professors." The village schoolmaster alone had supplemented Madame Rattier's motherly teaching.

"Mamma gives lessons better than all the professors put together," suggested Albert, being present on this occasion. When we go to college this autumn I mean to make everybody agree to that."

Amélie was too well bred to shrug her shoulders, but she went away with a faint smile.

"I have not had a 'professor' for English or Latin, nor yet for drawing," vociferated Albert, with all his might; "but mamma knows Latin and Greek, English too, and she has taught us to remember the names of Sully and of Cæsar."

Poor Amélie had completely failed that morning upon being questioned regarding biographies of these two great men.

The poor little stranger, as they nicknamed her in the village, was not popular among her brothers. Albert blamed her for affected man-

ners, her extreme care for appearance, and contempt of games they liked. Jean had more serious complaints against her. He had always felt a warm love for his mother. Since one memorable day, when he, still so young, had found her with tearful eyes at the end of a discussion with his father, his boyish heart had swollen with a manly sense of protection, and he had said to her, seriously : "Come with me, mamma ; we'll go away together if papa vexes you." Jean believed himself in duty bound to defend his mother. He was reaching an age at which the knightly ardour of early manhood was beginning to mingle with the confiding affection of childhood ; and each time that he saw his mother's gaze resting sorrowfully upon her eldest daughter, each time that Amélie accepted a caress with coldness, or received Madame Rattier's tender kindnesses as homage due to her, Jean felt his blood boiling in his veins, and had great difficulty in restraining some bitter word.

His mother had understood all this. "Let me do what I can," she confided to Jean ; "with God's help in time I may succeed."

"But I always gained the affection I tried for, except grand-mamma's," said the schoolboy. Madame Rattier blushed, for she had never made that attempt.

CHAPTER VI.

ALL Amélie's notions had to be overturned. Without even wishing it, without knowing it, her grandmother had brought her up in secretly-rooted antagonism towards that daughter-in-law who, she believed, had embittered her life. And she had taken pains to guard the child who had been confided to her against all that she imagined or guessed as to the clever habits, superfine manners, and probable feelings of her son's wife ; she had pictured an Adrienne of her own invention, whom she incessantly opposed.

Amélie had been imbued with the importance of riches, contempt for pride of birth ; she had heard work exalted in disparagement of the idle lives of the "old gentlemen," as the grandmother said, derisively. She had been taught that those who boasted of noble origin were idlers, accustomed to be supported by others, yet too poor to pay their own servants, and too proud to earn the money they had long ago obtained from robbery of passers-by on the high-roads or else by imposing taxes on poor people. Filled with these old-fashioned prejudices, the young girl now found herself transplanted into an atmosphere at once cheer-

ful and calm. She had enough intelligence and power of observation to feel certain that their household was thoroughly well yet economically managed, and that the simple elegance and perfect order which reigned everywhere throughout were due to her mother, and the results of a superintendence as minute as it was free from busybody ways.

She had been told that frivolous fancywork solely exercised the fingers of fine ladies. Her mother's work-basket was brimfull of stockings to be darned, aprons, or little frocks for the children. She began to attribute all these wonders to her father's influence. One day, just before the sorrowful moment when Jean and Albert were to leave for their school, all the family being together near their mother, Amélie was playing negligently with an old work-box made of worm-wood. Its rusty key resisted her attempt to turn it. She looked up, and met Albert's mocking look.

"Mamma's box does not open very easily," he said, jestingly; "one must know the secret."

"Is there a secret in it?" cried Cathérine, who was standing on tiptoe.

"Why do you always use this ugly box, mamma?" Amélie asked; "you have two others so pretty that I have seen on your chest of drawers."

"You don't know then—?" began Gabrielle. Jean did not let her finish her speech. "Let mamma tell her," he said, hotly.

Madame Rattier went on: "It was my grandmother's work-box. There is no secret in it, but I usually keep it shut, and the lock has become rather stiff in the lapse of years. There was a day when the provision for our family came out of this small box."

Amélie, who had taken up the unpretending common purse, now gave it back, not a bit the wiser.

Her brothers and sisters laughed aloud.

"See here, Amélie"—and Madame Rattier drew her eldest daughter nearer, opening the work-case. Amélie only saw reels of cotton, and silk, long since faded; spangles looking like gold and silver, brass wire, some green leaves, and tiny scraps of cloth.

"These were the materials," continued Madame Rattier, "wherewith my grandmother, Madame de Montcalm, furnished a milliner's shop during exile under the Revolution. She had received much too flimsy an education for giving lessons herself; could not even

teach dancing,' as she jokingly said. But her father was aged and feeble; she could not leave him to seek after pupils. So she set to work as she was best able, and knew how, and she was



very clever. Having lived in the fashionable world, she imitated or invented various styles. In the morning she acted as cook, then as nurse, washing and dressing her children. Next she helped her infirm father in dressing, and installed him on a sofa by the

window to see all that passed by. And then she took up her work-box, the same that you see there, Amélie; and she made caps, bonnets, and lace trimmings for those kind Hamburg ladies who had selected her for their milliner. Thus she lived fifteen years. My mother, who was the eldest of her children, had learnt to help her. She was a most exacting mistress, mamma often told me, and would not allow them to spoil anything. They were so poor. When they returned to France, my mamma had possession of this old work-box."

These children of Madame Rattier's knew their great-grandmother's history perfectly. Amélie alone either did not know or had forgotten it. She listened in silence, and began to comprehend vaguely that courage, firmness, and wise economy were not the exclusive portion of any single class; but that, everywhere, rectitude of mind resulted in rectitude of conduct. But her reserved and misanthropic notions were not altogether dissipated. She put the little box she had been holding upon the table, and went back leisurely to her own room, refusing to join in the grand game at hide-and-seek which Gabrielle had just planned. They were running about crying "whoop!" in every corner of the garden; but their eldest sister, so long since deprived of motherly caresses and training, was folding her arms and leaning upon the window-sill, with eyes wistfully turned towards the field, when she felt some one pull her dress, and turned round. Cathérine was there, her hair rough, her eyes sparkling with excitement: "Come with us, Amélie, and play," entreated she.

Amélie shook her head. "No; I am tired."

"But it won't tire you to run with me. I'm so little, everybody catches me. If you liked, even Jean couldn't catch us both."

Amélie took the little pleader up in her arms, who continued—

"You'll take me by the hand? and we'll run so fast, oh! so fast!"

Cathérine's baby-arms were clasping her sister's neck; kisses were lavished on her cheeks, the child's soft breathing passing through her hair. She got up.

"Thank you, darling Amélie," cried the little one; "now I shall win the game!" and she dragged her sister to the stairs.

Madame Rattier, seated near her window, busily preparing their warmer clothing for autumnal wear, looked after them as they walked off.

"My poor Amélie is getting sociable," she thought within herself,

sighing in contentment and gratitude to God : and frequently did she lean from the casement in order to watch Amélie hiding behind the great trees scattered about the lawn, or hurrying little Cathérine along, quite out of breath, to reach a place of safety before any one could seize them.

The mother fancied she noticed that the over-careful Amélie's dress had become unsewn, but that she had caught it up anyhow.

"I will lend her my grandmother's box to mend it," thought she, with a lurking smile, while going on with her own needlework.


When the young ones came back, running in at sound of their pealing dinner-bell, not one was more heated or exhausted than Amélie ; but she laughed like the others, and Cathérine's tiny hand was locked in hers. The child would not leave her any more.

Madame Rattier needed this dawning consolation. The hour had come for her parting from her eldest sons. She had delayed it as long as possible ; but Jean being fourteen, and Albert thirteen, her self-abnegation must soon be perfected. M. Rattier was to take the boys to Paris, the centre of their studies, and the month of October was drawing nigh.

(To be continued.)

SCENES AND SKETCHES FROM THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

SECOND EVENING—SCENE III.

 THE Duke of Friedland was employed one evening, two months after his victory at Dessau, in writing a letter to his agent respecting the arrangements for his new palace at Gitchin, and giving orders that the building might be carried on with haste—with "furia," as he expressed himself—when the intelligence was communicated to him that Mansfeld had beaten a corps of Imperialists at Oppeln, and dashed into the heart of Silesia. When or how he had contrived to reorganize an army in that space of time it was impossible to conceive ; but there he certainly was in *propria persona*.

Wallenstein, however, was not nearly so surprised or agitated at this piece of news as his officers expected him to be, and received it

with great coolness. He finished his letter to his agent with minute directions respecting the height of certain cells for some Carthusian monks who were to take up their abode at Gitchin, then wrote a despatch to Vienna with the account of Mansfeld's movements, and this done, proceeded to consider whether he should join Tilly's army or remain where he was. The King of Denmark was no longer very formidable; the battle of Lütter had paralysed him for the present, and his young ally, Christian of Brunswick, was at Wolfenbüttel, down at last, and stretched on that bed of sickness from which he was never to rise. As to following Mansfeld, Wallenstein decided that course to be out of the question; but he soon found himself mistaken in his calculations.

Mansfeld, meanwhile, was making for Hungary, with the intention of joining Bethlem Gabor, Prince of Transylvania, a wild, uncivilised, but clever soldier, who had more of the Oriental about him than the European. The terror of the Austrian cabinet at the near approach of this formidable and reckless adventurer was excessive, and they sent orders to Wallenstein to hasten southwards to the protection of the empire. That general remonstrated and objected, but all in vain, and, obliged to obey, he led his army across the Carpathians, a most tedious and difficult march, where, as he had foreseen, his losses were great. But Mansfeld's plans, though daring and worthy of himself, were not destined to succeed.

The allied troops of Bethlem Gabor and Mansfeld were still at Buda, and the variety of the costumes had a wild and singular effect. There were the handsome forms of the Hungarians mounted on their powerful and fiery horses; there were the swarthy complexions, the grave countenances, and the flashing eyes of the Turkish auxiliaries of the Prince of Transylvania, and mingling with them appeared the *condottieri* in their coats of buff and mail, who followed their wild leader Mansfeld. But these troops were soon to part company. Mansfeld was walking up and down the ramparts of the Castle of Buda, conversing despondingly with Ernest of Weimar.

"My resolution is taken," Mansfeld was saying; "the Prince of Transylvania has made terms for himself, and it would be madness to await the Duke of Friedland here."

"There is no placing any faith in these Orientals," said the Prince of Weimar, indignantly.

"He expected what I could not give him—reinforcements and supplies—and I brought him Wallenstein instead. Oh, these delays! We might have been now at the gates of Vienna."

Mansfeld paused an instant, wrapped in bright visions of himself looking down from the heights of the Kahlenberg on that imperial city, and seizing his great enemy Ferdinand in his own palace. Well was it for Vienna that this castle in the air had no foundation; well for old St. Stephen's, with its slender spire and glorious architecture, that the Moslem allies of Bethlem Gabor and the hardly more Christian *condottieri* of Mansfeld were prevented this time from making havoc of his beauty.

Mansfeld soon roused himself from his dreams. "Bethlem Gabor marches to meet the imperial commissioners to-night," he said: "to you, Ernest, I leave the command of my troops: lead them back to Silesia, or rather, I should say, their enfeebled remnants. You had better not be encumbered with artillery and baggage, and, indeed, I have already arranged with the Pacha of Buda to sell him all our superfluous stores."

"And you, yourself, where do you go?" asked the Prince.

"I have reason to believe that the republic of Venice, which you know has always been jealous of Austria, is inclined to favour our cause; and by going there to plead it in person I shall perhaps procure reinforcements. I have been in worse straits than these ere now, Prince Ernest, and have always found my way out of them. It is what we soldiers of fortune have to learn."

A few days after this conversation Mansfeld was off, accompanied only by a few officers. But he never reached Venice, and his buoyant spirit was quenched by a mightier power than that of misfortune even. A violent fever seized him at the town of Wrakowitz in Dalmatia, which in a few days terminated his extraordinary career. Three or four weeks before this event took place, his friend and pupil, Christian of Brunswick, had breathed his last at Wolfenbüttel: neither of these soldiers died in the field of glory they loved so passionately, but were struck down, the one by a lingering and painful, the other by an acute and rapid disease.

Great were the rejoicings at the imperial court when Mansfeld's death was known; and Wallenstein soon after made his appearance at Vienna to recruit his army.

In 1627 Wallenstein found himself at the head of a splendid and well-appointed army, with which he carried everything before him. Terrified into absolute submission, Protestant and Catholic Electors were crouching at his feet. He was much more feared than his imperial master, and infinitely more powerful. Well might he be termed "the prince's scourge and the soldier's idol:" every consideration was made to give way to the comfort and convenience of his troops; while he was heard to declare "that the time had arrived for dispensing altogether with Electors, and that Germany ought to be governed like France and Spain, by a single absolute sovereign."

He was not a person to be contradicted, with a hundred thousand men at his back, and the Dukes of Mecklenburg and Pomerania were obliged to see their territories occupied by imperialist troops, who lived at free quarters; while to keep the neutrality of Brandenburg perfect, the whole of that electorate was occupied in like manner.

Towards the end of the year, Wallenstein returned to Prague, in order to make of the Emperor a somewhat audacious request—no less than that the Dukes of Mecklenburg should be deprived of their electorate, and their dominions bestowed upon himself instead. The Emperor hesitated, for Wallenstein was sufficiently powerful already, and, moreover, the act was one of such glaring injustice, that even Ferdinand was ashamed of committing it; but, unhappily, he owed the mighty Duke certain moneys, and he had not the wherewithal to pay; so, in spite of himself, he was obliged to yield to the demand of his haughty subject.

Wallenstein seemed now at the very summit of his power—not at the height of his ambition; for who ever attained to that eminence, or where upon this earth have the cravings of the ambitious spirit ever been satisfied? Yet Wallenstein was now without a rival. Tilly was at a distance and unable to interfere; the Emperor did not dare; Christian of Denmark, driven from Holstein, and even from Jutland, was forced to take refuge in his islands; the Catholic army had not indeed an enemy left that was able to take the field; but there was one about to appear on the bloody field of the Thirty Years' War, before "whose star that of Friedland was to grow dim." The *hour* was to come, and the *man*.

Friedland, meanwhile, a sovereign prince in everything but in name, superintended with a vigilant eye his vast estates, and main-

tained at the same time the most perfect control over his irregular and undisciplined troops. Responsible to no one, he remained with the army or not, according to his pleasure, and after having received the grant of Mecklenburg, he took up his residence for some time in Prague, leaving his troops in charge of General Arnheim, the chief counsellor of the Elector of Saxony, and in whom Friedland placed great confidence.

SCENE IV.

One October day, the Duke of Friedland was breakfasting in the Italian Hall, alone, as was his custom. This room was generally used by him in summer, but the weather was unusually warm for the time of year, and the sun shone in through the open porticoes which looked out into the large and pleasant garden.

Wallenstein's countenance could not boast of beauty, for the features were harsh, his short hair almost red; the cold grey eyes and inflexible mouth expressed nothing but stern and indomitable resolution; and the overhanging, furrowed brow spoke of deep thought and commanding intellect. Cold, severe, and proud, the Duke of Friedland's was hardly a character to be loved, and yet he had many noble qualities. Though a good Catholic he was no bigot, and ever tolerant to those of another faith—a rare merit, be it understood, in the seventeenth century. He was considerate for the welfare of those dependent on him, and whatever his faults were—and they were neither small nor few—they were not those of a little mind. The ease, moreover, with which he could descend from the care of an empire to the minutest details of domestic economy, his directions to Arnheim to prevent Tilly from getting into Mecklenburg, and his instructions to his agent about the rearing of his colts, are proofs of the versatility of his mental powers.

He had hardly finished his meal, when one of his noble pages entered and announced: "A courier from Warsaw has just arrived with despatches for your excellency."

"Send him in here," was the reply, and, dusty with rapid riding, the messenger of the King of Poland made his appearance.

The Duke put a few questions to this individual; but as he was in a state of extreme terror at finding himself in the presence of the awful Duke of Friedland, it was soon clear to Wallenstein that he should obtain more direct information by opening the despatches at once,

and, dismissing the courier, he shut himself up in his private cabinet.

The Duke found that his news were more important than agreeable; he sat for some time in deep thought, then wrote off a hasty epistle to Arnheim, and having given orders that it should be despatched immediately, he sent for Seni, his friend and private astrologer, with whom he had many a time studied the starry heavens. Seni hastened to attend his patron, and Wallenstein leading the way into the sheltered garden, which those who have ever been to Prague should know full well, they paced up and down in deep conversation.

"There are news to-day, Seni, which, though they would seem at a first glance to affect us but slightly, will, I apprehend, influence considerably our future proceedings. The King of Sweden has concluded a definite treaty of peace with Poland."

"Indeed!" answered Seni; "the Emperor's intrigues appear then to have failed in that quarter."

"Yes; but I hardly imagine that King Gustavus's feelings towards us will be the more friendly for that. Now that this war is off his hands, I expect he may prove a formidable neighbour. Those fools in the cabinet of Vienna pretend to ignore his name; I can tell them that they may hear more of it than they will like."

"I have heard of this King of Sweden. He is no ordinary man."

"Very much the contrary; and when one considers the difficulties he had to contend with, his talents for reigning really seem very remarkable. You know he was only seventeen at his accession, and with a minister hardly twenty-eight, he found himself involved in debt, engaged in a troublesome war with Denmark, and the crown of Sweden itself claimed by his cousin, Sigismund of Poland. I must, if I can, have his horoscope drawn. If I could but find out the hour and place of his birth! I must tell Arnheim to procure these data for me."

"Yes," said Seni; "I should like to compare his horoscope with that of your Highness. I should think that, as in yours, Mars would bear the predominance."

"Jupiter lords it in mine," replied Wallenstein; "it is clear that I am not to die in the field; but there is a mystery about my end which I cannot penetrate, and you never would enlighten me on that point with your superior science, Seni."

Seni shook his head and smiled as he disclaimed the superiority

which his patron assigned to him, and brought back the subject to the King of Sweden.

"I am told that Gustavus Adolphus has a theory that bullets are not made for kings; he had, however, an unanswerable proof to the contrary the other day; he was severely wounded at Dantzic."

"So I have heard. As far as I can make out from the terms of the treaty with Poland, Gustavus has made some concessions to Sigismund, weakened as that prince is, and I have my reasons for thinking that he would have been in no such haste if he had not had an object for securing peace in that quarter."

"The Protestants would find in him a surer ally than in Christian of Denmark," responded Seni, meditatively.

"I have written to Arnheim to-day to keep a sharp look-out, and I told him plainly what I really think, that we shall certainly have him landing on the coast of Mecklenburg or Pomerania. *Gustavus Adolphus is a dangerous guest, and cannot be too closely watched.*"

From this day the Duke of Friedland kept a heedful eye on the movements of one whose character and talents he rightly estimated. But Gustavus as yet was quiet, and Wallenstein, anxious if possible to convert him into a friend, made every effort, by holding out tempting lures to his ambition, to win him over. Gustavus honourably withstood them all, and though he suffered Oxenstiern to amuse himself with a little negotiation, Wallenstein was quite acute enough to discover and send word to his confidant Arnheim that "the King of Sweden was only playing with them; that he meant them no good."

Meanwhile the Duke of Friedland was carrying on his public and private schemes with unabated eagerness and vigour. Arnheim sent him the date of Gustavus's birth; but he wanted more detailed information, and wrote to the general from Gitchin. "I thank you," he says, "for having sent me the notice of the King of Sweden's birthday. Now I have further need to know the place of his birth, for it is necessary on account of the *elevatio poli*. I pray you to forward this as soon as may be. I should further be glad that you should cause the scheme to be erected by the Doctor Herlinus; not that so much stress is to be laid on this, but it is my wish that various hands should be employed on this part. He need not give any conclusion, but only the figuration."

It is quite a disappointment that after all this trouble the scheme of

the nativity should not be forthcoming. During this time Wallenstein was occupied with two other projects: the one to raise a fleet in the Baltic, for which he was moving heaven and earth; the other to persuade the Danes to elect Ferdinand II. as their king. This negotiation was, in Wallenstein's opinion, made a failure by the folly of a diplomat called Schwarzenburg, who threw the Duke into such a rage, that he wrote off to the Emperor, informing him that he himself or Schwarzenburg must leave the imperial service instantly; whereupon the Emperor submissively recalled his diplomatic agent.

But the Duke of Friedland's fortunate star could not always remain in the ascendant, and for the first time this proud soldier was checked in his onward career by a comparatively insignificant town. The heroic resistance of Stralsund proved the turning-point of the fortunes of the Thirty Years' War; its inhabitants had declined to receive an imperialist garrison when all the other forts in Pomerania and Mecklenburg were occupied in like manner; and though Wallenstein vowed by everything that was sacred "that he would take Stralsund, were it fastened by chains to Heaven," his threat this time was in vain.

The men of Stralsund had applied for assistance to the King of Sweden, and Gustavus Adolphus, whose attention had for some time been fastened on Germany, and who had watched with compassion the sufferings of the Protestants, and with equal anxiety the encroachments of the Catholics, answered promptly to the appeal. A garrison of Scotch, under the stout Munro and Leslie, was thrown into the town, and gallantly maintained it under the most dreadful hardships and privations, till the appearance of Danish ships in the harbour, and of disease in the Austrian camp, forced the haughty Duke reluctantly to raise the siege.

Albert of Friedland was extremely provoked, and very tired of the war; he was just now wild about a project for un-Mohammedanising and revolutionising Turkey, and rather anxious to be back at Gitchin to see how the new palace was getting on, and whether the young horses were prospering—perhaps to deliberate and mature certain little plans of his own for changing the ducal coronet into the kingly crown. In accordance with these ideas, he dropped the title of Admiral of the Baltic, which he had lately assumed (a wise measure perhaps, seeing he had no fleet to command), and coolly let the Emperor know that it was time to make peace with Denmark.

Accordingly the peace of Lübeck was concluded immediately, the harassed, impoverished Danes being on their part only too thankful for the very lenient terms which the General of the Empire conceded to them. With the peace of Lübeck may be said to close the first epoch of the Thirty Years' War; and it was now in the power of the Emperor Ferdinand to pronounce its termination altogether. It might be thought that the appeal of unhappy Germany, torn to pieces by all the miseries of this protracted war, could hardly fall in vain on their Emperor's ear; but Ferdinand's excessive bigotry outweighed all feelings of humanity, and the Cabinet of Vienna passed the far-famed Edict of Restitution, a signal for the breaking forth of the war with redoubled violence.

(To be continued.)

BOOK NOTICES.



THE Brownies, and other Tales, by J. H. Ewing (Bell and Daldy, York Street, Covent Garden, London). Is relationship to be a bar to truth-speaking? Surely not necessarily so. Surely, then, we may recommend the new volume of Mrs. Ewing's collected tales to our readers, believing, as we conscientiously do, that they deserve to take a first place in literature for the young. With most of them, indeed, our young friends have already made more than acquaintance, we may say friendship, in the pages of this magazine, and the one exception, "The Brownies," which appeared elsewhere, will, we are sure, charm them as much as the others have done. For there is happily no need to commend to others what others have commended to us so often in private letters; but a few critical remarks may perhaps interest their admirers.

We venture to say, then, that Mrs. Ewing's tales have one striking peculiarity. In her hands Fairy-land and real life meet on an equally natural footing. Again and again we drop the curtain on the strictly domestic with a feeling of

regret that we are now to pass into the unreal world, but only to find our interest deepen rather than lessen with the change of scene, for behold the unreal world is every bit as real as the other.

Mrs. Ewing's dwarfs and talking animals are "done to the life" quite as obviously as her boys and girls, and there is no jar in their intercourse when they come together, and no feeling of unreality. Perhaps Amelia is the most striking instance of the author's skill in this matter. When the naughty child runs out into the hayfield by moonlight without leave, she is a commonplace child, and when, five minutes afterwards, we find her in Wonderland, and every haycock full of sprites, we are amazed to feel her exactly the same Amelia still, and ourselves quite as much at home with her companions as with herself.

But this is but one merit in these tales. Their deep thoughtfulness, and the touches of tender pathos which abound wherever sentiment is evoked by the circumstances of the story, are marked characteristics of Mrs. Ewing's writings. The "Idyll of the Wood" is a sad, sweet poem in itself, involving the highest

teaching; and there are very affecting passages in "The Three Christmas Trees" and "Christmas Crackers." It is no small charm in the admirable get-up of this volume that George Cruikshank is its illustrator. It is impossible to overpraise him, for he seems to have entered into the spirit of the tales with as

keen and lively a fancy as he displayed in the celebrated first edition of "The Brothers Grimm." We should like to say a good deal more about the book; but perhaps, all things considered, it is desirable to exercise a little forbearance on the subject.

Want of space obliges us to defer other notices till next month.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.



AN "Puss Cat Mew" send a clue to the solution of her puzzle? It appears that the fifteen schoolgirls must resume their old order of walking on the eighth day, but the full details of their arrangement for the seven days are too troublesome to print.

If "Little Hilda" will send her address to A. S. Gatty, Esq., Ecclesfield, Sheffield, she will hear of something to her advantage.

"M." Upwards of a dozen correspondents so warmly recommend Mrs. Carey Brock's "Sunday Echoes in Weekday Hours" (published by Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, Fleet Street, London), that we feel sure it must meet all her requirements. Two other books are also spoken highly of: "Stories and Catechisings on the Collects; or, a Year with the First Class Boys of Forley," edited by Rev. W. Jackson (and published by Messrs. Parker, London and Oxford), and "Stories for Every Day in the Christian Year," published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

"Puss Cat Mew." E. J. P. informs us that "O happy Band of Pilgrims" (one of the hymns of the Eastern Church translated by Dr. Neale) is by a Sicilian, St. Joseph of the Studium, who lived in the ninth century. He also wrote No. 380 in the Appendix to "Hymns

Ancient and Modern," "Let our Choir new Anthems raise."

"Firenza." We are not disposed to answer a question of this sort, even if we could.

"E. C. Swaine." A foreign bookseller is really the person to apply to. Hetzel has published nice French stories for children of all ages.

"Kate B." informs "D. L." that "Somebody's Darling" was written by Maria Lacoste, of Savannah.

"Mamma." Aunt Judy is always happy to look at MSS. with a view to insertion if suitable, and will be glad to see the one mentioned.

"Janet and Nellie" ask if anybody can tell them some way by which to "bring out the colour of shells?"

"E. R." begs to know something about "Christmas ships." Aunt Judy never heard of them before.

"Ethel." "Cluran" writes as follows: "Not lost, but gone before," to whatever other source it may be attributed, is the almost literal translation of Seneca's 'Non amittitur sed præmittitur,' and is one of the many instances of a heathen saying being converted to Christian uses."

Aunt Judy hopes that "Goody-two-shoes and Fat Dumpling" will relish their Christmas pudding all the same, although she cannot tell them why it is a

plum one, unless it be that it is considered the best of good cheer, and therefore provided as a treat on the best of good days.

"Amy, Bertha, and Kate" ask: "'J. H. Ewing' is the real Aunt Judy, is she not?" A more difficult question could scarcely be put to the editor of "Aunt Judy's Magazine," for it has a yes and a no side to it. "Aunt Judy" was a pet name given to J. H. Ewing when she was a girl, and used to take her brothers and sisters apart to amuse them by telling them stories of her own invention. Was it a wonder that her mother, who was then writing for the young, should have seized on these facts as the machinery for a volume of tales? But years afterwards, when J. H. E. began to publish tales herself, a very natural confusion arose as to the authorship of Mamma's book, "Aunt Judy's Tales," (which has since been translated into Danish as written by J. H. E.). In adopting the name for this magazine, we had the typical Aunt Judy of the tales in our mind; but further misunderstanding has, of course, been the consequence, and the editorship been attributed to the daughter instead of the mother. We hope this statement will suffice, although it by no means clears the practical difficulty of the double application of the name.

"R. L. E. K. I." There will be a Christmas Tree for the benefit of the Children's Hospital at Cromwell House, Highgate, and, if the funds admit of it, there may be one also in Great Ormond Street. At any rate, for one or other of the hospitals, the managers will be delighted to receive any articles that may be contributed; all the more so perhaps at this moment, when public charity, having been somewhat drawn away from home objects, gifts of toys and clothing to the hospital are hardly as plentiful as heretofore.

"Isabel and Janet" desire to know

where they can buy some of the reprinted notices of the Children's Hospital containing an account of "Little Peter," by Mr. Tom Hood, to sell at their home bazaar, for the support of "Aunt Judy's Cot." Mr. Whitford, the Secretary, will be happy to forward a dozen or more copies, gratis, if "Isabel and Janet" will send their address to 49, Great Ormond Street.

The "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot" at the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital, November 14th, 1870.

"Charlie S—— (after being under treatment for nearly twelve months) has recovered so far as to be able to leave the hospital for the convalescent wards at Cromwell House; his knee was progressing favourably, but he had begun to look very pale and wan from his long confinement to bed, and the doctor recommended that he should go to the more bracing air of Highgate. It is hoped that the result will be as satisfactory as it was in the case of little Johnny S——, who has just returned to his home quite well, to the great joy of his parents. Charlie S—— will have to remain some time at Highgate.

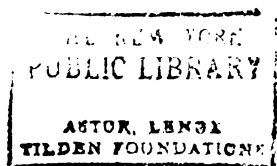
"The Cot did not remain long without a tenant, and is now filled by another Charlie—a sweet little boy of about six years old—Charlie G——, who is very ill with a typhoid or intermittent affection; much sympathy and some anxiety are felt for him, but it is hoped that, before the next report of the Cot is due, he will have improved very much; at any rate, if patient endurance will aid him, it will not be wanting.

"Some of Aunt Judy's readers have seen a photograph of little Ellen M——, who was a patient in the hospital; the picture was taken expressly for the lady who supports the Cot, but, with her kind permission, a limited number of copies have been printed, and can now be had of the Secretary on receipt of sixpence in postage stamps, and a directed envelope."

Contributions to the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Col" received to November 15th, 1870.

	£	s.	d.
Kathleen, Hurst Green, with a parcel of useful clothing, and some of Kathleen's own work	0	1	4
Helen (collected) quarterly	0	16	6
Miss H. Birley, at Mrs. Jones, Milnthorpe, Westmoreland, third amount (collected)	0	3	6
W. T. Sutthery, Portland Place, Brighton	0	0	6
Ethel, Maude, Amy, Wilfrid, and the Twins, Harrow	0	5	6
Louisa Spicer, Spy Park, Chippenham (annual)	1	1	0
Anette Rimington, 4, Victoria Buildings, Weston - super-Mare	0	10	0
Mother and daughter, Penrith (collected)	0	5	0
Robert Dwyer, Chesterfield, Co. Dublin (collected):—			
H. Dwyer, Esq., 1s., Mrs. Dwyer, 1s., A Friend, 6d., H. H. D., 6d., R. H., 6d., Money found, 6d., the Rev. A. H. Alek, 1s., Bally-aughlis, 1s.	0	6	0
Alice Erskine (collected)	0	4	0
Miss Alice Cowie, 21, Stanley Crescent, Notting Hill (monthly)	0	1	0
May Sichel, Lark Hill, Timperley	0	1	0
Henrietta and Janet, Wolverhampton	0	4	0
Charlie, Jenny, and Bruce	0	0	6
Fanny, for Charlie	0	0	6
"The Cheshire Cat's Grand-child," Leamington	0	5	0
Janey and Alice, Kensington	0	0	6
Harriet and Susan (monthly)	0	1	0
G. M. Gwynne, Marlow Place	0	2	0
Louisa, Morpeth	0	1	0
Isma S— (collected)	0	7	0
"Pax, with love to his Aunt"	0	0	6
Florence, Milnrow Vicarage, Rochdale	0	2	0
Author of "The China Bowl"	0	5	0
L. M. P., Frome (collected)	0	6	0
Francie, Leeds (collected)	0	3	0
Bill White	0	0	3
Mary Williams, London	0	0	6
Frances B., Exeter	0	1	0
A Sudbury Pig	0	0	6

	£	s.	d.
S. A. Went, Woodside, Esher, (collected)	1	1	0
An Admiral's Daughter, Southsea	1	0	0
Miss J. Potter, 1s., Effie Millais, 6d., Mary Millais, 6d., Lizzie Plowright, 6d., Edith Kemp, 6d., Ella Kemp, 4d.	0	3	4
Jane Thomas, 3d., Mary and Emma, 3d.	0	0	6
Florence Newsom, The Vinery, Bury St. Edmunds.	0	6	6
Janie, Ivanhoe, Vava, Rover, Tero	0	3	6
W. A. G. L., Bath	0	1	0
Palmia, A box with dolls, &c., and 6d. for occupant of Cot.	0	0	6
Edith Brooks, Forest of Glen-Tanar, Aboyne	2	0	0
"Two Squirrels," 30, Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood	0	12	6½
Papa, 2s., Mamma, 1s., Mo-mo, 1s., Janie, 1s., Fraulein, 1s., Glenthorne	0	6	0
From the author of "The Lost Treasure," a Tasmanian Contributor	1	16	0
M. L. Vaughan, Heaton Norris, Lancashire	0	6	0
Agnes, Lisa, and Artie Sanders, Mackworth	0	5	0
Goody-two-shoes and Fat Dumpling	0	0	6
Papa, 1s., Mamma, 1s., Katie, 6d., M. V. M., 4d. (collected)	0	2	10
Christina A. Skervung, Croya, by Dalbentie	0	5	0
Kathleen, Clifford Street (collected)	0	6	0
Mother, 1s. 3½., H. T. C., 1s., F. J. C., 1s. E. R. O., 1s., E. M. C., 1s., C. S. A. C., 1s. 6d., A. F., 1s. 4d., Libbet, 6d., A. D. C. 2d., Whickham Rectory	0	8	9½
"Clara," Winkfield, a scrap book.			
Mrs. Watkins, Henley, parcel of books.			
Anonymous, five beautiful illuminated text-cards.			
Janet and Marion, a box, with dressed dolls, puzzles, books, and book-marks.			
Mary Pepernell, a scrap book.			






A FLAT IRON FOR A FARTHING.

A FLAT IRON FOR A FARTHING;

OR, SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN ONLY SON.

CHAPTER V.

MY COUSINS—MISS BLOWFIELD—THE BOY IN BLACK.

 MY first letter to my father was the work of several days, and as my penmanship was not of a rapid order, it cost me proportionable trouble. When it was finished it ran thus:—

MY DEAR PAPA,

I hope you are quite well. i am quite well. Rubens is here and he is quite well. We dont no how he got here but i am verry glad. Ant Maria said well he cant be sent back now so he sleeps on my bed and i like London it is a kweer place the houses are very big and i like my cussens pretty well they are all gals their nozes are very big i like Polly.

Nurse is quite well so good-bye.

i am your very loving son,

REGINALD DACRE.

Though I cannot defend the orthography of the above document, I must say that it does not leave much to be added to the portrait of my cousins. But it will be more polite to introduce them separately, as they were presented to me.

I heard them, by the bye, before I saw them. It was whilst I was dressing, the morning after my arrival, that I heard sounds in the room below, which were interpreted by Nurse as being "Miss Maria doing her music." The peculiarity of Miss Maria's music was that after a scramble over the notes, suggestive of some one running to get impetus for a jump, and when the ear waited impatiently for the consummation Miss Maria balked her leap, so to speak, and got no further, and began the scramble again, and stuck once more, and so on. And as, whilst finding the running passage quite too much for one hand, she struggled on with a different phrase in the other hand at the same time, instead of practising the two hands separately, her chances of final success seemed remote indeed. Then I heard the performance in peculiar circumstances. Nurse Bundle had opened my window, and

about two minutes after my cousin commenced her practice, an organ-grinder in the street below began his. The subject of poor Maria's piece knew no completion, as she stuck halfway; but the organ-grinder's melodies only stopped for a touch to the mechanism, and Black-Eyed Susan passed into the Old Hundredth awkwardly, but with hardly a perceptible pause. The effect of the joint performance was first ludicrous, and by degrees maddening, especially when we had come to the Old Hundredth, which was so familiar in connection with the words of the Psalm.

"Three and four and—" began poor Maria afresh, with desperate resolution; and then off she went up the key-board; "one and two and three and four and, one and two and three and four and——"

—"joy—His—courts—un—to," ground the organ in the inevitable pause. And then my cousin took courage and made another start—"Three and four and, one and two and," &c.; but at the old place "al—ways," the nasal notes of the other instrument evoked from my memory; and Maria pausing in despair, the Old Hundredth finished triumphantly, "For—it—is—seemly—so—to—do."

At half-past eight Maria stopped abruptly in the middle of her run, and Nurse took me down to the schoolroom for breakfast.

The schoolroom was high and narrow, with a very old carpet, and a very old piano, some books, two globes, and a good deal of feminine rubbish in the way of old work-baskets, unfinished sewing, &c. There were two long windows, the lower halves of which were covered with paint. This mattered the less as the only view from them was of backyards, roofs, and chimneys. Living as I did, so much alone with my father, I was at first oppressed by the number of petticoats in the room—five girls of ages ranging from twelve to six, and a grown-up lady in a spare brown stuff dress, and spectacles.

As we entered she came quickly forward and shook Nurse by the hand.

"How do you do, Mrs. Bundle? Very glad to see you again, Mrs. Bundle."

Nurse Bundle shook hands first, and curtsied afterwards.

"I'm very well, thank you, ma'am, and hope you're the same. Master Reginald Dacre, ma'am. This lady is Miss Blomfield, Master Reginald; and I hope you'll behave properly, and give the lady no trouble."

"I'm the governess, my dear," said Miss Blomfield, emphatically. (She always "made a point" of announcing her dependent position to strangers. "It is best to avoid any awkwardness," she was wont to say; and I saw glances and smiles exchanged on this occasion between the girls.) Miss Blomfield was very kind to me. Indeed she was kind to every one. Her other peculiarities were conscientiousness and the fidgets, and tendencies to fine crotchet, calomel, and Calvinism, and an abiding quality of harassing and being harassed, which I may here say is, I am convinced, the common and most unfortunate atmosphere of much of the process of education for girls of the upper and middle classes in England.

At this moment my aunt came in.

"Good morning, Miss Blomfield."

"Good morning, Mrs. Ascott," the governess hastily interposed. "I hope you're well this morning."

"Good morning, girls. Good morning, Nurse. How do you, Regie? All right this morning? Bless me, there's that dog! What an extraordinary affair it is! Mr. Ascott says he shall send it to the Gentleman's Magazine. Well, he can't be sent back now, so I suppose he'll have to stop. And you must keep him out of mischief, Regie. Remember, he's not to come into the drawing-room. Mrs. Bundle, will you see to that? Miss Blomfield, will you kindly speak to Signor Rigi when he comes to-morrow——"

"Certainly, Mrs. Ascott," interposed the governess.

"About that piece of Maria's? She doesn't seem to get on with it a bit."

"No, Mrs. Ascott."

"And I'm sure she's been practising it for a long time."

"Yes, Mrs. Ascott."

"Mr. Ascott says it makes his hand quite unsteady when he's shaving in the morning, to hear her always break off at one place."

The lines of harass on Miss Blomfield's countenance deepened visibly, and her crotchet needle trembled in her hand, whilst a despondent stolidity settled on Maria's face.

"Certainly, Mrs. Ascott. I'm very glad you've spoken. Thank you for mentioning it, Mrs. Ascott. It has distressed me very greatly, and been a great trouble on my mind for some time. I spoke very seriously to Maria last Sabbath on the subject" (symptoms of sniffing

on poor Maria's part). "I believe she wishes to do her duty, and I may say I am anxious to do mine, in my position. Of course, Mrs. Ascott, I know you've a right to expect an improvement, and I shall be most happy to rise half an hour earlier, so as to give her a longer practice than the other young ladies, and only consider it my duty as your governess, Mrs. Ascott. I've felt it a great trouble, for I cannot imagine how it is that Maria does not improve in her music as Jane does, and I give them equal attention exactly; and what makes it more singular still is that Maria is very good at her sums—I have no fault to find whatever. But I regret to say it is not the case with Jane. I told her on Wednesday that I did not wish to make any complaint; but I feel it a duty, Mrs. Ascott, to let you know that her marks for arithmetic are not what you have a right to expect."

Here Miss Blomfield paused and wiped her eyes. Not that she was weeping, but over and above her short-sightedness she was troubled with a dimness of vision, which afflicted her more at some times than others. As she was in the habit of endeavouring to counteract the evils of a too constantly laborious and sedentary life, and of an anxious and desponding temperament, by large doses of calomel, her malady increased with painfully rapid strides. On this particular morning she had been busy since five o'clock, and neither she nor the girls (who rose at six) had had anything to eat, and they were all somewhat faint for want of the breakfast which was cooling on the table. Meanwhile a "humming in the head," to which she was subject, rendered Maria mercifully indifferent to the proposal to add an extra half-hour to her distasteful labours; and Miss Blomfield corrugated her eyebrows and was conscientiously distressed, and really puzzled that Mother Nature should give different gifts to her children, when their mothers and teachers according to the flesh were so particular to afford them an equality of "advantages."

"Signor Rigi told me that Maria has not got so good an ear as Jane," said Mrs. Ascott. "However, perhaps it will be well to let Maria practise half an hour, and Jane do half an hour at her arithmetic on Saturday afternoons."

"Certainly, Mrs. Ascott."

"And now," said my aunt, "I must introduce the girls to Reginald. This is Maria, your eldest cousin, and nearly double your age, for she is twelve. This is Jane, two years younger. This is Helen; she is

nine, and as tall as Jane, you see. This is Harriet, eight. And this is Mary—Polly, as papa calls her—and she is nineteen months younger than you, and a terrible tomboy already; so don't make her worse. This is your cousin, girls, Reginald Dacre. You must amuse him among you, and don't tease him, for he is not used to children."

We "shook hands" all round, and I liked Polly's hand the best. It was least froggy, cold, and spiritless.

Then Mrs. Ascott departed, and Maria (overpowered by the humming) "flopped" into her chair after a fashion that would certainly have drawn a rebuke from Miss Blomfield, if an access of eye-dimness had not carried her to her own seat with little more grace.

Uncle Ascott had a large nose, and my cousins were the image of him and of each other. They were plain, lady-like, rather bouncing girls, with aquiline noses, voices with a family *twang* that was slightly nasal, long feet terribly given to chilblains, and long fingers, with which they all by turns practised the same exercises on the old piano on successive mornings before breakfast. When we became more intimate, I used to keep watch on the clock for the benefit of the one who was practising. At half-past eight she was released, and shutting up the book with a bang would scamper off, in summer to stretch herself, and in winter to warm her hands and toes. I used to watch their fingers with childish awe, wondering how such thin pieces of flesh and bone hit such hard blows to the notes without cracking, and being also somewhat puzzled by the run of good luck which seemed to direct their weak and random-looking skips and jumps to the keys at which they were aimed. I have seen them in tears over their "music," as it was called, but they were generally persevering, and in winter (so I afterwards discovered) invariably blue.

It was not till we had finished breakfast that Miss Blomfield became fairly conscious of the presence of Rubens, and when she did so her alarm was very great.

Considering what she suffered from her own proper and peculiar worries, it seemed melancholy to have to add the hourly expectation of an outbreak of hydrophobia to her burdens.

In vain I testified to the sweetness of Rubens' temper. It is undeniable that dogs do sometimes bite when you least expect it, and that some bites end in hydrophobia; and it was long before Miss Blomfield became reconciled to this new inmate of the schoolroom.

The girls, on the contrary, were delighted with my dog; and it was on this ground that we became friendly. My particular affection for Polly was also probably due to my discovery that with an incomparably stolid expression of countenance she was passing highly buttered pieces of bread under the table to Rubens at breakfast.

Polly was my chief companion. The other girls were good-natured, but they were constantly occupied in the schoolroom, and hours that were not nominally "lesson time" were given to preparing tasks for the next day. By a great and very unusual concession, Polly's lessons were shortened that she might bear me company. For the day or two before this was decided on I had been very lonely; and Cousin Polly's holiday brought much satisfaction both to me and to her. But it filled poor Miss Blomfield's mind with disquietude, scruples, and misgivings.

In the middle of the square where my uncle and aunt lived there was a garden, with trees, and grass, and gravel walks; and here Polly and I played at hide and seek, and ran races, and chased each other and Rubens.

'The garden was free to all dwellers in the square, and several other children besides ourselves were wont to play there. One day as I was strolling about, a little boy whom I had not seen before came down the walk and crossed the grass. He seemed to be a year or two older than myself, and caught my eye immediately by his remarkable beauty, and by the depth of the mourning which he wore. His features were exquisitely cut, and, in a child, one was not disposed to complain of their effeminacy. His long fair hair was combed—in royal fashion—down his back, a style at that time most unusual; his tightly-fitting jacket and breeches were black, bordered with deep crape; not even a white collar relieved his sombre attire, from which his fair face shone out doubly fair by contrast.

"Polly! Polly!" I cried, running to find my companion and guide. "Who is that beautiful boy in black?"

"That's little Sir Lionel Damer," said Polly. "Good-morning, Leo!" and she nodded as he passed.

The boy just touched his hat, bent his head with a melancholy and yet half-comical dignity, and walked on.

"Who's he in mourning for?" I asked.

"His father and mother," said Polly. "They were both drowned together, and now he is Sir Lionel."

I looked after him with sudden and intense sympathy. His mother and his father too! This indeed was sorrow deeper than mine. Surely his mother, like mine, must have been fair and beautiful, so much beauty and fairness had descended to him.

"Has he any sisters, Polly?" I asked.

Polly shook her head. "I don't think he has anybody," said she. Then he also was an only son!

CHAPTER VI.

THE LITTLE BARONET—DOLLS—CINDER PARCELS—THE OLD GENTLEMAN
NEXT DOOR—THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

THE next time I saw Sir Lionel was about two days afterwards, in the afternoon, when the elder girls had gone for a drive in the carriage with Aunt Maria, and the others, with myself, were playing in the gardens; Miss Blomfield being seated on a camp-stool reading a terrible article on "Rabies," in the Medical Dictionary.

Rubens and I had strolled away from the rest, and I was exercising him in some of his tricks when the little baronet passed us with his accustomed air of mingled melancholy dignity and self-consciousness. I was unquestionably fascinated by him. Beauty has a strong attraction for children, and the depth of his weeds invested him with a melancholy interest which has also great charms for the young. Then, to crown all, he mourned the loss of a young mother—and so did I. I involuntarily showed off Rubens as he approached, and he lingered and watched us. By a sort of impulse I took off my little hat, as I had been taught to do to strangers. He lifted his with a dismal grace, and moved on.

But as he walked about I could see that he kept looking to where Rubens and I played upon the grass, and at last he came and sat down near us.

"Is that your dog?" he asked.

"Yes, he's my dog," I answered.

"He seems very clever," said Sir Lionel. "Did you teach him all those tricks yourself?"

"Very nearly all," said I. "Rubens, shake hands with Sir Lionel."

"How do you know my name?" he asked.

"Polly told me," said I.

"Do you know Polly?" Sir Lionel inquired.

I stared, forgetting that of course he did not know who I was, and answered—

"She's my cousin."

"What's your name?" he asked.

I told him.

"Do you like Polly?" he continued.

"Very much," I said, warmly.

It was with a ludicrous imitation of some grown-up person's manner that he added, in perfect gravity—

"I hope you are not in love with her?"

"Oh, dear no!" I cried hastily, for I had had enough of that joke with Miss Eliza Burton.

"Then that is all right," said the little baronet; "let us be friends." And friends we became. "Call me Leo, and I'll call you Reginald," said the little gentleman; and it was so.

I think it is not doing myself more than justice if I say that to this, my first friendship, I was faithful and devoted; Leo, for his part, was always affectionate, and he had an admiration for Rubens which went a long way with Rubens' master. But he was a little spoiled and capricious, and like many people of rather small capacities (whether young or old), he was often unintentionally inconsiderate. In those days my affection waited willingly upon his; but I know now that in a quiet amiable way he was selfish. I was blessed myself with an easy temper, and at that time it had ample opportunities of accommodating itself to the whims of my friend Leo and my Cousin Polly. Not that Polly was like Sir Lionel in any way whatever. But she was quick-tempered and resolute. She was much more clever for her age than I was for mine. She was very decided and rapid in her views and proceedings, very generous and affectionate also, and not at all selfish. But her qualities and those of Leo came to the same thing as far as I was concerned. I invariably yielded to them both.

Between themselves, I may say, they squabbled systematically, and were never either friends or enemies for two days together.

Polly and I never quarrelled. I did her behests manfully, as a general rule; and if her sway became intolerable, I complained and bewailed, on which she relented, being as easily moved to pity as to wrath.

As the weather grew more chill, we seldom went out except in the morning. In the afternoon Polly and I (sometimes accompanied by Leo) played in the nursery at the top of the house.

Now and then the other girls would come up, and "play at dolls" with Polly. On these occasions the treatment I experienced was certainly hard. They were soon absorbed in dressing and undressing, sham meals, sham lessons, and all the domestic romance of doll-life, in which, according to my poor abilities, I should have been most happy to have taken a part. But, on the unwarrantable assumption that "boys could not play at dolls," the only part assigned me in the puppet comedy was to take the dolls' dirty clothes to and from an imaginary wash in a miniature wheelbarrow. I did for some time assume the character of dolls' medical man with considerable success; but having vaccinated the kid arm of one of my patients too deeply on a certain occasion with a big pin, she suffered so severely from loss of bran that I was voted a practitioner of the old school, and dismissed. I need hardly say that this harsh decision proved the ruin of my professional prospects, and I was sent back to my wheelbarrow. It was when we were tired of our ordinary amusements, during a week of wet weather, that Polly and I devised a new piece of fun to enliven the monotony of the hours when we were shut up in that town nursery at the top of the house.

Outside the nursery-windows were iron bars—a sensible precaution of Aunt Maria's against accidents to "the little ones." One day when the window was slightly open, and Polly and I were hanging on the window-ledge in attitudes that fully justified the precautionary measure of a grating, a bit of paper that was rolled up in Polly's hand escaped from her grasp and floated down in the street. In a moment Polly and I were standing on the window-ledge, peering down—to the best of our ability—into the square and into the area depths below. Like a snow-flake in summer, we saw our paper-twist lying on the pavement; but our delight rose to ecstasy when a portly passer-by stooped and picked up the document, and carefully examined it.

Out of this incident arose a systematic amusement, which, in advance of our age, we called "the parcel post."

By shoving aside the fire-guard in the absence of our nurses, we obtained some cinders, with which we repaired to our post at the window, thus illustrating that natural proclivity of children to places

of danger which is the bane of parents and guardians. Here we fastened up little fragments of cinder in pieces of writing-paper, and having secured them tidily with string, we dropped these parcels through the iron bars as into a post office. It was a breathless moment when they fell through space like shooting stars. It was a triumph if they cleared the area. But the aim and end of our labours was to see one of our missives attract the notice of a passer-by, then excite his curiosity, and finally—if he opened it—rouse his unspeakable disgust and disappointment.

Like other tricksters, our game lasted long because of the ever-green credulity of our "public." In the ever-fresh stream of human life that daily flowed beneath our windows, there were sure to be one or more pedestrians who, with varying expressions of conscientious responsibility, unprincipled appropriation, or mere curiosity, would open our parcels, either to ascertain what trinket should be restored to its owner, or to keep what was to be got, or to see what there was to be seen.

One day when we dropped one of our parcels at the feet of a lady who was going by, she nonplussed us very effectually by ringing the bell and handing in to the footman "something which had been accidentally dropped from one of the upper windows." Fortunately for us the parcel did not reach Aunt Maria; Polly intercepted it.

As the passers-by never wearied of our parcels, I do not know when we should have got tired of our share of the fun, but for an occurrence which brought the amusement suddenly to an end. One afternoon we had made up the neatest of little white-paper parcels, worthy of having come from a jeweller's, and I clambered on to the window-seat that I might drop it successfully (and quite clear of the area) into the street. Just as I dropped it, there passed an elderly gentleman, very precisely dressed, with a gold-headed cane, and a very well-brushed hat. Pop! I let the cinder-parcel fall on to his beaver, from which it rebounded to his feet. The old gentleman looked quickly up, our eyes met, and I felt convinced that he saw that I had thrown it. I called Polly, and as she reached my side the old gentleman untied and examined the parcel. When he came to the cinder, he looked up once more, and Polly jumped from the window with a prolonged "Oh!"

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, dear!" cried Polly; "it's the old gentleman next door!"

For several days we lived in unenviable suspense. Every morning

did we expect to be summoned from the schoolroom to be scolded by Aunt Maria. Every afternoon we dreaded the arrival of "the old gentleman next door" to make his formal complaint, and whenever the front-door bell rang Polly and I literally "shook in our shoes."

But several days passed, and we heard nothing of it. We had given up the practice in our fright, but had some thoughts of beginning again, as no harm had come to us.

One evening (by an odd coincidence, my birthday was on the morrow) as Polly and I were putting away our playthings preparatory to being dressed to go down to dessert, a large brown-paper parcel was brought into the nursery addressed jointly to me and my cousin.

"It's a birthday present for you, Regie!" Polly cried.

"But there's your name on it, Polly," said I.

"It must be a mistake," said Polly. But she looked very much pleased, nevertheless, and so, I have no doubt, did I. We cut the string, we tore off the first thick covering. The present, whatever it might be, was securely wrapped a second time in finer brown paper and carefully tied.

"It's *very* carefully done up," said I, cutting the second string.

"It must be something nice," said Polly, decisively; "that's why it's taken such care of."

If Polly's reasoning were just, it must have been something very nice indeed, for under the second wrapping was a third, and under the third was a fourth, and under the fourth was a fifth, and under the fifth was a sixth, and under the sixth was a seventh. We were just on the point of giving it up in despair when we came to a box. With some difficulty we got the lid open, and took out one or two folds of paper. Then there was a lot of soft shavings, such as brittle toys and gimcracks are often packed in, and among the shavings was—a small neatly-folded white-paper parcel. *And inside the parcel was a cinder.*

We certainly looked very foolish as we stood before our present. I do not think any of the people we had taken in had looked so thoroughly and completely so. We were both on the eve of crying, and both ended by laughing. Then Polly—in those trenchant tones which recalled Aunt Maria forcibly to one's mind—said,

"Well! we quite deserve it."

The "parcel post" was discontinued.

We had no doubt as to who had played us the trick. It was the ol

gentleman next door. He was a wealthy, benevolent, and rather eccentric old bachelor. It was his custom to take an early walk for the good of his health in the garden of the square, and he sometimes took an evening stroll in the same place for pleasure. Somehow or other he had made a speaking acquaintance with Miss Blomfield, and we afterwards discovered that he had made all needful inquiries as to the names, &c., of Polly and myself from her—she, however, being quite innocent as to the drift of his questions.

I should certainly not have selected the old gentleman's hat to drop our best parcel on to, if I had known who he was. I was not likely to forget his face now.

I soon got to know all our neighbours by sight. On one side of us was the old gentleman, whose name was Bartram; on the other side lived Sir Lionel Damer. He was staying with his guardian, an old Colonel Sinclair; and when my father came up to town he and this Colonel Sinclair discovered that they were old school-fellows, which Leo and I looked upon as an omen for our friendship.

Polly and I and Nurse Bundle became as learned in gossip as any one else who lives in a town, and is constantly looking out of the window. We knew the (bird's eye) appearance of everybody on our side of the square, their servants, their cats and dogs, their carriages, and even their tradesmen. If one of the neighbours changed their milkman, or there came so much as a new muffin man to the square, we were all agog. One day I saw Polly upon our perch, struggling to get her face close to the glass, and much hindered by the size of her nose. I felt sure that there was *something* down below—at least a new butcher's boy. So I was not surprised when she called me to "come and look."

"Who is it?" said Polly.

"I don't know," said I.

And then we both stared on, as if by downright hard looking we could discover the name of the gentleman who had just come down the steps from Colonel Sinclair's house. He was a short slight man, young, and with sandy hair. None of us had seen him before. Having the good fortune to see him return to Colonel Sinclair's house about two hours later, I hurried with the news to Polly; and we resolved to get to see Leo as soon as possible, and satisfy our curiosity respecting the stranger. So in the afternoon we sent a message to invite him to

come and play with us in the square, but received the answer that "Sir Lionel was engaged."

Later on he came into the square, and the stranger with him. Polly and I and Rubens were together on a seat; but when Leo saw us he gave a scanty nod, and went off in the opposite direction, leaning on the arm of the stranger, and apparently absorbed in talking to him. I was rather hurt by his neglect of us. But Polly said, positively,

"That is Leo's way. He likes new friends. But when he treats me like that I do not speak to him for a week afterwards."

That evening a cab carried off the stranger, and next day Leo came to us in the square, all smiles and friendliness.

"I've been wanting to see you so!" he cried, in the most devoted tones. But Polly only took up her doll, and with her impressive nose in the air walked off to the house.

I could not quarrel with Leo myself, and we were soon as friendly as ever.

"I want to tell you some news, Regie," he said. "Colonel Sinclair has decided that I am to have a tutor."

"Are you glad?" I asked.

"Yes, very," said Sir Lionel. "You see I like him very much—I mean the tutor. He was here yesterday. You saw him with me. He is going to be a clergyman. He has been at Cambridge, and he plays the flute."

For a long time Leo enlarged to me upon the merits of his tutor that was to be; and when I went back to Polly the news I had to impart served to atone for my not having joined her in snubbing the capricious Sir Lionel. As for him, he was very restless under Polly's displeasure, and finally apologized, on which Polly gave him a sound scolding, which, to my surprise, he took in the utmost good part, and we were all once more the best possible friends.

That visit to London was an era in my life. It certainly was most enjoyable, and it did me a world of good, body and mind. When my father came up, we enjoyed it still more. He coaxed holidays for the girls even out of Aunt Maria, and took us (Leo and all) to places of amusement. With him we went to the Zoological Gardens. The monkeys attracted me indescribably, and I seriously proposed to my father to adopt one or two of them as brothers for me. I felt convinced that if they were properly dressed and taught they would be quite com-

panionable, and I said so, to my father's great amusement, and to the greater scandal of Nurse Bundle, who was with us.

"I fear you would never teach them to talk, Regie," said my father; "and a friend who could neither speak to you nor understand you when you spoke to him would be a very poor companion, even if he could dance on the top of a barrel-organ and crack hard nuts."

"But, papa, babies can't talk at first," said I; "they have to be taught."

Now by good luck for my argument there stood near us a country woman with a child in her arms to whom she was holding out a biscuit, repeating as she did so, "Ta!" in that expectant tone which is supposed to encourage childish efforts to pronounce the abbreviated form of thanks.

"Now look, papa!" I cried, "that's the way I should teach a monkey. If I were to hold out a bit of cake to him, and say, 'Ta,'"—(and as I spoke I did so to a highly intelligent little gentleman who sat close to the bars of the cage with his eyes on my face, as if he were well aware that a question of deep importance to himself was being discussed)—

"He would probably snatch it out of your hand without further ceremony," said my father. And, dashing his skinny fingers through the bars, this was, I regret to say, precisely what the little gentleman did. I was quite taken aback; but as we turned round, to my infinite delight, the undutiful baby snatched the biscuit from its mother's hand after a fashion so remarkably similar that we all burst out laughing, and I shouted in triumph—

"Now, papa! children do it too."

"Well, Regie," he answered, "I think you have made out a good case. But the question which now remains is, whether Mrs. Bundle will have your young friends in the nursery."

But Mrs. Bundle's horror at my remarks was too great to admit of her even entering into the joke.

The monkeys were somewhat driven from my mind by the wit and wisdom of the elephant, and the condescension displayed by so large an animal in accepting the light refreshment of penny buns. After he had had several, Leo began to tease him, holding out a bun and snatching it away again. As he was holding it out for the fourth or fifth time, the elephant extended his trunk as usual, but instead of

directing it towards the bun he deliberately snatched the black velvet cap from Leo's head and swallowed it with a grunt of displeasure. Leo was first frightened, and then a good deal annoyed at the universal roar of laughter which his misfortune occasioned. But he was a good-tempered boy, and soon joined in the laugh himself. Then, as we could not buy him a new cap in the Gardens, he was obliged to walk about for the rest of the time bare-headed; and many were the people who turned round to look a second time after the beautiful boy with the long fair hair—a fact of which Master Lionel was not quite unconscious, I think.

My aunt kindly pressed us to remain with her over Christmas. I longed to see the pantomime, having heard much from my cousins and from Leo of its delights—the harlequin, columbine, and clown. But my father wanted to be at home again, and he took me and Rubens and Nurse Bundle with him at the end of November.

(To be continued.)

THE BEAR.



MISS NELLY sat in a shady place,
When by came a bear with a head and face;
His face was grim, and his head was big,
And his hair was white as a judge's wig.

He looked at Nelly's rosy cheeks,
And says he, "She's the fattest I've seen for weeks;"
Poor Nelly beheld his hungry leer,
And shook her hair out of curl with fear.

With an awful growl the bear did say,
"I've not had a bit of food to-day;"
"Oh," said Nelly, "I've heard them say at home
That you're very fond of a honeycomb.

"Come, come to our garden, most urbane bear,
And take some honey to smooth your hair."
Said the bear, "For dessert that will be good,
But I must begin with substantial food.

"I'll eat you first, for I like you best,
And the honey will help you to digest."
"But I don't wish to die just yet," she cried;
Then took to her heels and away she hied.

"Stop, stop!" said the bear; "hold hard, I say!
Do you think you're going to escape that way?"
"Oh, I'm going to show you the honey," she said,
"For you'll never find it when I'm dead."

Said the bear, with a wink, "Pray take my arm,
I'll help you along and keep you warm."
So poor Nelly, escorted thus, trudged home,
And showed him into the drawing-room.

"Take a seat, air, pray, while I fetch the keys
Of the garden where we keep our bees."
But he stood transfixed with horror and wrath,
For his brother's skin lay on the hearth.

Soon he turned to fly from the dreadful sight,
But the door was shut and fastened tight;
It was open'd for several men to advance,
Who without a fiddle made him dance.

And then they took him about for a show
With a monkey whose tastes were very low;
But his brother's skin affected his brain,
And he never was known to speak again.

And though he earned a lot of money
He had nothing to eat but bread and honey,
And when he grew old and asthmatic too,
He was sent to the Gardens surnamed the Zoo.

And there he'll stay till he dies, no doubt,
And do nothing but sway himself about;
For he's not permitted to take the air
On a pole, although he's a Polar bear.

When he dies, if his hair is not too thin
They'll make a hearthrug of his skin;
And his flesh will be good for worms at last,
And the worms for birds be a grand repast.
They'll boil down his fat, and marrow rare,
To make bear's grease, to grease your hair;
With his *carte de visite* on the top,
The pots will grace a barber's shop.

His bones will be ground into bread and cheese,
To feed the roots of the apple trees;
And there'll be an end of the great white bear,
Flesh, fat, and bones, and skin, and hair.

S. C. P.

GOLD-DIGGING.



BEFORE relating my own adventures, such as they were, I think I ought to tell you something about the gold, and the manner of finding it.

In the first place, there is gold almost everywhere in Australia. As an experiment, I have taken a pint pot full of sand from many a dry creek and river, and by careful "washing" have obtained traces of gold. This is what diggers call "the colour;" but to get an ounce of gold in this way would occupy perhaps a hundred years of hard work.

The thing is, then, to find the place where gold is collected in large quantities—the head-quarters of the metal, so to speak. We will think, therefore, whether at any time any natural influence has been at work which would help to collect the gold, and store it up ages before, for the future use of man? Undoubtedly there has been, and that influence is water-power.

Now I am not at all scientific, and am very ignorant on most subjects, and therefore I cannot pretend to give you any very wise explanations or deep theories: what I am going to say is merely guess-work, founded on common sense and experience.

Let us just suppose that we are standing a moment on Australian soil.

Ages ago, perhaps before man was created—who knows?—there existed on this island, as to-day, streams, and creeks, and rivers, and gullies; only this subsoil on which we stand, the decayed remains of countless generations, did not exist.

The gold—where or how formed who shall say?—was rolled down from the hills, in conjunction with other matter, by these ancient streams, and wafted into corners, and smooth reaches, where, being heaviest, it sank below the other refuse, and remained. Then, as the ages went on, and trees grew and fell, and life of all kinds sprung up to moulder away in death, and form soil, gradually these old rivers were filled up, and their place knew them no more, and so, in course of time, the gold was buried many feet in the earth. I suppose that the same process is still going on in new rivers, and will be repeated, though on a smaller scale, to the end of time.

Now, by long experience and tradition, most diggers have come to this conclusion, and they are often able by observing the "dip" and nature of the ground to form a very good notion about the position of some of these corners and flat reaches where the gold lies; over these, the diggings are formed, and thither men flock from all sides to try their luck—and it is a lottery. One man sinks a hole and finds, perhaps, only an ounce or two at the bottom; another, twenty yards away, is able to pick out the nuggets with his fingers. This is very easily explained: the first man has pitched upon a part of the bed which lies a little higher than the rest, and where the gold could not rest, except in very small quantities. The other, probably, has dipped right into a corner or pocket where there had been an eddy, as the stream went whirling round a jutting rock. Into this the gold would enter like a trap. Such, you see, are the chances of gold-digging. Now for the manner of it.

As far as the digging goes, it is only necessary to dig a hole or "shaft" until you come through the subsoil, and arrive at the "bottom." There, if anywhere, will be the gold, which will be mingled with a kind of greyish-brown earth; all this, which is called wash-dirt, must be carefully collected.

In separating the gold, we take a hint from Nature—we use water. By washing this "dirt" in successive waters, and pouring away the muddy water, the gold remains at the bottom of the vessel.

On newly-discovered diggings this is done by "dishes" held in the hand. On older ones, a mechanical contrivance, called a cradle, is used; but in both cases the principle is the same, viz., spilling the dirt and water over the edges of a vessel, and leaving the gold behind.

Besides all this, gold is also found in large quantities mingled with white quartz. This quartz runs in veins across some part of the country, generally from north to south; on the other hand, the rivers run from east to west.

These quartz veins are worked by companies who use "crushing machines." You can see one of these at the Patent Museum, Kensington.

In the older colonies, New South Wales and Victoria, for instance, almost all the diggings are worked by companies, who pay men wages for working for them; but in a place like that of which I write it is every man for himself.

In new districts there are always going about men called "prospectors," who are looking out for likely places for gold. If they find gold, they try, of course, to keep it to themselves: but such a secret is



hard to keep, and soon there is what is called a "rush" to the spot. If there is enough gold, then a permanent digging is established; but very often these "rushes" turn out to be ruinous affairs. People leave their business and homes, and go off to the new diggings to try and

make a quick fortune; and they often find that there may be enough gold to furnish a living for a dozen people. Then they find themselves ruined, and have to begin life again, because they foolishly gave way to the "gold fever."

That word "gold," and the thing itself, seem to drive people mad. I have seen men raving and shouting, and behaving like maniacs, just because they have found for themselves a few grains only of gold.

Sometimes diggings have been discovered by accident by travellers—sometimes shepherds have gone poking and peering about in their loneliness and have discovered it. In every case, however, the secret has leaked out before many weeks, and there has been a "rush:" but I am getting prosy.

There were about fifteen thousand men on the diggings on which I found myself. "It" had been discovered about six months ago by two shepherds, and rejoiced in the name of Crocodile Creek Diggings. It was situated on a flat in the angle between two deep creeks, and there was, in consequence, no lack of water. Indeed there was too much, in one sense, for we were all obliged, by the rules of the place, to keep a man baling water on Sundays as well as other days to prevent the works being flooded; for of course if the water was allowed to rise in one hole, it rose in all the others also.

Otherwise Sunday is a holiday on the diggings, and all diggers turn out in gorgeous array; that is to say, a clean shirt and trousers, and a necktie. Some are dandies enough to sport gay-coloured jumpers, or flannel jackets, something like a lady's Garibaldi in shape.

Every man or party of men is allowed a claim of surface ground equal to forty square feet. Here the shaft can be sunk, and when the "bottom" is reached, tunnels or "drives" can be made in the direction which the gold takes, the "lead," as it is called. There were four of us altogether, and we used to take it in turns to go down the shaft to bale out water; I can't say, however, that we got much gold. I think that after six weeks' time we had made between us about a couple of pounds sterling. This was not very profitable.

At last one of my "mates" went away; he said he was sick of it. We who were left determined, however, to stick to it all the longer. But we soon found that it was no use; although once, after a heavy shower, I did pick up a small nugget worth about seven pounds, which had been washed out by the rain. I ought, perhaps, to have

explained that all gold is found in nuggets, large or small, many not bigger than a pin's head; and we at last gave it up, leaving a hole forty feet deep, as the result of our labours. This is all the experience I ever had of gold-digging. There is nothing more delusive; it is the colonial form of gambling—a lottery where the prizes may be worth having when they come, but where the blanks are a hundred to one.

Of course a man only knows this by experience, for it would seem that nothing else is strong enough to persuade a man that he will not make his fortune on a gold-field.

There is wonderful excitement at first in the idea that you may be turning over with a common iron shovel that metal which men prize most in all the world.

A "diggings" in a new colony exhibits such an extraordinary mixture of all classes of humanity brought to about the same level, as could be found in few other situations.

The brawny and uncultivated labourer, fresh from the old country, is here "hail fellow well met" with the roving descendant of aristocracy, the "broken-down swell," who manages to do a very fair share of work too sometimes. While the "old hands" of the colony, the refuse of all lands, and the "native whites," keep themselves disdainfully aloof.

Every man carries his own life in his hand, and holds in his belt the lives of others. Thus there is little need of policemen, though the community is lawless enough.

No man need starve, as hospitality is the rule, and therefore there is no excuse for stealing, and the thief is "treated accordingly." The only exception to the general medley was that there were about eight hundred Chinamen there. These kept themselves quite distinct, and had a "quarter" to themselves.

It was hard to see how the Chinamen got their living; they did very little digging. Some of them, with the genius of their country, had wonderful gardens, where a "white man" could hardly have made a blade of grass grow, out of which they sold cabbages at half a crown a piece, and other vegetables on a like scale. Half of them seemed to work and the other half to live at ease and smoke and enjoy themselves, Chinaman fashion, at the expense of the busy ones.

They would go and "rake out" old deserted "claims," and pick up specks of gold, and sometimes lumps, which the first owners had left.

They were held in peculiar detestation by the diggers, partly from their habits, and partly from prejudice, and at last there was a great "row."

A Chinaman was found raking in a hole which had not been deserted, and received a sound thrashing. It happened to be Sunday, and, for diversion, a summary raid was proposed on the Chinese encampment. The news of this spread like wildfire, and exaggerated stories were invented and spread by the mischievous and foolish, the general version being that a Chinaman had killed a white man.

All the diggings were in arms, and a general onslaught ensued; there was not much of a fight, but the tents and huts of the "Celestials" were burnt and overthrown, their belongings, such as they were, taken and destroyed; their garden utterly laid waste, and three or four Chinamen killed in the *mêlée*: the rest took to flight, and did not dare show any more.

I was at the shaft at the time this occurred, and only one of my mates had been engaged in the "action," which was sharp and short, and had not taken more than half an hour altogether.

This was Sunday, and on Monday every one returned to their toil just as if nothing had happened.

The only work on Sunday was necessary work, such as baling out water, without which the shafts would have been "drowned out." A troop of mounted police was soon after sent down with orders to secure some of the ringleaders. This duty they accomplished by galloping through the camp and laying hold of the first twelve men they met, and "spiriting" them away; among these was one of my mates, but not the one who had joined in the "riot," as it was called. They all received, I know not whether by lawful decree or not, terms of imprisonment varying from one month to three.

Our partnership, thus rudely broken up, did not long survive the loss of one of its members. We had long been talking of giving up, and this settled the matter.

My remaining mate, who was a carpenter, went off to get a job in his trade, and I was left again on my own resources. I bargained with a storekeeper for an old bell which I happened to see lying about, and started as "crier" for the recovery of lost and stolen articles, horses, &c.

I used to station myself under a shady tree and bawl out the


descriptions or brands of the property lost and the reward offered, and at the end I used to proclaim, "God bless the Queen and the crier!" This was not a very dignified occupation, but my patrons were generous, and while the novelty lasted I was quite a popular character.

Soon, however, some fellow equally hard up started an opposition bell, with which he would try to drown my voice, to the great amusement of the bystanders. This was the climax: I felt that I had sunk low enough without disputing patronage for the office of crier, so I turned my thoughts in some other direction.

GEORGE CARRINGTON.

TIMOTHY'S SHOES.

THE CHILDREN'S PARTY.

 WHEN Timothy went home for the Christmas holidays, his mother thought him greatly improved. His friends thought the same, and when Tim had been at home about a week, a lady living in the same town invited him to a children's party and dance. It was not convenient for any one to go with him; but his mother said, "I think you are to be trusted now, Timothy, especially in the shoes. So you shall go, but on one condition. The moment ten o'clock strikes, you must start home at once. Now remember!"

"I can come home in proper time without those clodhopping shoes," said Timothy to himself. "It is really too bad to expect one to go to a party in leathern shoes with copper tips and heels!"

And he privately borrowed a pair of pumps belonging to his next brother, made of patent leather and adorned with neat little bows, and he put a bit of cotton wool into each toe to make them fit. And he went by a little bye-lane at the back of the house, to avoid passing under his mother's window, for he was afraid she might see the pumps.

Now the little bye-lane was very badly lighted, and there were some queer-looking people loitering about, and one of them shouted something at him, and Timothy felt frightened, and walked on pretty fast. And then he heard footsteps behind him, and walked faster, and still

the footsteps followed him, and at last he ran. Then they ran too, and he did not dare to look behind. And the footsteps followed him all down the bye-lane and into the main street and up to the door of the lady's house, where Tim pulled the bell, and turned to face his pursuer.

But nothing was to be seen save Timothy's little old leather shoes, which stood beside him on the steps.

"Your shoes, sir?" said the very polite footman who opened the door. And he carried the shoes inside, and Tim was obliged to put them on and leave the pumps with the footman, for (as he said) "they'll be coming upstairs, and making a fool of me in the ballroom."

Tim had no reason to regret the exchange. Other people are not nearly so much interested in one's appearance as one is oneself; and then the shoes danced so beautifully that every little girl in the room wanted Tim for her partner, and he was perfectly at home, even in the Lancers. He went down twice to supper, and had lots of gooseberry fool; and they were just about to dance Sir Roger de Coverley, when the clock struck ten.

Tim knew he ought to go, but such a nice little girl wanted to dance with him, and Sir Roger is the best of fun, and he thought he would just stay till it was over. But though he secured his partner and began, the shoes made dancing more a pain than a pleasure to him. They pinched him, they twitched him, they balked his *glissades*, and once when he should have gone down the room they fairly turned him round and carried him off towards the door. The other dancers complained, and Tim kicked off the shoes in a pet, and resolved to dance it out in his socks.

But when the shoes were gone, Tim found how much the credit of his dancing was due to them. He could not remember the figure. He swung the little lady round when he should have bowed, and bowed when he should have taken her hand, and led the long line of boys the wrong way, and never made a triumphal arch at all. The boys scolded and squabbled, the little ladies said he had had too much gooseberry fool, and at last Timothy left them and went downstairs. Here he got the little pumps from the footman and started home. He ran to make up for lost time, and as he turned out of the first street he saw the leathern shoes running before him, the copper tips shining in the lamplight.

And when he reached his own door the little shoes were waiting on the threshold.

THE SNOW STORM.

When Timothy went back to school in the beginning of the year, the snow lay deep upon the moors. The boys made colossal snow men, and buried things deep under drifts, for the dog Bernardus to fetch out. On the ice Timothy's shoes were invaluable. He was the best skater and slider in the school, and when he was going triumphantly down a long slide with his arms folded and his friends cheering, Tim was very glad he had not given away his shoes.

One Saturday the Usher took him and Bramble minor for a long walk over the hills. They had tea with a friendly farmer, whose hospitality would hardly let them go. So they were later than they had intended, and about the time that they set out to return a little snow began to fall. It was small snow, and fell very quietly. But though it fell so quietly, it was wonderful how soon the walls and gates got covered; and though the flakes were small they were so dense that in a short time no one could see more than a few yards in front of him. The Usher thought it was desirable to get home as quickly as possible, and he proposed to take a short cut across the moors, instead of following the high road all the way. So they climbed a wall and ploughed their way through the untrodden snow, and their hands and feet grew bitterly painful and then numb, and the soft snow lodged in their necks and drifted on to their eyelashes and into their ears, and at last Timothy fairly cried. For he said, that besides the biting of the frost his shoes pinched and pulled at his feet.

"It's because we are not on the high road," said the Usher; "but this will take half an hour off our journey, and in five minutes we shall strike the road again, and then the shoes will be all right. Bear it for a few minutes if you can, Tim."

But Tim found it so hard to bear, that the Usher took him on to his back and took his feet into his hands, and Bramble minor carried the shoes. And five minutes passed, but they did not strike the road, and five more minutes passed, and though Tim lay heavy upon the Usher's shoulder (for he was asleep) the Usher's heart was heavier still. And five minutes more passed, and Bramble minor was crying, and the

Usher said, "Boys, we've lost our way. I see nothing for it but to put Timothy's shoes down and follow them."

So Bramble minor put down the shoes, and they started off to the left, and the Usher and the boys followed them.

But the shoes tripped lightly over the top of the snow, and went very fast, and the Usher and Bramble minor waded slowly through it, and in a few seconds the shoes disappeared into the snowstorm, and they lost sight of them altogether, and Bramble minor said,—“I *can't* go any further. I don't mind being left, but I must lie down, I am so very, very tired.”

Then the Usher woke Timothy, and made him put on Bramble minor's boots and walk, and he took Bramble minor on to his back, and made Timothy take hold of his coat, and they struggled on through the storm, going as nearly as they could in the way that the shoes had gone.

“How are you getting on, Timothy?” asked the Usher after a long silence. “Don't be afraid of holding on to me, my boy.”

But Timothy gave no answer.

“Keep a brave heart, laddie!” cried the Usher, as cheerfully as his numb and languid lips could speak.

Still there was silence, and when he looked round, *Timothy was not there.*

When and where he had lost his hold the distracted Usher had no idea. He shouted in vain.

“How could I let him take off the shoes?” groaned the poor man. “Oh! what shall I do? Shall I struggle on to save this boy's life, or risk all our lives by turning back after the other?”

He turned round as he spoke, and the wild blast and driving snow struck him in the face. The darkness fell rapidly, the drifts grew deeper, and yet the Usher went after Timothy.

And he found him, but too late—for his own strength was exhausted, and the snow was three feet deep all round him.

BERNARDUS ON DUTY.

When the snow first began to fall, Dr. Dixon Airey observed,—“Our friends will get a sprinkling of sugar this evening;” and the boys laughed, for this was one of Dr. Dixon Airey's winter jokes.

When it got dusk, and the storm thickened, Dr. Dixon Airey said,—
“I hope they will be home soon.”

But when the darkness fell, and they did not come, Dr. Dixon Airey said, “I think they must have remained at the farm.” And when an hour passed and nothing was to be seen or heard without but the driving wind and snow, the Doctor said,—“Of course they are at the farm. Very wise and proper.” And he drew the study curtains and took up a newspaper, and rang for tea. But the Doctor could not eat his tea, and he did not read his paper, and every few minutes he opened the front door and looked out, and all was dark and silent, only a few snow-flakes close to him looked white as they fell through the light from the open door. And the Doctor said,—“There can’t be the slightest doubt they are at the farm.”

But when Dr. Dixon Airey opened the door for the seventh time, Timothy’s shoes ran in, and they were filled with snow. And when the Doctor saw them he covered his face with his hands.

But in a moment more he had sent his manservant to the village for help, and Mrs. Airey was filling his flask with brandy, and he was tying on his comforter and cap, and fastening his leggings and great-coat. Then he took his lantern and went out in the yard.

And there lay Bernardus with his big nose at the door of his kennel smelling the storm. And when he saw the lantern and heard footsteps, his great, melancholy, human eyes brightened, and he moaned with joy. And when the men came up from the village and moved about with shovels and lanterns, he was nearly frantic, for he thought, “This looks like business;” and he dragged at his kennel, as much as to say, “If you don’t let me off the chain now, of all moments, I’ll come on my own responsibility and bring the kennel with me.”

Then the Doctor unfastened the chain, and he tied Timothy’s shoes round the dog’s neck, saying, “Perhaps they will help to lead their wearer aright.” And either the shoes did pull in the right direction, or the sagacity of Bernardus sufficed him, for he started off without a moment’s hesitation. The men followed him as fast as they were able, and from time to time Bernardus would look round to see if they were coming, and would wait for them. But if he saw the lanterns he was satisfied and went on.

“It’s a rare good thing there’s some dumb animals cleverer than we are ourselves,” observed one of the labourers, as they struggled blindly

through the snow, the lanterns casting feeble and erratic patches of light for a yard or two before their feet. To Bernardus his own wonderful gift was light, and sight, and guide, its own sufficient stimulus, and its own reward.

"There's some'at amiss," said another man presently, "t'dog's whining; he's stuck fast."

"Or perhaps he has found something," said the Doctor, trembling.

The Doctor was right. He had found Timothy, and Bramble minor, and the Usher; and they were still alive.

* * * * *

"Mrs. Airey," said the Doctor, as an hour later they sat round the study fire wrapped in blankets, and drinking tumblers of hot compounds—"Mrs. Airey, that is a creature above kennels. From this eventful evening I wish him to sleep under our roof."

And Mrs. Airey began—"Bless him!" and then burst into tears.

And Bernardus, who lay with his large eyes upon the fire, rejoiced in the depths of his doggish heart.

THE SHOES GO HOME.

It is hardly needful to say that Timothy was reconciled to his shoes. As to being ashamed of them—he would as soon have been ashamed of that other true friend of his, the Usher. He would no more have parted with them now than Dr. Dixon Airey would have parted with the dog Bernardus.

But, alas! how often it happens that we do not fully value our best friends till they are about to be taken from us! It was a painful fact, but Timothy was outgrowing his shoes.

He was at home when the day came on which the little old leathern shoes into which he could no longer squeeze his feet were polished for the last time, and put away in a cupboard in his mother's room: Timothy blacked them with his own hands, and the tears were in his eyes as he put them on the shelf.

"Good-bye, good little friends," said he; "I will try and walk as you have taught me."

Timothy's mother was much affected by this event. She could not sleep that night for thinking of the shoes in the cupboard. She seemed to live over again all the long years of her married life. Her first anxieties, the good conduct of all her boys, the faithful help of

those good friends to her nine sons in turn—all passed through her mind as she knitted her brows under the frill of her nightcap, and gazed at the cupboard door with sleepless eyes. “Ah!” she thought, “how wise the good godmother was! No money, no good luck would have done for my boys what the early training of these shoes has done. That early discipline which makes the prompt performance of duty a habit in childhood, is indeed the quickest relief to parental anxieties, and the firmest foundation for the fortunes of one’s children.”

Such, and many more, were the excellent reflections of this conscientious woman; but excellent as they were, they shall not be recorded here. One’s own experience preaches with irresistible eloquence; but the second-hand sermons of other people’s lives are apt to seem tedious and impertinent.

Her meditations kept her awake ‘till dawn. The sun was just rising, and the good woman was just beginning to feel sleepy, and had once or twice lost sight of the bedroom furniture in a half-dream, when she was startled by the familiar sound as of a child jumping down from some height to the floor. The habit of years was strong on her, and she cried, “Bless the boy! He’ll break his neck!” as she had had reason to exclaim about one or other of her nine sons any day for the last twenty years.

But as she spoke the cupboard door swung slowly open, and Timothy’s shoes came out and ran across the floor. They paused for an instant by his mother’s bed, as if to say farewell, and then the bedroom door opened also and let them pass. Down the stairs they went, and they ran with that music of a childish patter that no foot in the house could make now; and the mother sobbed to hear it for the last time. Then she thought, “The house door’s locked, they can’t go right away yet.”

But in that moment she heard the house door turn slowly on its hinges. Then she jumped out of bed, and ran to the window, pushed it open, and leaned out.

In front of the house was a little garden, and the little garden was kept by a gate, and beyond the gate was a road, and beyond the road was a hill, and on the grass of the hill the dew lay thick and white, and morning mists rested on the top. The little shoes pattered through the garden, and the gate opened for them and sneaked after them. And they crossed the road, and went over the hill, leaving

little footprints in the dew. And they passed into the morning mists, and were lost to sight.

And when the sun looked over the hill and dried the dew, and sent away the mists, TIMOTHY'S SHOES were gone.

* * * * *

"If they never come back," said Timothy's mother, "I shall know that I am to have no more children;" and though she had certainly had her share, she sighed.


But they never did come back; and Timothy remained the youngest of his family.

(Concluded.)

SCENES AND SKETCHES FROM THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

SECOND EVENING—*continued.*

SCENE V.

 ONE morning, early in the year of 1630, the Duke of Friedland was pacing with slow and thoughtful steps one of the apartments in his temporary residence of Memmingen. Colder, prouder, more gloomy than ever was the expression of his hard, stern features, while he kept up a kind of desultory conversation with Seni, whose countenance also expressed anxiety and dissatisfaction.

"It is perfectly clear," Wallenstein was saying, "the universal demand of the whole Diet of Ratisbon is for my dismissal; but the event need not take us by surprise, Seni, who have long ago read it in the stars."

"But the Emperor will never yield to what I cannot but think is an intrigue of the courts of Madrid and Paris."

Wallenstein smiled slightly.

"You know," he said, "that I have accurate information of the daily proceedings of the Diet; the Emperor thinks that by giving me up he will procure the election of his son, the King of Hungary, to the dignity of King of the Romans; but the Emperor is deceived."

Seni looked at his patron inquiringly. The latter continued:

"Father Joseph, the confidential agent of Richelieu, has possessed himself of the Emperor's ear, and has promised him all the influence of his court to assist him in obtaining his object; but I can see clearly

that the crafty priest is playing fast and loose with Ferdinand, for to my certain knowledge his principal is at this moment negotiating with the King of Sweden."

"I can understand the animosity of the Protestants towards your Excellency," said Seni, after a pause, "but the ill-will of the Catholic Electors surprises me."

"Go, Seni," said Albert, contemptuously; "you can calculate nativities better than you can read the human heart; but stay, do you know the personage who is the chief agent against me in all these intrigues?"

Seni looked up perplexed. "Not Tilly?"

"Not far wrong. His master, Maximilian of Bavaria."

"Maximilian, the most Catholic Elector!" exclaimed Seni in surprise. "And yet," he added, suddenly fixing his dark Italian eyes on the Duke's face, "your fate is in your Excellency's own hands. Not the whole force of the Diet, with Spinola and Tilly to support them, is so powerful as the Duke of Friedland."

Wallenstein took Seni's arm and led him to the window. It looked out on a square in which at that moment a large number of the troops were performing their exercises; while the air was ringing with the shouts of the different commands given, the clashing of steel, and the noise of military music.

"Look at those men," he said; "a hundred thousand all equally devoted to me are at this moment ready to follow me to Prague, yes, and to Vienna itself if I require it; but what would it avail me? I left the comforts and tranquillity of my home to encounter hardships, danger and death for the Emperor's sake; I shall be equally willing to lay down my honours if his Majesty commands me to do so, and shall only be grateful to obtain the repose I long for; but," he added, "Seni, I can hardly require the prophetic intelligence of astrology to perceive that my absence will ere long be regretted; this army which I command will melt away like the snow in summer, from the instant I lay down the staff of my office."

"Your Excellency has then determined to abide by the decree of the Diet?" asked Seni.

"Taxis has had orders to have Gitchin ready for my reception. I expect that in a week or two, you and I, Seni, will be comparing the altitudes and conjunctions of stars and planets from my new obser-

vatory. By-the-way, send me that calculation I showed you yesterday; you know to which I allude."

And Wallenstein abruptly closed the conversation, unwilling, perhaps, that even his confidant, Seni, should see more than he wished to disclose of his private sentiments. And indeed the outburst from the assembled Diet cannot surprise one; few people had more cause. Both Catholic and Protestant Electors saw their dominions overrun, plundered, and ravaged by imperialist troops, who enjoyed unbounded license, and committed the most wanton excesses; they saw their revenues coolly appropriated, themselves treated with cold disdain, and it was natural that they should lay all these grievances to the account of Wallenstein, who in reality took great pains to maintain some sort of discipline in his army. Maximilian of Bavaria detested him, for he considered him as his rival; Richelieu, true to his policy of reducing the power of the House of Austria, was determined to get rid of him; while the whole Diet was firmly resolved that, happen what might, the young King of Hungary never should be elected King of the Romans, this title being, as every one knows, the forerunner to the imperial crown.

SCENE VI.

The day after the conversation with Seni had taken place, two Austrian noblemen arrived in Memmingen, and solicited an audience of the General. They were his intimate friends Counts Questenberg and Werdenberg, and Wallenstein was perfectly aware of the nature of their business. They were instantly admitted into his presence, and as Albert walked forward to give them a cordial greeting, he observed at once that embarrassment and regret were strongly marked on their countenances.

"Your visit, my dear Count," he said to Questenberg, "is as welcome as it is unexpected; you come from Ratisbon, I presume, where I in truth imagined you to be now, deep in business."

"We are from Ratisbon," said Questenberg, seating himself at a sign from the Duke, "where the Electors were as dilatory as usual, and as troublesome."

"Clamorous against the Edict of Restitution, I presume."

"Yes, and his Imperial Majesty is harassed by complaints on all sides, and chiefly from Bavaria," continued Questenberg, whose replies

were delivered in a constrained tone, and whose eyes were intently fixed on a minute speck of mud on one of his Spanish leather boots.

"What! from my old rival Maximilian?" said Wallenstein, who pitied the awkward situation of his friends in being the bearers of a mission which they evidently liked so little. "I can read in your countenances that the Elector's intrigues concern me."

Werdenberg looked into Wallenstein's face with inquiring surprise.

"I hasten to relieve you, gentlemen," continued Wallenstein, with dignity, "from the annoyance of announcing what may seem ungracious tidings. I am already aware of the object of your mission, which, credit me, has been revealed to me long before now. You doubtless know that I have for some time been a student of that great and wonderful science which teaches men to read in the stars their future destiny. Look at this," and he drew out from a heap of papers on the table an astrological calculation. "You may observe from the planets that the spirit of Maximilian dominates over the spirit of Ferdinand. I can attach no blame to the Emperor therefore, though I regret that he should have given me up so easily; but I shall obey."

Most thankful were these unwilling ambassadors to find that their diplomacy was not needed, and that their apologies for the Emperor were indeed, from the tone Wallenstein had assumed, almost unnecessary; but they, however, poured forth every expression of esteem, gratitude, and affection on the Emperor's behalf that the German language could furnish, to all of which the Duke listened with polite deference. He then easily and gracefully changed the subject, and after a good deal of desultory conversation he informed the deputies that they were to consider themselves his guests as long as they remained at head-quarters. The two counts did not prolong their stay, and in a few days they set off on their return to Ratisbon, being anxious to relieve the nervous apprehensions of their suspicious master, loaded with costly presents, and bearing to Ferdinand a letter from Wallenstein himself, full of expressions of attachment and loyalty.

OTHO. I think, Rochester, you should explain the Edict of Restitution.

ROLLO. Yes, for I don't think I know what it is.

ROCHESTER. Why, I believe it was an Edict passed to compel all

the Protestant princes to restore to the church the whole of the church property that had been appropriated since the signing of the Treaty of Augsburg a century before.

HILDA. But they never ought to have confiscated church property, surely?

ROCHESTER. It certainly does not seem right, but at the same time one cannot well judge without knowing all the facts of the case. You know at the time of the Reformation the Roman Catholic clergy had become so enormously powerful that many of the bishoprics had grown into little kingdoms. Then many of the prince-bishops themselves adopted the reformed faith, and they had no idea of relinquishing their temporal possessions on that account, but married and left them to their heirs like other secular princes.

OTHO. In those days the Catholics, I suppose, did not dare to come to extremities with the Protestants?

ROCHESTER. Exactly; and what Charles V. was compelled by necessity to concede to the Protestants, the moderation of Ferdinand I. and Maximilian II. allowed them to enjoy. But now, at the period which we have been considering, the Catholics had got the upper hand, and it was determined that the Protestants should suffer for the acts of their grandfathers. The Edict of Restitution was in fact treachery on the part of the Emperor; it was a breach of the treaty of Augsburg.

OTHO. It came rather hard too on the Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg, who had remained friends to the empire.

HENRIK. Oh, I have no pity for them! they thought of nothing in the world but their own interests.

ROBERT. You and Otho have been to Vienna and Prague, have you not, Rochester?

ROCHESTER. Yes. Wallenstein's house is one of the lions at Prague; the garden exists there, but it must have been larger in those days, I fancy. I have read somewhere that it extended down to the river, which it does not do now; and I imagine the houses did not close in round it so much as they do now. They show one the horse, stuffed, which Wallenstein rode at Lützen.

HILDA. You don't tell us anything of Wallenstein's early life and history?

ROCHESTER. It would make my "Sketches" too long. You know

they only profess to describe scenes, not to form a consecutive account.

HENRIK. Astrology must be an amusing science. Do you suppose, Rochester, when Wallenstein exhibited that astrological calculation to the Imperial Commissioners, that he was sincere in attaching any credit to it?

ROCHESTER. Indeed, it is very difficult to say how much faith Wallenstein placed in astrology; it has always been a subject of dispute amongst historians. I was reading the other day that the horoscope of William of Orange had been drawn by Melancthon, in which he predicted that the Prince would die a violent death, which is curious, if true.


HILDA. He was murdered, was he not?

ROCHESTER. By Balthazar Gerard; and in him perished one of the greatest men of his age; "the Father of his Fatherland," as the Hollanders affectionately call him.

(To be continued.)

THE FIDDLER AND THE WOLVES.

A MOUNTAIN LEGEND.]

 IN the rural districts of Switzerland, on the slopes of the Jura and among the pastures of the Oberland Alps, autumn is the season specially devoted to merry-makings and weddings. The harvest has been gathered in, the vineyards stripped of their golden burden of grapes, the walnuts stored for conversion into the winter's oil, and while St. Martin's summer lasts and the warm soft winds set in from the sunny south, gladness and mirth have their reign. St. Martin's day once come and gone, winter sets in for good, and the sun pales before the gathering snow-clouds driven on by the "bise" or cold north-east wind.

There is an important element in the wedding-feast abroad. The peasant bride and bridegroom lead the dance, and the fiddler is summoned from the nearest town or village up to the chalet or farmhouse where the marriage festivities are to be held. A clever fiddler therefore, who can give the favourite old tunes with spirit and precision, is a personage held high in request at this season. He does not get

much ready coin for his pains, but he eats and drinks his fill, and the grateful hostess lines his pockets and his wallet with the good things of the feast.

The following story was often told us of a winter's night by our mother, who was a Swiss lady, and she had heard it from her parents many a time among the fairy tales recounted by the warm corner of the stove when the snow was falling thick without, and when visions of wolves stealing over the plains, and bears coming down from the mountains, had a greater reality about them than they could ever have here in England, where free-roaming bears and wolves are unknown. Most likely such a legend may exist in many a land of mountains and forests, for there is a great family likeness in all such legends, but those only who are familiar with the Jura in its untravelled heights can appreciate the local colouring of my story.

A fiddler, who was renowned throughout his *commune*, or parish, for his great skill, was invited to play at a wedding-party at one of the farmhouses high up in the Jura.

To see the place from the valley where the fiddler lived was easy enough. The wooden house with its balconies and painted shutters was perched like a birdcage on a projecting crag. Solid beams kept it rooted to the spot, and heavy stones helped to steady the roof and prevent its being blown off by the fierce winds eddying in and in among the mountains. Though it looked inaccessible, it was reached by a magnificent carriage-road which came winding zigzag up the mountain-side till it crossed the bare bleak top and then descended in the same fashion to the French valley on the other side. The inhabitants of the farmhouse made use of the road for their market-carts, but a footpath was their usual route to and from the valley with its town and hamlets. This footpath came straight through the pine forest, across the flax-fields, and again through the thick woods down to the river's edge; a tributary brook travelled by the footpath for some way, and then went off on its own fancy to rejoin the path further down; and lastly, brook, footpath, and river soberly wandered on till they reached the lake and the post-road.

At such a season and by such a road the fiddler climbed up to the chalet. His arrival was the signal for renewed mirth; glasses were filled and clinked together in the hob-and-nob fashion peculiar to the time and place, and many an embrace greeted each fresh comer, a

heartly kiss first on one cheek and then on the other being exchanged between the bearded, moustachioed guests, as much as among the fairer and gentler portion of the community.

Then the dance began. Who can describe it? Who can give an idea of the inborn spirit of dancing in foreign races? Even staid and elderly married men chose their partners; not the prettiest girl reigned supreme, but the agile-footed one whose ear enabled her to keep exact time to the well-marked notes of the fiddler. It was certainly not a question of high-arched insteps and delicate little feet, but good solid leather boots proved no obstacle to the waltz which was footed for hours by the comely but substantial and square-built maidens.

Eating and drinking went on as vigorously as dancing till a late hour, and then the bridegroom having carried off the bride the guests departed, some on foot, but more stowed in thick rows on long carts guiltless of springs, to be jolted homewards at a rapid pace by horses scenting their own stables.

By some mischance or other the fiddler, who as in duty bound had remained to the last, was left to find his way home on foot. The bride's mother, in the warmth of her emotion, and in acknowledgment of his services, stuffed his pockets full of dainties, a huge piece of pie finding a place in his wallet. Descendants of such a pie I myself have seen! Nearly two feet long and rather more than half a foot wide and correspondingly high, the thick walls contain all sorts of good things, strongly flavoured, and, by way of variety, studded throughout with large raisins; a small chimney in the orthodox chimneypot shape figures in the centre, which is graced with a flower on grand occasions. And now the good hostess was not stingy with her pie, and thus fortified within and without the little fiddler took his leave, and set off with a brisk step on his journey home.

What mattered it to him that the wind howled and that the first flakes of snow were driven across his face? He hummed the last tune he had played and cheerily stepped out in the darkness. For the wind had changed during the evening. Adieu to summer! Adieu to sweet autumn days! The Winter King has come to reign over the mountains!

Down the rugged path where the wild strawberries no longer nestled amid the moss and brambles, over the bridge, and by the side of the brook, our hero took his way till he came to the edge of the

dark belt of forest which divided him from his home. The snow was falling thicker and thicker, till the traveller felt enveloped in its soft dreamy darkness.

"This snow might be dispensed with," he cried, "but the trees will give me some shelter." He entered the forest; it was very dark. 'I wish there was a little moonlight!' he sighed, but alas! there was no moon.

He went on and on.

Alone in the night, all sounds assume a new significance.

"What is that I hear? Surely it is the howling of a wolf! Nonsense, nonsense," he added to himself, "the wolves have not yet come down from the mountain."

The snow had ceased to fall so thickly when he came to an open patch which here divided the thick belt of trees. He stopped a moment. Another howl reached his ear; another; and yet another. There was no mistake about it; the wolves were there. Run, unhappy man, or the wolves will be after thee! And he ran. Looking back, first one dusky form was visible on the newly-fallen snow, then another. He did not stop to count them. But ah! wolves are swifter than men, and the poor fiddler stood but little chance of escaping from his foes.

The thought of the pie flashed suddenly through his mind. Without slackening his pace or stopping to consider, he threw down the contents of his wallet, nay the wallet itself. The experiment answered. Like dogs the wolves nosed their prey and clustered round the savoury morsels. The fiddler ran for his life. Again he heard the awful howl, as, refreshed but not satiated, the hungry wolves remembered and dashed after him.

He emptied his pockets, till not a crumb was left. Then despair seized him; his wits were well-nigh gone; his breath was spent; to run further was impossible.

Seizing his beloved fiddle, he turned round and faced his enemies and in a state of desperation began to play. Like the fabled swan, he determined to give forth his dying melody.

Never could he reveal what tune he played. What sounds earthly or unearthly his violin emitted no mortal can record. With all his might and main, with all his remaining energy he played his tune to the demon wolves. Oh! Wonder! What did he behold?

The wolves stood still; they growled; they hesitated; then waving their tails in the air, with a fearful yell they retreated back into the forest.



"Oh you scoundrels!" cried the fiddler. "I only wish I had given you the tune before you ate up my pie!" and with these words he started homewards again in safety.

The Old and New Years. 1870—1871.

A CAROL.

Words by A. GATTY, D.D.

Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

Allegro Moderato.

Go out, Old Year, so stain'd with blood;

Come in, New Year, with peace and good; The

wi - dow's and the or - phan's tear,

O wipe a - way, thou com - ing year.

Old Year be - - gone! New Year re - call!

Peace and good - will to all.

2

What scenes, Old Year, thy memories yield—
 The dead upon the battle-field,
 The leaguer'd town, the village burn'd,
 The city starved, the throne o'eturn'd!
 Old Year, begone, New Year, recall
 Peace and good-will to all!

3

Old Year, depart, and with thee go
 All sounds and scenes of war and woe;
 Come in, New Year, with heavenly peace,
 And make this strife of nations cease!
 Old Year, begone, New Year recall
 Peace and good-will to all!

“FLOWERS OF HEAVEN.”



ALKING on the downs at Freshwater (Isle of Wight), with one whose conversation might well have made one inattentive to surrounding objects, the force of habit caused my eyes to observe on the grass, as we walked along, certain small scattered patches of greenish jelly, the largest perhaps as big as an ordinary walnut.

I stopped and picked some up, and then the inquiry arose, What could it possibly be? My companion did not know, although the appearance was by no means uncommon on the downs in certain states of the atmosphere, when a drought was followed by showers, for instance. I was proud, therefore, to say that I could guess what it was, although I had never gathered it before. It was a fresh-water, or rather *damp-ground* alga; and I use the Latin word because we have no proper equivalent for it in English, our translation of *seaweed* being very imperfect; since, although the greater number of algæ do inhabit the sea, there are a good many others which live in fresh water, and some on moist ground—nay, there are even one or two species which thrive in both indifferently. Yet to talk of a *fresh-water seaweed* is an absurdity. Then, again, *waterweed* is equally inconvenient in another way, for it includes a large variety of weeds which grow in the water, but belong to the infinitely more complicated race of flowering plants, and consequently are not algæ at all.

I said I had not gathered the jelly plant before. Nor had I, but I had read of it, and knew not only its scientific name, *Nostoc commune*, but those mystic ones which, owing to the suddenness of its appearance and disappearance, were given to it by old observers under the impression that it had dropped from the skies: viz., “Flowers of Heaven” or “Fallen Stars.”

This matches pretty nearly the old belief in showers of red snow, spoken of in a late paper, and it is equally without a foundation in fact. It is singular, however, that a celestial origin should have been attributed to two algæ, and with so very little beauty to recommend them, but so it was; and we think the readers who were interested

about the red snow plant, may like to hear a true account of these "Flowers of Heaven," which appear often enough on gravel walks as well as chalky downs, to have acquired the sobriquet of common—*Nostoc commune*. It will be remembered that the red snow plant was spoken of as one of the simplest forms of vegetable life—a single cell, namely, containing red colouring matter, the "seed within itself after its kind" which at maturity breaks out into a set of young plants.

Now the *Nostoc* is a step or two higher in organization than our old friend *Protococcus*. Put the jelly, or a bit of it, under the microscope, and you will see that it contains a number of what look like little curled bits of green thread. Then look again, and attentively, and you will see that each of the threads is formed of a set of simple cells like that of *Protococcus* joined together end to end like beads in a necklace—only without the connecting string. This is an advance certainly upon the single-celled plant, and it is the structure of a vast proportion of the most beautiful seaweeds. In many of them, indeed, it is complicated by endless varieties of branching, and by the contents of the cells, but the bead-like structure is the same, and all the plants so formed are known as *articulated*, that is, *jointed* seaweeds.

In *Nostoc* we have this structure in a very simple state, the jointed threads being unbranched, and merely filled with green colouring matter, and yet even the mode of growth of a *Nostoc* is an obscure and disputed point. In its first state of existence there is but one little green thread, immersed in gelatine; whereas in a full-grown specimen there are threads innumerable. Whence this number of *separate* threads? That is the difficulty. How are they multiplied? Hassall explains it as follows: here and there in the bead-like threads of all the *Nostoc* family there occurs one bead or cell of larger size than the rest, and quite globular. It may be found in any part of the thread, but is very commonly seen at the end of them, often, too, by itself, lying unattached in the gelatine. The idea is that after a time this peculiar cell (called *heterocyst*—meaning *another cell* from its dissimilarity to the rest) separates from the *Nostoc* thread, and also grows another; and thus what might have gone on to a continuous line, is constantly being broken up into fragments.

I state this on the authority of Hassall, for I do not find it elsewhere, and I did not observe any enlarged cells on that solitary occasion on which I found and examined a *Nostoc* under the microscope.

This may have been due to want of attention, and not knowing what to look for however: for when I put the jelly under the glass, I had no idea what I should see, though I knew it must be an alga of some sort, as I was convinced that I had found the "Flowers of Heaven" in that walk. My young readers will be better informed if ever they find a *Nostoc* on the gravel walks in their garden when running out for a little fresh air after a showery morning in autumn: and I speak of a *Nostoc* because there are several other species besides *commune*; and although their general character is the same they differ in size, colour, and consistency, some being more laxly gelatinous than others, some very small, and some much lighter coloured than *commune*. Dr. Harvey describes *commune* as forming, when moist, a "semi-transparent, semi-gelatinous elastic membrane which in dry weather curls up and contracts, looking like a piece of shrivelled skin, and in that state may be blown about without injury."

He tells us, further, that the seeds (spores) form in one or two only of the ordinary cells (not in all, therefore, as in the case of *Protococcus*), and that such cells enlarge, and the green colouring matter within becomes denser and darker. Then, in the last stage of its existence, the *Nostoc deliquesces* as it is called, i. e., melts. In other words the almost membranous outside of the gelatine gives way, and threads and gelatine exude together, and are dispersed over the soil. And this is enough for the general reader to know; the difference of opinion as to whether the ordinary cells, or the *heterocysts*, are the reproductive ones, belongs to scientific inquiry. Certain it is that the seeds of this singular plant, whichever cells they come from, lie in, or on the ground, for months together inert, and then suddenly burst into life and activity under some favouring climatorial change of atmosphere, or condition of soil. All we know of the matter is that like the *Protococcus* the *Nostoc* must have "water and a place to rest on," and that it comes and goes in a very sudden and whimsical manner, a fact which, as before stated, mystified the old alchemists, who were always on the look-out for wonders, into giving it its popular name. And so sincerely did they believe what they conjectured that they ascribed to the poor *Nostoc* qualities worthy of its origin. It was to prove a universal solvent, and if steeped in brandy it was to create a disgust to that liquor in those who drank of it. It would prove an excellent auxiliary, therefore, to teetotal reformers.

There is not much more to be told about *Nostoc commune*, but that it is found throughout both temperate zones, extending almost to the Tropics, and that a similar species has been found in Australia after a shower of rain covering what seemed previously to be a bare hillside with such a thick coating of jelly as to make it impossible to walk over it without sliding.

Dr. Harvey suggests—half jokingly perhaps—whether it may not be used as food, "perhaps a nourishing and delicate food for weak digestions," as another species of the same genus closely resembling *N. commune* in substance (*N. edule*), is found abundantly in streams in Tartary, and thence exported to China, where it is sold in the market for eating, and is highly esteemed as an ingredient in soups. It is prepared for sale in boxes, one of which is in the Museum of the Linnæan Society. Moreover another species, very like *N. commune* (*N. arcticum*) was found by Dr. Sutherland, in great profusion on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, and of this he ate handfuls on several occasions without any inconvenience. It must be admitted that it was generally infested with swarms of the larvæ of flies and gnats; but he considered it much more nutritious than "tripe de roche," and perhaps not inferior to Iceland moss. This poor little Nostoc is blown over the ice in windy weather, and drifted out to sea where it has sometimes been found at a distance of two miles from the land. A third eatable species, similar to the above, occurs in Thibet up to the height of seventeen thousand feet, floating on the surface of pools and lakes, in soils impregnated with carbonate of soda, and this is drifted in heaps by the winds along their banks.

And Mr. Berkeley, who examined specimens of both this and *N. arcticum* chemically, "thinks we may safely assume the jelly of the Nostoc to be a state of *bassorin* passing into *cellulose* or *dextrine*," in fact, something between the mucilage of gum Tragacanth and starch. These last particulars are gleaned from Dr. Harvey's *Nereis Boreali-Americana*, under the head, *Nostochineæ*.

I will just add that I know of Matlock and Marlborough as well as the downs at Freshwater as habitats of Nostoc, so that it seems to affect districts where chalk and lime abound as well as gravelly soils. On the gravelless clay of the West Riding of Yorkshire it is, I believe, unknown.

EDITOR.

THE OLD WORK-BOX.

By Madame Guisot de Witt.

CHAPTER VII.

PAUL wanted sorely to accompany his brothers. He thought it unworthy of a boy to live in the midst of girls.

"Take me off with you," he suggested to Jean and Albert; "I shan't cost much—I'll eat dry bread if they like"—("You're so fond of it!" interrupted Albert, mockingly)—"and then at Paris I shall see machinery and can perfect my splendid invention."

"Which?—the one for catching cats?"

Poor Paul reddened. When he was much younger, on hearing his father complain of having "a cat" in his throat (or, "*a burr*"), Paul had seriously brought a piece of bread tied by a string. "If you would swallow this, papa," the boy advised, "the cat would swallow it too, and I should haul it out with my string!"

They had never since ceased teasing him about this invention, and Paul said no more about going to Paris with his brothers.

The carriage was driving off, containing the father and his two elder sons, whose mirth and high spirits had made the house cheerful. Their mother had remained in her room, looking out after them as long as their conveyance was visible. Then she had closed her window, hiding her face in her hands. Only in prayer to God could her motherly anguish of heart find any relief.

All the children left behind at Berville—Gabrielle, Paul, Elizabeth, and Cathérine—rushed up a turf footway cut in the hillside; they were going to the farthest point whence it was possible once more to wave farewell to the travellers.

Amélie alone had remained on the house-steps and walked up them one by one, dwelling a while in fancy on those absent who were now beginning a journey; next, reverting to the gap they caused at home. Her affections were beginning to revive towards her own family; her heart was no longer given exclusively to "the Fall," the remembrance of her grandmother, and of her past life. She scarcely knew how much she had been influenced by her mother's sweet forbear-

ance, in avoiding all reproaches—all sarcastic reflections. Never had Amélie heard sharp criticism against the method of her early education. Her mother was content to love and to guide her without raising distrust in the same truths of simplicity, charity, humble confidence in God, wherewith she had tried, from their birth, to impress all her children. It was by an instinctive impulse that Amélie pushed open her mother's door. When she entered, Madame Rattier raised her yet moistened eyes, holding out her arms to her eldest daughter. "You will comfort me," she said, in a low tone. For the first time Amélie thrilled with joy at her mother's kiss. She felt the new opening for herself amid her nearest relations. She, poor child, so accustomed to the almost idolatrous affection of her grandmother, occupying the first place there, and being the centre of every-day interest to others—she had indeed suffered at finding herself thrown back among a number of equals, where the importance of each was but small, and all of them by turns ignored one another.

"I may as well execute your commissions instead of Albert," she proposed with quite novel diffidence, "but I cannot help you, like Jean, at your accounts." That good son had lately taken charge of the cash-book both for farm and house, under pretext that it would be useful practice to him in mathematics.

"You do not know all an eldest daughter may do for me," replied Madame Rattier, who had drawn Amélie beside her on a small sofa, and was stroking her hair. If Jean could have seen them thus, from the corner of the carriage in which he was sitting with cloudy brow and cap lowered over his eyes, he would have felt somewhat reassured as to his mother's experience during his absence.

Amélie had taken up the old work-box, which had a curious attraction for her.

"You have not told me where your grandfather was, mamma, whilst your grandmamma was toiling all day, and giving herself so much trouble at Hamburg. In Germany, is Hamburg?"

"You hesitate? Ah! you have forgotten everything," said her mother with a tinge of vexation. "My grandfather was not there to help his wife in her struggles, because in 1793 he was guillotined.

Amélie grew pale. "How was it, then, he did not escape with his wife and children?"

"He had gone with them into Germany, whither they took also, with much difficulty, their aged parent. He had wished to remain and die at

home, yet could not resolve to part from his daughter. They were so poor in Hamburg before my grandmother commenced millinery that her husband wanted to return to France for some payments he had been led to expect from old tenants of his father-in-law. Scarcely had he arrived in Languedoc than he was told he was being sought after to be put under arrest. However, one of the husbandmen hid him."

"For a long time, mamma?" asked Amélie, listening eagerly to every syllable.

"For a fortnight. There were two young sisters, one aged fifteen, the other twelve years old, who brought him something to eat every evening. At last, this being suspected, he left his hiding-place, so as not to compromise the honest people who had sheltered him. He took refuge in an old stone oven, almost dying from hunger. One night he had caught a rabbit in a trap, and attempted to cook it. It was by moonlight; and the smoke betrayed him. The soldiers came to search the cavern, and took him to the nearest town."

"He didn't know where to run, then; couldn't he get away? How many soldiers were there?" Amélie had no idea of quietly submitting to mortal risk.

"There were at first two, but my grandfather made no resistance. He was very weak; had wanted food for many days; and one man seemed sufficient to guard him to the 'district,' as they observed. It was on the road"—(here Madame Rattier was quite overcome; her voice was troubled, her eyes glistened with tears)—"it was on the road that this sergeant asked the marquis: 'Sir, do you wish to escape? The young lady who was here formerly was so good to my mother.' My grandfather looked steadily at him. 'Are you a married man?' he inquired. 'I have a wife and four children, at your service.' 'Your life would be held forfeit for mine,' continued my grandfather. 'No; I will not escape.'—It was the soldier himself and the farmers, who afterwards related all this to my mother."

Amélie did not speak; she had hidden her head upon her mother's knees, and was crying heartily. With these tears vanished the last traces of old prejudices; the behaviour of the gentleman as well as of the peasant appeared to her in their true light. She realised the admirableness of self-devotion and self-sacrifice in these two noble-minded men, worthy to have thus met amid the terrors of the Revolution. She pressed her mother's hand, and was stretching the other

arm to touch the little work-box as if she desired to link herself to memories of the labour and courage which had upheld her grandmother under so many trials. She knew not how to express what she was feeling; but her mother divined it without words. When the band of children ran in at utmost speed, already cheered up again by their race and last waving of handkerchiefs, Madame Rattier leant for support on the elder sister, while repeating her first words: "You will comfort me!" And Amélie felt that she could console her mother.

CHAPTER VIII.

MONTHS passed by. The news sent weekly from Paris was good. The students worked well and gained satisfactory steps in classes. Gabrielle never wearied of the pleasure of writing letters to her brothers, which ended generally with this sentence: "Amélie is very good. She gives music-lessons to Elizabeth, and we play a duet together. I send you ten million kisses." Sometimes these ciphers (10,000,000) took up half a sheet of paper.

Amélie did not write. She had never experienced the charm of intimate regular correspondence. Jean's letters and Albert's were always addressed to their mother, to the high indignation of the juvenile scribes at Berville.

Elizabeth had begged her mamma to rule a sheet of paper for her "to scold the boys at my leisure," said she. This was only just near the coming holidays, when, as if to settle all their debts before returning homeward, Jean and Albert wrote to the children in common.

"MY DEAR GABRIELLE, MY DEAR ELIZABETH, MY DEAR CATHÉRINE, MY DEAR PAUL,—You have all written to us, and we have not answered your letters because we were too busy, plodding away; now there's nothing particular to be done except the clearing-up days, and we gladly take this opportunity of announcing our speedy return. It is Jean who is writing in the playground, his knees for a desk; and I, Albert, am lying down, telling him what to say. We hope you have taken care of our rabbits. If you have let them die we'll make you into mince-meat instead, and eat you up. You can clear space in our dormitory so as to leave room for our prizes; the wreaths of victory alone will fill three trunks. Adieu, you flock of lambkins! Here's to our next happy meeting. Why has not Amélie written, since she is so good-natured?

"JEAN. ALBERT."

N 2

It was the day before that on which the boys were once more to join the family circle at their fireside.

Madame Rattier, awaking at dawn, was pondering dreamily on the expected happiness of reunion, and on her newly-recovered source of pleasure, and was thanking God for all His mercies, when a heavy rumbling attracted her attention. She half sat up, listening attentively; then waked her husband, who began dressing hastily.

"James, do you hear?" she eagerly exclaimed. He listened too.

"It's up above us, near the boys' room," rejoined he; "Pierre has got up early, and he's setting the place in order."

"But all was ready yesterday." And the mother stood up instantly, without slippers, even.

"Remain quiet, do," urged her husband; "I'll go and see;" and so went out.

Madame Rattier began to dress too. She was naturally nervous, and with difficulty calmed the agitation that she felt when M. Rattier came back bursting into fits of laughter.

"You can't imagine what has happened," said he. "I found Gabrielle, Paul, Elizabeth, and Cathérine, who were disarranging the furniture of their brothers' dormitory. Chairs and pillows were already out upon the landing."

Madame Rattier had a quick comprehension: she did not hesitate a single moment. "The unfortunates!" she exclaimed; "they wanted to make room for their prizes!"

"Precisely so;" and the father fell into a chair, exhausted by his laughter. "Paul told me that the boys believed they would require three trunks for their crowns only; and Gabrielle went on quietly carrying off the bedclothes. They tried to move the chest of drawers: that was the noise we heard."

"They have upset everything!" and Madame Rattier sprang towards the door. Her husband checked her, still laughing immoderately. "No, not everything; only a basin and glass. They were picking up the pieces just when I got there. Now they're busy setting things to-rights again. Let them finish; they're so ashamed of their credulity."

The mother made no reply: she finished dressing; but when ready she went up to her boys' room. What a sight! The furniture lifters had all disappeared, but they had not had strength to push back the chest of drawers against the wall. The water-jug, deprived of its

basin, remained on the dressing-table. All the struggles of Gabrielle and Elizabeth had not sufficed to rearrange the bedding. Their mother's clever hands would soon have repaired this mishap, but the seraps of earthenware heaped hurriedly up in a corner, bore silent witness to the poor children's disastrous undertaking.

When she called them, as usual, to morning prayers, they did not dare to look her in the face. Happily for them Amélie had no deep sense of the ridiculous, and did not make fun of them.

Madame Rattier was less indulgent, and her meaning smile made the whole group look abashed, when she quizzically remarked, while embracing them : " When I want to make our next move I shall not apply to you. Paul, have you been to see at the farm whether the large hay-cart can be spared to-morrow to call for the prizes?"

"Mamma!" answered Paul, with a half-injured, half-entreating air. The little girls stopped their mother's raillery by their kisses.

CHAPTER IX.

THE important day at length arrived. The boys alighted in front of the house, covered with creepers in flower; as they had so often pictured it in their dreams. They threw themselves into their mother's open arms. She had kissed Jean, then Albert, and given them up a while to the transports of the joyful troop shouting and laughing around them. When the first rush was somewhat quieted down, whilst the children were bustling about Pierre under pretence of helping him to carry up the luggage—whilst Albert, keys in hand, was scampering up four stairs at a jump in front of these young porters, to open the trunks in order to show the prizes, Madame Rattier had taken her eldest son's arm. She looked at him attentively, trying to read in his countenance whether he had brought back to his father's roof the same child-heart that she had endeavoured to preserve in him.

She found a young man, no longer a mere lad. But if the features were more manly, the look more resolute, the smile less frequent,—frankness and uprightness beamed, nevertheless, in his expression. The mother breathed a sigh of satisfaction at finding just the same good promise in Albert's face, although he was less developed and not so mature as his brother. Her prayers, and the principles

which she had striven to inculcate, had shielded her children under the grand test of contact with the world. A school is life in miniature, with its strifes and its temptations.

Jean looked at his mother, in his turn. She seemed to him more composed, less careworn, yet more active than ever. A certain expression of repose which had come into her beautiful countenance seemed to give it an indescribable charm.

"I should much like to know if it's our return that makes mamma so happy," he inwardly questioned; "I am sure she is contented at it, but it's not that alone which has done her so much good."


The student soon got the clue to the mystery. They were just going to table, the boys "dying of hunger," they said, and all the rest were disposed to bear them company. On reaching their dining-room the two brothers perceived Amélie, who seemed to be putting a last touch to some of the arrangements. Until then, amid the tumult of their merry welcome, they had scarcely seen her. Albert ran to his sister and hugged her vigorously. Amélie blushed, and returned his caresses with such evident pleasure that Jean bent towards her, kissing her on the forehead. When he drew himself up again, he saw his mother looking on with tears of joy.

During dinner, Madame Rattier did not once leave her place, as she used formerly to do, whenever her husband pointed out something omitted in the table arrangements. At each unexpected want Amélie rose and provided for all without display, superintending everything requisite without speaking of it, taking care of every one's comfort, or reading in her mother's eyes dumb requests which she immediately executed. Their repast was more elegant than was customary. "It was 'right to kill the fatted calf on the return of these prodigals," said Madame Rattier, gaily (while her boys were in raptures over their good cheer on leaving their meagre school-meals), "besides, it was Amélie who made the cream."

Jean's glance fell on his sister, then met his mother's. She had spoken of having killed "the fatted calf." But was it only for these schoolboys? Her son remembered the context of Holy Writ, almost applicable in the case of Amélie: "It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad: for this *my child* was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found."

THE CHILDREN OF COLLY-NA-BOGUE.

By the Author of "The Gipsies."

 **W**E were six of us at Colly-na-bogue, besides father, and Dermot Maceily, and Growler and the cat, and—but I won't make a list, as my story is principally about those first mentioned.

Well, we were six of us; and I was the eldest, and the next was Gracie, and the next Ned, and after that came little D'Aroy, and a queer, roundabout little dumpling of a boy he was! And then came the baby.

We had a good house and farm steading at Colly-na-bogue, and the land on one side was very good. On the other was a bog, and a dark, desolate-looking mountain rose up to the left of that, without a tree upon it. It was not high enough to be grand, but it cut out a great piece of the sunshine from us, and we wished it would offend the fairies so that they might lift it into the sea some fine morning, and make an island of it. But it didn't, and so we were obliged to make the best of it. And then there was the moor.

I'm sure I never knew why Dermot Maceily lived at Colly-na-bogue, for it did not seem much that he did; only I don't think we could have got on without him at all. For he was the best dancer, and the best runner, and the best single-stick player in the whole township, and brought credit always to Colly-na-bogue. Well I remember how we used to wait at the end of the lane the morning after a fair, to hear how he had beaten everybody. And then he was such a fisherman, and such a shot; and he made the best rods and the best flies in the whole country-side—only he ought to have been tending the sheep and the cows: but he sat instead where the long lane joins the Bally-craskinagheen road, cutting and whipping his fishing-rods, and talking to any chance passenger along the lane; when he saw nobody he came back looking quite unhappy and dull. He loved company, did Dermot Maceily. Didn't we all just worship Dermot! No, not all of us; and now you see that though I said there were six of us, I only mentioned five, and the reason was that there was one of us that didn't like Dermot. That was my brother Gerald. "Only think," we used to say "that anyone could help loving Dermot!"

But Gerald was a queer lad ; very quiet, and silent, and thoughtful. I must say he was quite unlike the rest of us ; and we teased him a little and neglected him a great deal. So he took to his books and his learning ; I suppose for want of something to do. We all of us went to a school about five miles away, and we went in an outside car with the old horse "His Lordship" to draw us. Father called him "His Lordship" because he was a present from his landlord, Lord Rosedean, who was a very good nobleman indeed.

I should have told you that father, and mother, and all of us, except Dermot, were Protestants, but we were very civil with Father Peter Maguire, the priest of Beveny, till we heard him calling out over the palings to Dermot, "Fie, Dermot, aren't ye ashamed to see me, ye that hasn't been to confession or to chapel even these two years? I'm certain your master wouldn't hinder you nor hurt you for minding your religion ; more betoken he sent me a fine fat goose last Michaelmas, he did."

"I haven't got a master," replied Dermot, sullenly ; "I'm my own master, Misther Maguire, yer reverence, and I mean to be so, too."

Dermot said to us that it was very wrong of Father Maguire to say such a thing of him, and he wondered father and any of us concerned ourselves with such a *soggarth*, and he thought nobody was friends with him, really, that liked Mr. Maguire. So we used to watch when we saw Father Peter going along the lane to see a sick man in the cabin on the side of the bog, and we hid ourselves, and then we made a loud hissing as geese do, and we were rather vexed when we peeped between the brambles and saw him walking quietly on as if nothing had happened. But it was natural to take Dermot's part, for he was our greatest friend, and showed us how to make flies and to throw the lines, too, at the head of the river ; though we hadn't a right, for the waters were preserved, and father knew nothing about it, you know.

Sometimes Dermot drove our car to Baltry to school. Sometimes I drove it, and we left it and the old mare under Luke Wallop's shed till it was time to come back.

"Who was that you were speaking to at the turn of the land, Dermot?" I said, when we came up to him in the car one evening.

"An old soldier, a Connaught Rangers' man. And surely he did tell me pretty stories about them places in India and Canada, and what not. I'll tell them to you, childer, one of these winter nights."

"Why, you're lucky, Dermot. Only last Wednesday you met an old sailor, and he told you all about the war with the Russians, and how the ships would have smashed the forts, only they couldn't."

"Oh, these old boys likes to tell their yarns, ye see; and I can tell 'em some in town, so we're quits," replied Dermot.

"That you can, Dermot, my boy, and no mistake!" said we all.

"Well, there's one good thing comes from chaffing with these trampers," returned Dermot; "one finds out the state of the counthrey, ye see. Now I know that all's safe about here; for if not, I'd larn it as soon as look at ye from them. I can see if anything's in the wind, I warrant ye."

Father was glad that Dermot should talk with the strangers that came about. He liked to know the state of people's minds. He was well off, and was naturally supposed to have firearms in plenty to defend his home and family. Of course, in one sense that would prevent any attack, but in another it was dangerous, because the Fenians might come when father and the men were away, and search for arms, and murder anyone left at home if they could not find any. But Dermot was so sharp, he found out what everybody was thinking of; and he kept father's mind quiet.

We had no mother, poor boys and girls that we were! but we had a kind old nurse named Biddy, who loved us all dearly, and she took care of us. But I don't think she loved Gerald so well as the rest of us, for he was not so stout and ruddy, and was tall and thin, and like our poor mother, she said, God rest her soul! as was away in Beveny churchyard. I don't think Biddy loved our poor mother; but she did love us, and we were thoughtless, and only cared for our pleasure.

There was a barn near our home at Colly-na-bogue. It was a queer old place. It had been a grange of a monastery when the land belonged to the priests, and monks, so it was very old, with fine arches inside, and buttresses outside, and it was nearly covered with ivy. It was partly filled with grain, partly with hay, and partly with dry furze and bushes, to mix with the turf for firing. But for a long time we had not been in it, for father kept the key.

Certainly we did tease and plague poor Gerald; he was very studious. I think he was always wanting to be learned and clever, and to stand for a scholarship at Trinity College, Dublin, when he was old enough, and be a gentleman and distinguish himself.

It was Lord Rosedean that put it into his head one day when he came into the farmhouse, off his horse, and found him poring over his Horace. And, poor lad, he could not work in the parlour, or the kitchen, or our bedroom, for teasing; so for a long time we did not know where he went, nor care, neither; and he never complained of us. But one day father found him coming down a turret stair at the end of the barn, and it led to a little chamber. And father went up and found Gerald had taken his books there, though it was so dark, only lighted by a little window. So father found out how he had been plagued, and he said he would not have it, and forbid any of us to go up to tease Gerald in that room. And he put up a big ladder and himself cleared away the ivy, and that made it light; and when he came down he patted Gerald on the head, and said he should have that chamber for his own. It was a great thing for father to pat one of us on the head.

And Dermot told us pleasant stories, now that the evenings were getting long that autumn, and we came rather earlier from school, as it was so dark along the lanes and the moor. And Dermot, when he did not come with us, used to come and meet us, for he went across the bog to the mountain to look after the cattle. And a fine shaking bog it was, and fine leaps Dermot took to get over it. He was a great bog-trotter, was Dermot Maceily! Even there, in these lone places he used to meet wanderers, and he was able always now to assure father that everything was going on right in the country, and that the people were getting quite contented, and liked Sir Hector Blaguey, and Lord Rosedean, and the agents quite entirely, he said.

And, oh, we were so happy that autumn at Colly-na-bogue! Father had a tilt put to the cart, and we went in that quite dry to school, instead of in the outside car. Me, and Gerald, and Gracy, and Ned went, and when we came back, wasn't it just pleasant to sit round the fire, all in the pleasant turf-reek, and chat, or laugh at D'Arcy rolling about the floor, or hear Gracie sing her songs. But best of all was Dermot. Oh, he did copy the ducks, and the geese, and the cows, and the crowing cocks till we cried with laughing; and Biddy, rocking baby's cradle with her foot, laughed as bad as any of us. Only Gerald did not laugh often; I think his mind was far away. He was saying his learning perhaps to himself; perhaps he *would* not be amused at Dermot. He never would like Dermot, whatever he did, that's certain.

Sometimes father would come and sit down by the fire and smoke his dudeen, or try at tears, and then laugh so hearty! I'm sure I don't know what we'd have done without Dermot, all those autumn nights!

(To be continued.)

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES FROM WONDERLAND.

(See p. 101.)

- I. If ten the number dreamed of, why 'tis clear
That in the dream ten apples would appear.
- II. In Shylock's bargain for the flesh, was found
No mention of the blood that flowed around;
So when the stick was sawed in pieces eight,
The sawdust lost diminished from the weight.
- III. As curly-wigg'd Jemmy was sleeping in bed
His brother John gave him a blow on the head;
James opened his eyelids, and spying his brother,
Doubled his fist, and gave him another.
This kind of a box then is not so rare;
The lids are the eyelids, the locks are the hair;
And as every schoolboy can tell to his cost,
The key to the tangles is constantly lost.
- IV. "Twixt "Perhaps" and "May be"
Little difference we see:
Let the question go round,
The answer is found.
- V. That salmon and sole Puss should think very grand
Is no such remarkable thing,
For more of these dainties Puss took up her stand:
But when the third sister stretched out her fair hand
Pray why should Puss swallow her ring?
- VI. "In these degenerate days," we oft hear said,
"Manners are lost, and chivalry is dead!"
No wonder, since in high exalted spheres
The same degeneracy, in fact, appears.
The Moon in social matters interfering,
Scolded the Sun, when early in appearing;
And the rude Sun, her gentle sex ignoring,
Called her a fool, thus her pretensions flooring.

VII. Five seeing, and seven blind,
 Give us twelve in all, we find;
 But all of these, 'tis very plain,
 Come into account again.
 For take notice, it may be true,
 That those blind of one eye are blind of two;
 And consider contrariwise,
 That to see with your eye you may have your eyes;
 So setting one against the other—
 For a mathematician no great bother—
 And working the sum, you will understand
 That sixteen wise men still trouble the land.

EADGYTH.

BOOK NOTICES.



ODEL Women, by William Anderson (Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster Row, London).

This singular attempt at classifying different sorts of women opens with two chapters on womanhood and women's education generally; after which the classification commences as follows: First, domestic women; second, philanthropic; third, literary; fourth, scientific; fifth, holy; and the volume ends with a chapter devoted to the natural equality of the sexes.

It is, we hope, needless to remark that in this classification it is only the most salient points of character which lead to the position in which the ladies are placed. For instance, at the very head of literary ladies we find Hannah More, who is, we trust, as well entitled to the character of "holy" as the Countess of Huntingdon. The same may perhaps be remarked of Elizabeth Fry, who stands number two amongst the philanthropic. The valuable part of the volume is that it contains, under these different headings, a collection of brief, interesting biographies, which are well brought together, and cannot fail to be instructive.

"Madeleine's Trial, and other Stories," from the French of Madame Pressensé (Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster

Row, London). These tales will be found very amusing and healthy in tone, although, of course, there is a slightly French treatment about them which is apt now and then to make them feel a little unreal to English children. They have plenty of dramatic interest, however, and the teaching is always so good that we can safely recommend them to parents and children.

"Walter's Escape; or, the Capture of Breda," by J. B. de Liefde (Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster Row, London). This exciting tale will charm boy readers, if they are not too particular about probabilities; and we advise them not to be, for the tale is both interesting and amusing if you give yourself well up to it. Whereas, if you once begin to dispute whether it is likely So-and-so would do so-and-so, or even *could* do so-and-so, you will only be made uncomfortable, and lose a great amount of enjoyment. Walter is a capital boy, and we follow him through his adventures with much interest.

"The Land of the Sun," by Lieut. O. R. Low (Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster Row, London). This book, though not intended for children, or even young people (it is dedicated to a field-marshal) will be found useful

and amusing to older boys, especially if they have any idea of taking service in India, or any part of the East. It contains an account of our military stations in the East—Aden, Perim, and others, including the Andaman Islands, Bussorah, and Modern Baghdad, with details of how they came into English possession, their present condition and resources. The book is a really valuable one for those who want information on the subject, and the general reader will find many amusing pages.

"Deborah's Drawer," by Eleanor G. O'Reilly (published by Bell and Daldy, York Street, Covent Garden). This is a dear little book—a charming little book—not that it is so very small, but it has a nice square shape, fat, and with a beautiful cover. Altogether attractive in appearance, and within side there is a set of

stories tied together by one linking story, which is perhaps as pretty as any of them, if not the prettiest of them all. This connecting tale turns upon a very original incident. The brother of a family, who had been absent for a lifetime in South America, comes home with an only child to a supposed sister, and finds her no relative whatever, although bearing the same name—but we will not spoil the readers' pleasure by further explanations of how the tale goes on, only assuring them that it will delight them. Of the stories so connected, two have appeared in our pages, "Uncle Jacob" and "The Old Red Prayer-Book," both excellent in their way, the latter especially so; and there is not one of the others which we cannot commend, but perhaps "Ralph's Girls" is our special favourite. The pretty volume cannot fail to be popular.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.



writes—"The problem of the Fifteen Young Ladies, set by 'Puss Cat Mew' is one which excited much interest

twenty years ago among mathematicians. Mr. Kirkman, in the 'Ladies and Gentlemen's Diary for 1850,' set the problem: 'Fifteen young ladies in a school walk out three abreast for seven days in succession; it is required to arrange them daily, so that no two shall walk twice abreast.' While philosophers were endeavouring to solve this by mathematics, they were amused and surprised to find that several separate solutions had been produced by some young ladies, simply by perseverance in arranging and rearranging the combinations. I believe the philosophers ultimately came to the conclusion that this was the only way to solve the question."

Mr. Kirkman's mode of settling the problem shows that the young ladies

could walk for seven days without any repetition of the order, but must resume it on the eighth day. "M. P. F." and "E. V." are right therefore, and the other solutions which have been sent are wrong. We subjoin the combinations on the different days.

*Solution of the puzzle of the Fifteen School-girls.**First day. Second day.*

1	2	3	1	4	5
4	8	12	3	12	15
5	10	15	7	10	13
6	11	13	6	8	14
7	9	14	2	9	11

Third day. Fourth day.

1	6	7	1	8	9
2	8	10	3	4	7
3	13	14	2	13	15
4	11	15	5	11	14
5	9	12	6	10	12

Fifth day.			Sixth day.		
1	10	11	1	12	13
3	5	6	2	5	7
2	12	14	3	8	11
4	9	13	4	10	14
7	8	15	6	9	15
Seventh day.					
1	14	15			
2	4	6			
3	9	10			
5	8	13			
7	11	12			

"Kate B." We are reminded by a correspondent (Florence Trower) of "Mrs. Markham's History of France," which is as she says very nice. She recommends also "M. Lamé Fleury's Histoire de France" which begins at 50 B.C., and ends with the Revolution in 1830.

"A North-country Girl" asks the meaning of the word "Bezique." It is so called from the Italian *Bazzica*, which is the name of a game at cards; but this does not explain much, even if true, as *Bazzica* means any sort of familiar conversation, and its plural *Bazziche* is used for trifles, things of no consequence.

"E. R." Christmas ships appear to be a varied form of Christmas trees. "Mary" writes they are generally placed on a table, and the presents hung on the masts, and put on the decks, the cabins also being filled with them. The ship is about four feet long, or rather more, and high in proportion. "Mary" wants to know where the following lines come from:—

"Four long years of mingled feeling,
Half in rest and half in strife,
I have seen thy waters stealing
Onward like the stream of life."

"E. F. T." You will find the lines you ask about in Longfellow's poem, "The Norman Baron." For your Sunday class of boys, try "Mother's last Words," and "Our Father's Care," by Mrs. Sewell; and (to read by degrees) "Ben Sylvester's Word," "Friarswood Post-Office," and "Christmas Mummers," by the Author of the "Heir of Redclyff," also

"Stories on the Commandments," published by the S. P. C. K.

"A Subscriber." "French leave" is generally supposed to have its origin in the practice of the French armies of levying contributions without "leave" or payment in the countries where they happen to be campaigning.

"E. H. S." "M. F. B." thinks you would find "The Art of Portrait Painting in Water Colours," and "Artistic Anatomy of the Human Figure," very useful. They are published by Messrs. Windsor and Newton, at 1s. each.

"M. F. B." informs "Puss Cat Mew" that Miss Muloch's story, "A Noble Life," is founded on fact. The principal character lived near St. Andrews, Fife, and is remembered by old inhabitants of the town. The descriptions of scenery, however, do not refer to the neighbourhood of St. Andrews, but, she believes, to Roseneath, the seat of the Duke of Argyll.

Report of the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot" at the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street.

"The completion of another year in the history of the 'Aunt Judy's Cot' affords an opportunity for an expression of renewed and grateful acknowledgment to the Subscribers, and of rendering a report of the progress of the fund for the permanent support of the Cot.

"During the past year six patients have been under treatment, all of whose cases have been more or less serious, but under the blessing of God, nearly all have received benefit. Reference to the Magazine will show details of their several ailments, and it will only be necessary here to recount their names.

- 1 'Little Peter.'
- 2 Thomas S— ('Peter the Second.')
- 3 Johnny S—
- 4 George T—
- 5 Charlie S—
- 6 Charlie G—

"The two last-mentioned patients being yet under treatment, one at Crownwell House, and the other, Charlie G——, in the Hospital, progressing very favourably.

"Although the amount received during the past year is not so large as in 1869, when happily there were no calls for the sick and wounded in war, it is yet far beyond the sum that was at first expected to result from the appeal made to Aunt Judy's readers.

"The total amount received during the past year is:—

Donations . .	£188	9	7
Annual Subscriptions	18	2	6
	<hr/>		
	£206	12	1

"It is gratifying to observe that the Annual Subscriptions are so well sustained: the amounts for the three years stand as follows:—

1868	£20	0	6
1869	18	12	6
1870	18	2	6

"The total amount received towards the endowment of the 'Cot' is as under:—

1868	£252	18	0
1869	278	18	3
1870	206	12	1

Total £738 8 4

"During the three years of the existence of the 'Aunt Judy's Cot,' twenty children have occupied it, viz. twelve girls and (during the time of the 'Cot' being in the boys' ward) eight boys—Ethel A—— being the only patient who did not recover, and whose death took place in the hospital. The list of contributors includes many names of former friends, and also many new donors, who have also kindly given various articles of clothing, with toys and books, not only for the 'Cot' patients, but 'for general use in the hospital.' The contributions, as in previous years, come from every quarter of the globe, and in sums varying from a single halfpenny

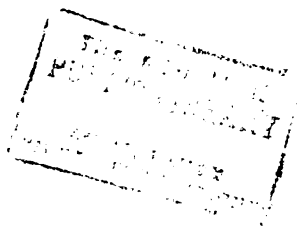
(sent by a little girl) to larger sums collected by the young friends. The managers of the hospital desire to return their very cordial thanks for the liberal support thus given to the object, and to record their sense of deep obligation to the Editor of 'Aunt Judy's Magazine' for her personal attention to the fund, by which alone its success has been insured.

"SAMUEL WHITFORD,
"December 16th, 1870." "Secretary."

Contributions to the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot," received to December 16th, 1870.

	£	s.	d.
Harriet and Susan (monthly) .	0	1	0
Miss Alice Cowie (ditto) . .	0	1	0
M. A. F. (ditto)	0	0	6
Mrs. Hodges, Edgmond, Newport, Salop (annual) . . .	0	10	0
Mrs. Howlett, West Hill, St. Leonards-on-Sea (ditto) . .	0	10	0
May Howlett (ditto)	0	2	6
Helen (collected) quarterly 16s. 6d.; also 5s. towards the Christmas treat	1	1	6
Papa, 1s., Mamma, 1s., Katie, 6d., M. V. M., 4d. (collected by M. V. M.)	0	2	10
Miss H. Birley, at Mrs. Jones, Milnthorpe, Westmoreland (collected, 4th amount) . .	0	3	6
Johnny Walker	0	0	4
Mabel C.	0	0	3
From Jackie's Money-Box . .	0	1	0
John, 10s., Jack, 2s. 6d., A. K., 1s., and penny subscriptions from others	0	15	6
M. S. B.	0	5	0
Grace Goldney	0	3	0
Two Squirrels, 30, Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood . .	0	2	0
"Tittums" (collected) . . .	0	5	0
May, 2d., Jane, 2d., Carshalton R. A.	0	4	0
Katie, May, and Annie, Fletton, Peterborough . .	0	5	0
Queenie, 1s. 6d., Bertie, 1s. .	0	2	6
Marion, Reginald, Basil, and Bertha, 3s., Mamma, 2s., to buy oranges for Christmas Day	0	5	0
Robin Hood, Will Scarlet, and Maid Marian, The Ridge . .	3	0	0

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
Ellen Gordon, Whitestone House, near Exeter (collected); Arthur Gordon, 2s., Ellie Gordon, 2s., Stephen Gordon, 2s., Mary Gordon 2s., Johnnie Gordon, 6d., Penelope Gordon, 6d., Archie Gordon, 1s., Mamma, 2s. . .	0	12	0	R. F. T.	0	2	6
In memory of Poor Bob, 6d., Funny Pug, 6d., Little G., 6d., Buzzie, 1s., Friakie and his Master, 6d., Alice and Gipsy, 1s.	0	4	0	K. T. and M. H. Stubbs, Kettal Hall, Oxford.	0	2	6
Robin Redbreast, 3d., Sparrow, 1d., Kew	0	0	4	M. E. A., H. A., G. A., E. A., R. A. (collected in the nursery)	0	8	4
Emily Lord, Bath	1	0	0	Miss Grove, and the children of Killarock	0	5	0
A Christmas Offering from Jennie, Conney, Nellie, and Forest	0	2	0	Sophia Dora Spicer, Spy Park, Chippenham, "to buy oranges for Christmas"	0	10	0
Florence, Beatrice, Mabel, Lillian, and Ernest, 63, Portland Place	0	2	6	Ditto, part proceeds of sale of poems on the hospital	0	8	2
Puff Harding, 18, Stockwell Park Road	0	6	0	"A few of the little ones at Ashington Sunday School, per Miss Edith Blakiston . .	0	0	7
Marion H—— (pocket money), Lichfield	0	4	0	"A Christmas Box from Ashington Rectory"	1	0	0
Florence, Blanche, and Evalyn French	0	2	6	H. E. F. Freke, Stackallen Rectory, Navan	0	10	0
"Bice," Perth	0	0	6	Papa, Mamma, Katie, Harry, Arthur, Charlie, and Edith, Victoria Terrace, Stockton-on-Tees	0	5	0
Charley Hill, The Hyde, Bridport, Dorset	0	7	8	"Mamma and five little children," Northampton; also a parcel of clothes	0	3	0
Anonymous, "For the Children's Christmas Tree" . .	0	5	0	A Christmas gift from Harold and Maud, a year's earnings for singing	0	9	1
A Brother and Sister	0	2	6	Katharine Blyth, Fincham Rectory.	0	3	0
K. W.	0	3	6	Anonymous, A parcel of picture cards.			
"Bob Snoggins, and Bill his brother," Walthamstow . . .	0	0	6	Mrs. and Nelly Liddon, a box of valuable clothing.			
"Collected at 88, Regent's Park Road," with a present of toys	0	12	0	An offering from the young Ladies at Cowley Moor House, a parcel of useful clothing.			
Proceeds of the "Cousin's Magazine" for one year, per the Editor	1	3	6	Anonymous, a box of books and toys.			
"Algy's Grandmother," Morpeth	0	1	0	Mary and Madeline, The Abnalls, Lichfield, three pairs of muffatees and a comforter.			
"From a lover of the little patients in Aunt Judy's Cot," Hythe	0	5	0	Anonymous, a small parcel of clothing.			
Miss E. Swete, Weston-Super-Mare (collected)	0	1	3	Daisy and Agnes, Bradford, two books for the occupant of Aunt Judy's Cot, also a small box of toys for Charlie S——.			
Miss Davies, Amy, Helen, and Lucy, Sherborne House .	0	10	0	Ellen and Amy, two picture books.			
Bertie, Cambridge	0	0	6	Anonymous, a parcel of books for general use.			
"A Christmas Box," Manchester	0	4	0				
Kitty, 1s., Theresa, 1s. . . .	0	2	0				
"Two Nuts"	0	1	0				
Emily H. S., Northampton . .	0	2	0				






A FLAT IRON FOR A FARTHING.

A FLAT IRON FOR A FARTHING.

OR, SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN ONLY SON.

CHAPTER VII.

POLLY AND I RESOLVE TO BE "VERY RELIGIOUS"—DR. PEPPER—
THE ALMS BOX—THE BLIND BEGGAR.

 MUST not forget to speak of an incident which had a considerable influence on my character at this time. The church which my uncle and his family "attended," as it was called, was one of those most dreary buildings nowhere found in greater perfection than in London. It was ugly outside, but the outside ugliness was as nothing compared with the ugliness within. The windows were long and bluntly rounded at the top, and the sunlight was modified by long calico blinds, which, being yellow with age and smoke, *toned* the light in rather an agreeable manner. Mouldings of a pattern one sees about common fireplaces ran everywhere with praiseworthy impartiality. But the great principle of the ornamental work throughout was a principle only too prevalent at the date when this particular church was last "done up." It was imitations of things not really there, and which would have been quite out of place if they had been there. For instance, pillars and looped-up curtains painted on flat walls, with pretentious shadows, having no reference to the real direction of the light. At the east end some Hebrew letters, executed as journeyman painters usually do execute them, had a less cheerful look than the highly coloured lion and unicorn on the gallery in front. The clerk's box, the reading-desk, and the pulpit, piled one above another, had a symmetrical effect, to which the umbrella-shaped sounding-board above gave a distant resemblance to a Chinese pagoda. The only things that gave warmth or colour to the interior as a whole were the cushions and pew curtains. There were plenty of them, and they were mostly red. These same curtains added to the sense of isolation, which was already sufficiently attained by the height of the pew walls and their doors and bolts. I think it was this, and the fact that, as the congregation took no outward part in the prayers except that of listening to them, Polly and I had nothing to do (and could not hear

the old gentleman who usually "read prayers"), which led us into the very reprehensible habit of "playing at houses" in Uncle Ascott's gorgeously furnished pew. Not that we left our too tightly stuffed seats for one moment, but as we sat or stood, unable to see anything beyond the bombazine curtains, which, intervening between us and the distant parson, made our hearing what he said next to impossible, we amused ourselves by mentally "pretending" a good deal of domestic drama, in which the pew represented a house, and we related our respective "plays" to each other afterwards when we went home.

Wrong as it was, we did not intend to be irreverent, though I had the grace to feel slightly shocked when, after a cheerfully lighted evening service, at which the claims of a missionary society had been enforced, Polly confided to me, with some triumph in her tone,

"I pretended a theatre, and when the man was going round with the box up-stairs I pretended it was oranges in the gallery."

I had more than once felt uneasy at our proceedings, and I now told Polly that I thought it was not right, and that we ought to "try and attend." I rather expected her to resent my advice, but she said that she had "sometimes thought it was wrong" herself; and we resolved to behave better for the future, and indeed really did give up our unseasonable game.

Few religious experiences fill one with more shame and self-reproach than the large results from very small efforts in the right direction. Polly and I prospered in our efforts to "attend." I may say for myself that, child as I was, I began to find a satisfaction and pleasure in going to church, though the place was hideous, the ritual dreary, and the minister mumbling. When by chance there was a nice hymn, such as, "Glory to Thee," or "O God, our help in ages past," we were quite happy. We also tried manfully to "attend" to the sermons, which, considering the length and abstruseness of them, was, I think, creditable to us. I fear we felt it so, and that about this time we began to be proud of the texts we knew, and of our punctilious propriety in the family pew, and of the resolve which we had taken in accordance with my proposal to Polly—

"Let us be very religious."

One Saturday Miss Blomfield was a good deal excited about a certain clergyman who was to preach in our church next Sunday, and as the services were now a matter of interest to us, Polly and I were

excited too. I had been troubled with toothache all the week, but this was now better, and I was quite able to go to church with the rest of the family.

The general drift of the sermon, even its text, have long since faded from my mind; but I do remember that it contained so highly coloured a peroration on the Day of Judgment and the terrors of Hell, that my horror and distress knew no bounds; and when the sermon was ended, and we began to sing, "From lowest depths of woe," I burst into a passion of weeping. The remarkable part of the incident was that the rest of the party, having sat with their noses in the air, quite undistressed by the terrible eloquence of the preacher, Aunt Maria never for a moment guessed at the real cause of my tears. But as soon as we were all in the carriage (it was a rainy evening, and we had driven to church), she said—

"That poor child will never have a minute's peace while that tooth's in his head. Thomas! Drive to Dr. Pepjohn's."

Polly did say, "Is it very bad, Regie?" but Aunt Maria answered for me—"Can't you see it's bad, child? Leave him alone."

I was ashamed to confess the real cause of my outburst, and suffered for my disingenuousness in Dr. Pepjohn's consulting-room.

"Show Dr. Pepjohn which it is, Regie," said my aunt; and, with tears that had now become simply hysterical, I pointed to the tooth that had ached.

"Just allow me to touch it," said Dr. Pepjohn, inserting his fat finger and thumb into my mouth. "I won't hurt you, my little man," he added, with the affable mendaciousness of his craft. Fortunately for me it was rather loose, and a couple of hard wrenches from the doctor's expert fingers brought it out.

"You think me very cruel, now don't you, my little man?" said the jocosse gentleman, as we were taking leave.

"I don't think you're cruel," I answered, candidly; "but I think you tell fibs, for it *did* hurt."

The doctor laughed long and loudly, and said I was quite an original, which puzzled me extremely. Then he gave me sixpence, with which I was much pleased, and we parted good friends.

My father was with us on the following Sunday, and he did not go to the church Aunt Maria went to. I went where he went. This church was very well built and appropriately decorated. The music

was good, the responses of the congregation hearty, and the service altogether was much better adapted to awaken and sustain the interest of a child than those I had hitherto been to in London.

"You know we *couldn't* play houses in the church where papa goes," I told Polly on my return, and I was very anxious that she should go with us to the evening service. She did go, but I am bound to confess that she decided on a loyal preference for the service to which she had been accustomed, and, like sensible people, we agreed to differ in our tastes.

"There's no clerk at your church, you know," said Polly, to whom a gap in the threefold ministry of clerk, reader, and preacher, symbolized by the "three-decker" pulpit, was ill-atoned for by the chanting of the choir.

In quite a different way, I was as much impressed by the sermons at the new church as I had been by that which cost me a tooth.

One sermon especially, upon the duties of visiting the sick and imprisoned, feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked, made an impression on me that years did not efface. I made the most earnest resolutions to be active in deeds of kindness "when I was a man," and, not being troubled by considerations of political economy, I began my charitable career by dividing what pocket money I had in hand amongst the street-sweepers and mendicants nearest to our square.

I soon converted Polly to my way of thinking; and we put up a money-box in the nursery, in imitation of the alms-box in church. I am ashamed to confess that I was guilty of the meanness of changing a sixpence which I had dedicated to our "charity-box" into twelve half-pence, that I might have the satisfaction of making a dozen distinct contributions to the fund.

But, despite all its follies, vanities, and imperfections (and what human efforts for good are not stained with folly, vanity, and imperfection?), our benevolence was not without sincerity or self-denial, and brought its own invariable reward of increased willingness to do more; according to the deep wisdom of the poet—

"In doing is this knowledge won :
To see what yet remains undone."

We really did forego many a toy and treat to add to our charitable store; and I began then a habit of taxing what money I possessed, by

taking off a fixed proportion for "charity," which I have never discontinued, and to the advantages of which I can most heartily testify. When a self-indulgent civilization goads all classes to live beyond their incomes, and tempts them not to include the duty of almsgiving in the expenditure of those incomes, it is well to remove a due proportion of what one has beyond the reach of the ever-growing monster of extravagance; and, being decided upon in an unbiassed and calm moment, it is the less likely to be too much for one's domestic claims, or too little for one's religious duty. It frees one for ever from that grudging and often comical spasm of meanness which attacks so many even wealthy people when they are asked to give, because among all the large "expenses" to which their goods are willingly made liable the expense of giving alms of those goods has never been fairly counted as an item not less needful, not less imperative, not less to be felt as a deduction from the remainder, not less lifelong and daily, than the expenses of rent, and dress, and dinner-parties.

It in no way affected the principle of our charity (though such a confusion is sometimes made), that the objects of it were on more than one occasion most unworthy.

"Oh, Regie, dear!" Polly cried one day, rushing up to me as she returned from a walk (I had a cold, and was in the nursery), "there is such a poor, poor man at the corner of —— Street. I do think we ought to give him all that's left in the box. He's quite blind, and he reads out of a book with such queer letters. It's one of the Gospels, he says; so he must be very good, for he reads it all day long. And he can't have any home, for he sits in the street. And he's got a ticket on his back to say 'Blind,' and 'Taught at the Blind School.' And as I passed he was reading quite loud. And I heard him say, 'Now Barabbas was a robber.' Oh, he is such a poor man! And you know, Regie, he *must* be good, for *we* don't sit reading our Bibles all day long."

I at once gave my consent to the box being emptied in favour of this very poor and very pious man; and at the first opportunity Polly took the money to her *protégé*.

"He was so pleased!" she reported on her return. "He seemed quite surprised to get so much. And he said 'God bless you, miss.' I wish you'd been there Regie. I said, 'It's not all from me.' He was so pleased!"

"How did he know you were a *miss*, I wonder?" said I.

"I suppose it was my voice," said Polly, after a pause.

As soon as I could get out, I went to see the blind man. As I drew near he was—as Polly told me—reading aloud. The regularity and rapidity with which his fingers ran over line after line, as if he were rubbing out something on a slate, were most striking; and as I stood beside him I distinctly heard him read the verse "Now Barabbas was a robber." It was a startling coincidence to find him still reading the words which Polly overheard, especially as they were not in any way remarkably adapted for the subject of a prolonged meditation.

Much living alone with grown-up people had I think helped towards my acquiring a habit I had of "brown studying," turning things over, brewing them, so to speak, in my mind. I stood pondering the peculiarities of the object of our charity for some moments, during which he was elaborately occupied in turning over a leaf of his book. Presently I said—

"What makes you say it out loud when you read?"

He turned his head towards me, blinking and rolling his eyes, and replied in impressive tones—

"It's the pleasure I takes in it, sir."

Now as he blinked I watched his eyes with mingled terror, pity, and curiosity. At this moment a stout and charitable-looking old gentleman was passing, between whom and my blind friend I was standing. And as he passed he threw the blind man some coppers. But in the moment before he did so, and when there seemed a possibility of his passing without what I suspect was a customary dole, such a sharp expression came into the scarcely visible pupils of the blind man's half-shut eyes, that (never suspecting that his blindness was feigned, but for the moment convinced that he had seen the old gentleman) I exclaimed, without thinking of the absurdity of my inquiry—

"Was it at the Blind School you learnt to see so well with your blind eyes?"

The "very poor man" gave me a most unpleasant glance out of his "sightless orbs," and taking up his stool, and muttering something about its being time to go home, he departed.

Some time afterwards I learnt what led me to believe that he had the best possible reason for being able to "see so well with his blind eyes." He was not blind at all.

CHAPTER VIII.

VISITING THE SICK.

I HAD been quite prepared to find Polly a willing convert to my charitable schemes, but I had not expected to find in Cousin Helen so strong an ally as she proved. But our ideas were no novelty to her, as we soon discovered. In truth, at nine years old, she was a bit of an enthusiast. She read with avidity religious biographies furnished by Miss Blomfield. She was delicate in health, but reticent and resolute in character. She was ready for any amount of self-sacrifice. She contributed liberally to our box; and I fancy that she and Polly continued it after I had gone back to Dacrefield.

My new ideas were not laid aside on my return home. To the best of my ability I had given Nurse Bundle an epitome of the sermon on almsdeeds which had so taken my fancy, and I have reason to believe that she was very proud of my precocious benevolence. Whilst the subject was under discussion betwixt us, she related many anecdotes of the good deeds of the "young gentlemen and ladies" in a certain clergyman's family where she had lived as nursemaid in her younger days; and my imagination was fired by dreams of soup-cans, coal clubs, linsey petticoats comforting the rheumatic limbs of aged women, opportune blankets in winter, Sunday-school classes, &c. &c.

"My dear!" said Nurse Bundle, almost with tears in her eyes "you're for all the world your dear mamma over again. Keep them notions, my dear, when you're a grown gentleman, and there'll be a blessing on all you do. For in all reason it's you that'll have to look to your pa's property and tenants some time."

My father, though not himself an adept in the details of what is commonly called "parish work," was both liberal and kind-hearted. He liked my knowing the names of his tenants, and taking an interest in their families. He was well pleased to respond by substantial help when Nurse Bundle and I pleaded for this sick woman or that unshod child, as my mother had pleaded in old days. As for Nurse Bundle, she had a code of virtues for "young ladies and gentlemen," as such, and charity to the poor was among them. Though I confess that I think she regarded it more in the light of a grace adorning a certain station, than as a duty incumbent upon all men.

So I came to know most of the villagers; and being a quaint child, with a lively and amusing curiosity, which some little refinement and good-breeding stayed from degenerating into impertinence, I was, I believe, very popular.

One afternoon, during the spring that followed our return from London, I had strolled out with Rubens, and was bowling my hoop towards one of the lodges, when a poor woman passed by on the drive (which was a public road through the park), her apron to her face, weeping bitterly. I stopped her, and asked what was the matter, and finally made out that she had been to some sale at a farmhouse near, where a certain large blanket had "gone for" five shillings. That she had scraped five shillings together, and had intended to bid for it, but had (with eminent stupidity) managed just to be out of the way when the blanket was sold; and it had gone for the very sum she could have afforded, to another woman who would only part with it for six and sixpence—eighteenpence more than the price she had given for it.

The poor woman wept, and said she had had hard work to "raise" the five shillings, and could not possibly find one and sixpence more. And yet she did want the blanket badly, for she had a boy sick in bed, and his throat was so bad—he suffered a deal from the cold, and there wasn't a decent "rag of a blanket" in her house. I did not quite follow her long story, but I gathered that one and sixpence would put an end to her troubles, and at once offered to fetch her the money.

"Where do you live?" I asked.

"The white cottage just beyond the gate, love," she answered.

"I will bring you the money," said I. For to say the truth I was rather pompous and important about my charitable deeds, and did not dislike playing the part of Sir Bountiful in the cottages. In this case, too, it was a kindness not to take the woman back to the hall, for she had left the sick child alone; and when I arrived at the cottage with the money he complained bitterly at the idea of her leaving him again to get the blanket.

"Let me go a minute, love, and I'll fetch Mrs. Taylor to sit with thee till I get the blanket."

"I don't want a blanket," fretted the child; "I be too hot as 'tis. I don't want to be 'lone."

"If you'll only be a minute, I'll stop with him," said I; and there

was some kindness in the offer, for I was really afraid of the boy with his heavy angry eyes and fever petulance. The woman gladly accepted it, and hurried off, despite the child's angry tears, who refused to see in "the young gentleman's" condescension the honour which his mother pointed out. No doubt she only meant to be "a minute," and Mrs. Taylor's dwelling was, to my knowledge, near; but I suppose she had to tell, and her friend to hear, the whole history of the sale, her disappointment and subsequent relief, as a preliminary measure. After which it is probable that Mrs. Taylor had to look at her pie in the oven, or attend to some similar and pressing domestic duty before she could leave her house; and so it was nearly half an hour before they came to my relief. And all this time the sick boy tossed and moaned, and cried for water. I gave him some from a mug on the table, not so much from any precocious gift for sick nursing (for I was simply "frightened out of my wits"), but because the imperative tone of his demand forced me involuntarily into doing what he wanted. He grumbled, when between us we spilt the water on his clothes, and then, soothed for a few seconds, he lay down, till the fever, like a possessing demon, tossed him about once more, and his throat became parched as ever, and again he moaned for "a drink," and we repeated the process. This time the mug was emptied, and when he called a third time I could only say, "The mug's empty."

"There's a pot behind the door," he muttered, impatiently; "look sharp!"

Now food, and drink, and all other necessities of life came to me without effort of seeking, and I was as little accustomed as any other rich man's son to forage for supplies; but on this occasion circumstances forced out of me a helpfulness which necessity early teaches to the poor. I became dimly cognizant of the fact that water does not spring spontaneously in carafes, nor take a delicate colour and flavour in toast and water jugs of itself. I found the water-pot, replenished the mug, and went back to my patient. By the time his mother returned I had become quite clever in checking the spasmodic clutches which spilt the cold water into his neck.

From what Mrs. Taylor said to her friend, it was evident that she disapproved in some way of my presence, and the boy's mother replied to her whispered remonstrances, "I was *that* put out, I never thought;" which I have no doubt was strictly true. As I

afterwards learnt she got the blanket, and never ceased to laud my generosity.

I was rather proud of it myself, and it was not without complacency that I recounted to Nurse Bundle my first essay in "visiting the sick."

But complacency was the last feeling my narrative awoke in Mrs Bundle's mind. She was alarmed out of all presence of mind; and her indignation with the woman who had requited my kindness by allowing me to go into a house infected with fever knew no bounds. She had no pity to spare for her when the news reached us that the child was dead.

Nothing farther came of it for some time. Days passed, and it was almost forgotten, only I became decidedly ill-tempered. A captious irritability possessed me, alternating with fits of unaccountable fatigue. At that time I was always either tired or cross, and sometimes both. I must have made Nurse Bundle very uncomfortable. I was so little happy, for my own share, that when after a day's headache I was put to bed as an invalid, it was a delicious relief to be acknowledged to be ill, to throw off clothes and occupation, and shut my eyes and be nursed.

This happiness lasted for about half an hour. Then I began to shiver, and, through no lack of blankets, my teeth were soon chattering and the bed shaking under me, as it had been with the village boy. But when this was succeeded by burning heat, and intolerable, consuming restlessness, I would have been glad to shiver again. And then my mind wandered with a restlessness more intolerable than the tossing of my body; and all boundaries of time, and place, and person became confused and indefinitely extended, and hot hours were like ages, and I thought I was that other boy, and that myself would not wait upon him; and the only sensible words I spoke were cries for drink; and so the fever got me fairly into its clutches.

(To be continued.)



SCENES AND SKETCHES FROM THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

THIRD EVENING.

DUKE Albert having received his dismissal hastened his departure from the army as much as possible, and towards the beginning of October he set out from Memmingen. One's usual idea of travellers in those ages is that of horsemen in long cloaks and plumed hats, with relays of horses at every stage to further their progress; and it is rather a destruction to one's notions to find that the grandees of that period were in the habit of travelling in huge lumbering coaches, drawn by an infinite number of horses, and progressing at the probable rate of three miles an hour when the road was flat. Such doubtless was Wallenstein's conveyance, and as to the King of Sweden he generally slept in his coach after a battle and held councils of war in it at day-break.

SCENE VII.

In the evening of the 7th of October the Duke of Friedland and Mecklenburg entered his splendid palace of Gitchin. Taxis, his agent, stood at the portal to receive him, but Albert walked quickly through the sumptuous apartments, hardly noticing the array of attendants who stood around. He only slightly acknowledged their obeisances and made a sign to Taxis to follow him to his private apartments.

"You have fulfilled my instructions well, Taxis," he said. "I shall feel in Paradise after the incessant noise and commotion of Memmingen."

"Your Highness has no commands before supper?"

"No, Taxis, none. Yes, there is one thing. I observed one of my household wearing those preposterously long jingling spurs with bells to the rowels. Have the goodness to take care that no one wears them in my presence; the noise they make is intolerable to me."

"I will take care," said Taxis, "that there shall be no noise to disturb your Excellency."

One of the gentlemen in waiting accompanied by two of the pages presently announced to the Duke that the evening meal was ready,

and with all the pomp and circumstance of royalty he took his seat at the magnificent board, surrounded by a great number of guests who had accompanied him to Gitchin, besides members of his own household. Behind his chair stood four of the above-mentioned pages, who served him on the knee.

The meal was a silent one. Friedland remained for the most part in deep abstraction or spoke in a low tone to the Duke of Eggenberg, who sat next to him. As soon as it was over he returned to his own apartment and was seen no more that night. After the other guests had retired Eggenberg and Taxis remained for some time discussing the singular character of their grave and gloomy host.

"It was he himself," said Taxis, "who prescribed this elaborate ceremonial to the minutest details; he seems to love this pomp, and yet when he has seen that his orders are carried out, he becomes perfectly indifferent to it all; but there are no details of business, there is no minute concern of his vast estates, with which he is not as conversant as I am myself. When he was expecting Mansfeld's attack he was writing to me about a heretic widow on this very estate, ordering that her religion should be tolerated. He knows every one and everything connected with his property."

"His extreme aversion to any noise is singular," said Eggenberg.

"Great geniuses require silence and repose wherein to work out their plans, I presume," said Taxis. "He has ordered that twelve patrols shall make their circuits continually to keep off any sound."

"And how many of those little fellows does he maintain?" asked Eggenberg, as two of the pages, handsome boys of twelve and fourteen, glided noiselessly across the room, as if afraid that their mighty master would hear their light footsteps.

"Sixty. It is the best possible training for the boys; he takes the greatest care of their education and they learn lessons of obedience and self-control, for they are required to be perfectly silent in his presence and to be ready to execute any command they may receive,—rules which apply equally to the gentlemen and knights who are constantly in his presence."

"All his arrangements are indeed those of a sovereign prince; but I cannot think that he will remain here long."

"Why so?" said Taxis.

"Look around you. The King of Sweden is in Germany; the

enforcing of this Edict of Restitution will drive every Protestant to his standard; the wits of Vienna call him indeed a king of snow, who will melt on approaching the south; but—but——”

“Yet,” said Taxis, “I hear that none have joined the King as yet; even his own brother-in-law, the Elector of Brandenburg, holds back, and as for his Highness of Saxony, no one, except perhaps my master through the medium of Arnheim, can tell what course he will pursue.”

“And meanwhile Count Tilly is marching on Magdeburg to punish its former contumacy. Well, we shall see.”

And they separated for the night.

And here, for the present, will we leave Albert of Friedland in this gorgeous retirement, surrounded by all the magnificence of a sovereign prince, with nobles for his attendants, provinces for his estates, and manglers of marble for the horses which he counted by hundreds.

The Swedes were pressing onwards; fortress after fortress had fallen into their hands. Mecklenburg was restored to its ancient possessors, who now rode by Gustavus's side, and Germany was surprised by the spectacle of an army which, unlike the Imperialists, preserved perfect order and discipline, and committed no outrages. But still the electors held aloof, and although they did not directly oppose Gustavus's march neither would they make any advances towards him, and even left him in doubt whether they were hostile or not. The King had now, after desperate fighting, wrested Frankfort on the Oder, and Landsberg, from the Imperialists, and he was anxious to make his way to Magdeburg, and raise the siege, when he was entirely baffled in his intention by the cowardice of his brother-in-law, and the wavering policy of the Elector of Saxony. The estates of the former, George William of Brandenburg, lay exactly in his route, and after much useless negotiation, Gustavus was determined to try stronger measures.

SCENE VIII.

“General Horne is returned, Sire,” was the announcement that was made one morning to Gustavus, who was writing in his tent.

“Let him come in directly,” was the reply, and dusty with riding, that officer made his appearance.

“Well, Gustaf,” said the King, as soon as the other entered, “what is your report?”

"I am afraid I cannot bring your Majesty a more decided answer. All I can obtain from his Electoral Highness is, that he can make no engagements without the full concurrence of the Elector of Saxony."

"Is that all? Did you see my brother-in-law?"

"Yes, Sire; and I repeated to him your Majesty's demand for Spandau and Custrin, distinctly explaining that they would be surrendered as soon as Magdeburg was relieved."

Gustavus paced impatiently up and down his tent, vexation strongly depicted in his countenance, then paused abruptly:

"Very well, Gustaf. I shall wish you to be in readiness with the advanced guard to march upon Berlin to-morrow morning at daybreak. I shall send a detachment of Scotch with you. I will not detain you now. Let Colonel Hepburn be told that I wish to see him in an hour or two."

Horne bowed, and withdrew.

At the time prescribed, a good-looking officer, about two or three and thirty, exceedingly well "got up," and with an attractive soldier-like aspect, presented himself to the King. It was Colonel Sir John Hepburn, the commander of the Scottish Brigade, said to be the finest troops in the Swedish army.

"Colonel Hepburn," said the King, "I march upon Berlin to-morrow morning at daybreak, and I wish you to lead two of your companies with Horne in advance."

"They shall be ready, Sire," was the Scotchman's prompt reply.

"Are there any couriers from Magdeburg, to-day?"

"I think not, Sire; only a few peasants from the neighbourhood report that Tilly is said to be violently exasperated against the city on account of its resistance."

"Ah," responded Gustavus, half to himself. "I knew my gallant Falkenberg would do his duty. But I can afford no more delay."

Early the next morning the whole army began its march. George William saw that his brother-in-law was bent on some decisive step, and terrified now for his own dominions, he sent off a messenger post haste to Gustavus to ask for a private conference.

"He has come to his senses at last," observed the King, with a smile, and, pressing forward with his troops, he met the Elector in a small wood near Berlin. Gustavus met the shy, embarrassed greeting of his kinsman with his usual frank cordiality, and plunged at once

into the subject on hand. But he talked to George William in vain; the Elector was in a mortal state of terror lest he should compromise himself with either party; in short, he was in a most pitiable state of confusion and distress of mind, till the King, weary of wasting words, suddenly rose, and closed the conference by preparing to take his departure.

George William, who already saw in imagination this alarming and impetuous relative master of Berlin, started up also, and entreated for another half hour for further consideration.

"Sir," said the King, good-naturedly, "I compassionate the perplexity you labour under; but I call my cousin Albert of Mecklenburg to witness that I take this apparently strange step for the preservation of unhappy Magdeburg and of the reformed religion. It is not a question of my own interests, and let me tell you both that upon the preservation of Magdeburg depends your own safety."

As he said these words, a small hand was laid gently on his arm, and a well-known voice said, "My royal brother."

He started, turned round, and to his surprise saw the Electress, whose animated countenance was turned most imploringly towards him. His stern manner relaxed instantly, he kissed her hand, and said, "Madam, you are come, I trust, to support my arguments with the Elector, your husband."

"That depends on whether your Majesty's terms are very exorbitant," said the Electress.

"They are, I think, what even you, Princess, must think most reasonable and indispensable."

"I believe I know your Majesty's conditions already," said the Electress, "and I confess I am on your Majesty's side of the question. My Lord," she continued, turning to her husband and assuming a playful tone of command, "you are not in a condition to refuse; you must surrender the fortresses."

Her Highness had now taken the matter entirely into her own hands, and her decided manner confirmed her husband's wavering resolution. Gustavus on his part was willing to modify his terms for the sake of his fair opponent, whom he congratulated on her spirit and heroism.

"And we will permit our royal brother-in-law to escort us to Berlin with his musketeers," added the Electress, as Gustavus took her hand to lead her to her horse, "now that he is satisfied."

The King answered, laughing, "It was well that your Highness took the affair into your own hands, for had it been decided differently, I should have felt myself compelled to have sent the Elector to pass a summer in the cooler regions of Sweden."

The Electress shook her head at the King reproachfully, for there was a certain look in his Majesty's eye notwithstanding its good-humoured expression, which convinced her that he would certainly have been as good as his word.

"We have gained some ground, Oxenstiern," said the King to his favourite minister that evening, after the festivities were concluded with which his brother-in-law had celebrated his visit to Berlin, and at the close of which that prince had been conveyed in an intoxicated state to his apartment. "But now there is the Elector of Saxony to be brought to reason. Axel, was there ever such tedious work as this, and for so impatient a person as myself?"

"And I fear your Majesty will find the Elector of Saxony by far the most impracticable of the two."

"If I can get a personal interview with him I shall soon overcome his scruples. How extraordinary it is that these men will not see that what I propose is solely for their advantage!"

Oxenstiern was silent.

"Speak, Axel; do you not agree with me?"

"Yes, Sire, but I suspect the Elector will not hear of an interview."

"Nor agree to any one of my proposals?"

"I doubt it, Sire," replied Oxenstiern, in the same cool composed manner.

"Then Magdeburg is lost, and my honour with her!" said Gustavus, who had been waxing warmer and warmer, and now began walking up and down the room.

"When Count Tilly is in Magdeburg, John George will come to his senses," returned the chancellor.

"Upon my word, Axel, you are intolerable with your coolness! I should like to know what would become of my affairs," said the King, reseating himself and preparing to write, "if somewhat of my heat was not mingled with your phlegm."

"Nay, Sire," replied Oxenstiern, "your affairs would prosper but ill, I fear, if your Majesty's warmth were not occasionally tempered by my coolness."

The King laughed heartily. "But come, what shall we say to the Elector? Request an interview, or, if that is impossible, permission at least to pass through his states to reach this unfortunate town? Can any request be more modest than that?"

Oxenstiern approved every word, but alas the autograph letter had no mollifying effect on the beer-sodden intellect of the Elector of Saxony, who drank *schnapps*, hunted wild boars, talked loudly of his engagements to the Emperor, and calmly saw Tilly within little more than a day's march of his capital.

SCENE IX.

Close to the banks of the noble Elbe, on a broad grassy plain near the little town of Werben, Gustavus Adolphus had fixed his camp while waiting for the decisive answer of John George. It was a position of great strength, and the works were thrown up with extraordinary rapidity, for like the old Roman legions the Swedish troops were as ready at handling the spade as the pike. In the centre was a large area in which was stationed the King's tent, while those of the officers stood in a circle round it.

It was the evening of the 11th of May, and Colonel Hepburn and Colonel Axel Lilly were walking up and down near one of the outposts, when a soldier belonging to a brigade of the former came up and said that a person who had just arrived at the camp wished to see one of the commanding officers.

Hepburn went instantly. "Do you know where the stranger comes from, Malcolm?" he said to the man.

"From Magdeburg, Colonel, I believe."

This announcement caused Hepburn to hurry forward, and his awakened anxiety was not lessened by the appearance of the newcomer. He looked as if he had neither slept nor eaten for days and nights; his face was deadly pale, and when he began to speak his voice was tremulous with emotion.

"I believe I address Sir John Hepburn?" were his first words.

"You do, sir," was the Colonel's reply, "and I understand you bring us tidings from Magdeburg."

"I am Stalman, the Swedish resident there, and I come from what was once Magdeburg. Can you take me to his Majesty?"

"What," said Hepburn, "is Magdeburg taken?"

"Magdeburg is taken by storm, and the flames are even now consuming it."

"St. Andrew! what a misfortune! And Falkenberg?"

"Fell as a soldier ought,—foremost in defending the breach. But you will hear the details, Colonel, if you will take me to his Majesty."

Hepburn instantly led the way, and hastily breaking into the King's tent, exclaimed, "Sire, there are important news from Magdeburg; the bearer entreats permission to speak with your Majesty instantly."

Gustavus was struck with Hepburn's hurried manner and his exceedingly abrupt entrance; but the word "Magdeburg" sent a chill through his heart, and he replied, "Send him here at once."

He had hardly uttered the words when Stalman entered, kissed Gustavus's hand, and said "Sire, Magdeburg is no more."

"Taken!" exclaimed the King. "How? When? Was there great slaughter?"

"Sire," said Stalman, "even from here you may discern the ruddy glow of the flames that consume Magdeburg; but your Majesty can form no conception of the horrors that have taken place in that devoted city. The Croats and Walloons have behaved like demons rather than men, sparing neither sex nor age, murdering even mothers with their infants."

"Good God, how horrible!" exclaimed the King.

"The garrison behaved admirably. Colonel Falkenberg fell at the first assault. The Prince Administrator was dangerously wounded, but Count Pappenheim with great difficulty rescued him from the hands of the infuriated Walloons."

"And did neither Pappenheim nor Tilly make any attempt to stop these atrocities?"

"I am told, Sire, that representations were made to Count Tilly to that effect, but the General only answered, 'Return in an hour, and I shall consider of it; the soldier must have some reward for his toil.' Not a stone of Magdeburg will be left remaining, and very few of the inhabitants, I fear, will survive the massacre."

Poor Stalman seemed to have difficulty in recapitulating the horrors he had witnessed, and their recital cut the King to the heart.

"I will be revenged on the Old Corporal" (so he always called Tilly) "for this massacre, though it should cost me my life," he exclaimed. Then observing Stalman's condition, he said kindly, "Go, Stalman, and get

some rest and refreshment. You must require it after the scenes you have gone through. Colonel, you will take care of him, and, Stalman, I will see you again later."

Stalman willingly submitted to the King's orders, and Gustavus remained for many hours pondering sadly over the intelligence, which, though he had dreaded receiving it every day, now seemed to burst upon him like a thunder-cloud. Later in the day Stalman was admitted to another interview, in which he described more fully the particulars of the night attack, which was led by Pappenheim, and gave great praise to the gallantry of Falkenberg and his Swedish troops.

It was now absolutely necessary that Gustavus should take some measures to prove his own utter helplessness to avert the destruction of this noble and important city, and he spent the following night in composing the celebrated manifesto, in which he fully cleared himself in the sight of Europe, which as he foresaw was ready to impute to his tardiness the fall of Magdeburg. In this justification he was of course compelled to expose the cowardice and apathy of his brother-in-law and of John George.

But though Gustavus's representations had failed to bring the latter prince to his senses, the conduct of the Imperial court now accomplished this difficult feat. Elated with a victory which was an indelible disgrace, the Austrian cabinet sent word to Tilly that he was to march into Saxony, and there issue his commands to John George to carry the Edict of Restitution into effect, to disband his army, and to admit the Imperialists into his dominions. The Elector, indignant at this tyranny from a court for which he had long ago sacrificed personal interest and even honour itself, refused to submit, and Tilly prepared to enforce the orders of his employers by ravaging and laying waste the Electoral dominions.

First of all, however, Tilly was resolved to make an attempt on the intrenched camp of Werben, and he laid siege to it in due form; but he was before long obliged to yield to the conviction that it was wholly impregnable. He continued to persevere, however, for some time, and meanwhile desperate encounters and skirmishes took place every day, both parties showing great bravery. But after a time Tilly thought it as well to abstain from knocking his head against the earthen walls of Werben; and following his instructions, he led his troops into Saxony,

laying waste the country by fire and sword. These proceedings determined John George at length to have recourse to active measures, for Tilly was advancing on Leipsic, and the unfortunate Elector was far too weak to retain this flourishing city, for which he already presaged the fate of Magdeburg.

Accordingly he sent off his minister, Arnheim, with all the speed that man and horse could make, to entreat humbly the aid of the Swedish king. It was with some trembling and anxiety that Arnheim requested an audience, and the coldness with which Gustavus received him did not tend to reassure him.

The king listened gravely to Arnheim's story, and then replied, "You are aware that I predicted long ago to your master all that has occurred; if his Highness the Elector had lent a favourable ear to my representations, Magdeburg would neither have been taken nor Saxony been in danger."

Arnheim could not dispute this, but he endeavoured to work on Gustavus's good-nature by representing in eloquent terms the distresses of his master and of his unhappy country, to which Gustavus replied by expressions of sympathy and regret, and at length relented so far as to say, that though he had intended employing his army in the service of his brother-in-law, the Elector of Brandenburg, he was willing on certain conditions to forget the Elector of Saxony's conduct towards himself and to assist him as far as lay in his power. The king then named his conditions, which were exceedingly severe, but certainly not more so than John George deserved.

The chief articles were that Wittemburg should be ceded to him as a residence, that the Elector should furnish the Swedish troops with three months' pay, that he should produce the traitors of the Austrian faction who had given him bad advice, and that he should sign an offensive and defensive treaty with Gustavus.

These terms, such as they were, were eagerly grasped by Arnheim, and thankfully acceded to by his master. John George told Gustavus that he might have not only Wittemburg, but all Saxony, if he wished it, that he himself and his eldest son would reside in the Swedish camp, and that all the traitors should be punished in the most exemplary manner, while he showered upon the king every protestation of gratitude and affection.

Gustavus, perceiving that the Elector was now in earnest, changed

his tone and relaxed his conditions. He told Arnheim that he should be contented with a subsidy for one month, and he overlooked altogether the third condition, truly suspecting that Arnheim himself was at the head of the traitors therein specified.

Everything was satisfactorily arranged in the meeting that took place between the King and the Elector at Wittemburg, and in a very few days the combined armies were marching on Leipsic, of which the Imperialists had already begun the siege.

ROCHESTER. Well, I must say you make a very attentive audience.

OTHO. You give us too little at a time. I hope we shall have some jolly battles soon.

HENRIK. I suppose you don't mean to give us any of the early biography of Gustavus?

ROCHESTER. No; for the same reason that I only take up Wallenstein's history at the point where it bisects the Thirty Years' War; otherwise I might have found materials to work upon in some of the incidents of Gustavus's youth; in his loves with the beautiful Countess Ebba Brahe, for instance.

HILDA. Gustavus the hero of a love story! Tell it now, Rochie.

ROCHESTER. Henrik will, I dare say; he probably knows it better than I.

HENRIK. There is not a great deal to tell. Soon after his accession to the throne, Gustavus fell desperately in love with the Countess Ebba Brahe, a very beautiful girl belonging to one of the noblest families in Sweden. He was perpetually by her side, and is said to have spent many a summer's evening walking with her in the woods of Sala, not very far from Stockholm—at least so tradition says. He proposed for her hand, and as Ebba was deeply in love with him, he was naturally accepted. However, the queen-mother was most violently opposed to the match. She entreated him not to contract what she considered a *mésalliance*, and Gustavus was at last persuaded to wait. It is said that she found some pretext for sending him abroad for a time, and meanwhile effectually prevented the marriage by making Ebba marry a nobleman of the court, called Jacques de la Gardie. Some accounts say that she generously persuaded Gustavus to give her up of his own free will.

OTHO. Oh! but we won't believe that version of it.

HILDA. And poor Ebba died of a broken heart, I suppose? ¹

HENRICK. Oh, no! she lived happily with her husband, I believe. And Gustavus, too, recovered from his ill-fated love, for he was very much attached to Eleanor, his Queen, though it is said that he always looked back with a tender recollection to this period of his life. The love of Gustavus Adolphus and Ebba Brahe became a favourite subject of Swedish ballads.

ROLLO. What was that odd name our Gustavus gave Tilly?

ROCHESTER. He called him "the Old Corporal." Wallenstein, he called "the Madman:" Pappenheim, "the Soldier," *par excellence*, on account of his fiery dashing courage.

OTHO. You will give us the battle of Leipsic in your next?

ROCHESTER. Yes; I must try my hand at describing a battle; and meanwhile it is time to go down to the drawing-room.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

From the German.



AM the Angel chosen by the Lord
The cords of life to loosen at a word;
His will goes forth, and swiftly must I fly
To bid the warm heart in cold ashes lie.

Softly I move, but with a speechless fear
Men shudder when my rustling wings draw near:
Unseen I near them, breathing peace to all,
I let my cold sweet kiss upon them fall.

Oh, could ye see the brightness in mine eyes,
How joyfully to greet him would ye rise
Who comes, the messenger of God's dear love,
To bid all sadness from your hearts remove!

And it is I who, in the churchyards green,
Shadowing the sleepers with my wings, am seen,
And, turning on the graves my torch's light,
Herald the day with which my eyes are bright.

I bring you day, I bring you life eternal;
By me are open thrown the gates supernal
That to unfading pleasures lead you in,
Enfold from sorrow, and shut out from sin.

M. M. M.

THE CHILDREN OF COLLY-NA-BOGUE.

By the Author of "The Gipsies."

(Continued.)



WAS about fourteen then, and Gerald was thirteen, and I was by a long piece the finest boy of the two, and Biddy always said so, and Dermot too, and father thought so; but he loved Gerald always because he was like his poor dear Ellen; that's our darling mother that had not been long under the turf at Beveny; and he liked well that I should take to the farming and would ride his big horse, quite bold like, and he also was pleased that Gerald should be a scholar. And he was determined that all should have good educations, and not be useless idlers like so many sons of well-to-do farmers, but work truly for our living. And it might not have been so good to let us have much with that jolly Dermot, but who could resist him? Father could not! and besides he was so trusty, and knew the way to get everything out of the trampers and people he met about the country.

Father had to go to Dublin about a lease that he wanted to have, and Mr. Matthew the agent did not like leases, and Lord Rosedean would give them sometimes to good and improving tenants. And he was in Dublin, so father had to go. But we were not to say anything about it at school or anywhere. So he went. And I saddled "His Lordship," and father's carpet bag went in the cart with us to Baltry, and I was to ride "His Lordship" back; was not that great fun? For there was a railway ran through Baltry, that went by a long way up to Dublin.

Well, father kissed us all when we went in to school, and when we came out we found he was gone to Dublin. The master had been very unjust, and would give all the credit to Gerald, and I would not stand it, no, nor Gracie nor Ned either, for they were on my side always, and so we *did* give Gerald a fine time of it as we came home, I on the big horse as proud as a peacock, and the rest in the cart. And he stood it, and never said a word till we were a long way on the Ballycraskinagheen road, not far from the turning into the Colly-na-bogue lane, that all the world knows is not far from three English miles long, and then he thought, I daresay, that the old mare could count

every stone on the road she'd gone so many times, and he need not stay; so he jumps out and goes home over hedge and ditch. But he was not come home when the mare turned into the gate that opened on to the space that was half grass and half flower beds at Colly-na-bogue.

For though we lived mostly in the kitchen with Biddy and Growler and the rest, the farm home was a very good one; and there was a pretty parlour that mother had taken great delight in. But father could not bear it now, and he locked it and kept the key hung up over his bed head; and the shrubs and chrysanthemums and what not, had grown up over all that part of the garden before it, and mixed with the red Indian creepers and clematis that had got some leaves on, and almost hid the window, which was glass all down to the bottom and used to open on the garden. But now it was locked inside and a shutter put up. And close to it was the stair that Gerald used to go up into the barn by, only just the other side of the railings, that were broken in places, being rotten with the wet.

Gracie was leaning out of the cart all she could to try and see Dermot and call to him, for she had bought some yarn with a six-penny bit she had got for a reward, and who but Dermot could show her that clever stitch with the knitting pins that she wanted to know? For he was a great hand at the knitting was Dermot, and at everything else besides.

"But he isn't there!" Gracie said, and she almost cried; because she could not see him, and Ned nearly tumbled her out of the cart, for he'd got a merry-thought bone that one of the children at school had given him, and he wanted Dermot to make him a skip-jack. Dermot, you see, was so clever entirely.

But Dermot did not come home till eight o'clock or more, and Gracie had asked Biddy to let her sit up to see him, but she fell asleep with her head on Biddy's knee, he was so late. And D'Arcy had rolled himself into his cot, and baby was rocking in the cradle, and Ned's head was nodding, and I watched the funny shadows it made on the wall, till I began to think how nice it was to gallop on "His Lordship," and then I began to think I *was* galloping, and I believe I was nearly asleep, when there was a row at the door, and who should come in but Dermot.

Oh, but he did make fun! and we all woke up and he danced a jig

in the middle of the floor, and then he took up Ned and put him on his shoulder and danced it again, and Biddy laughed and Gracie laughed, and oh, it was such fun! He could not stay, for three of the cows were missing and he had heard they had wandered to the other side of the bog, but he'd soon come back, he said, for Thady the thatcher was gone to his sister's wedding at Ballycraskinagheen, and the two shepherds slept so sound. But the country was quiet and we should all be safe as if father was at home.

So he went out, and we all went to bed, and we heard Biddy crooning over baby in the next room to ours, and Gracie snoring a little snore like as if they were playing music together, in the room near.

It was a pretty dark night, but the moon gave a little light now and then, and I could see all over the room. And Gerald with his white face on the pillow looked fast asleep; and little D'Arcy was rolled up like a ball in his cot, and Ned beside him. I don't know why I wasn't asleep too, but it was the laughter, I suppose, at Dermot's fun, which was big enough to make us all wild.

I felt a sort of frightened that night, I don't know why, and I spoke to Gerald, for I was a little sorry that we had been so hard on him, Gracie and Ned and I, and I'd have liked to say a friendly word or two before I went to sleep. I had not felt easy when I said my prayers, especially "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," and I began to think that Gerald had not trespassed against us, but we against him, poor lad!

However, he seemed fast asleep and did not answer. I think I was pretty near asleep too, when a little noise in the room roused me, and I saw Gerald standing up in the moonlight on the floor, and I saw he was dressed.

"Gerald!" I said.

"Whisper, Cathbar!" he said; and he came up to my cot, and he said, "don't be frightened, Cathbar, but wake up and be a man; we have got something to do."

"Frightened! I'm not like to be frightened. I'd like to see the fellow would say I was a coward!"

"This is not the time to be cross and angry," Gerald said. "There's men coming this night to get firearms; and I don't mean to let them if you and Ned and Gracie will be brave and listen to what I say."

But jump up and dress, quite quiet like, and I'll tell you all about it."

I did jump up, I believe you! and I said, "There's no firearms that I see—father took his gun to the gunsmith's at Ballycraskinagheen. He said it is not safe to have arms in the house."

"Yes, but he had them under them bushes and things in the old barn, and powder and shot too. And he told them that's told it to others, and they're coming this night when the moon's down and we fast asleep."

"What's to be done?"

We must wake up Ned, and Gracie too, for we must not let father's property be taken, and besides, they may shoot father, and will certainly try to shoot somebody if they get the guns; they're six of the guns, and kegs of powder too, and shot."

Gerald woke up Ned. And he said it was our duty to our father and our country to balk these Fenians. And Ned thought it fun. And Gerald had got the key of the old parlour out of father's bedroom, and before we went down-stairs we woke Gracie and she slept in a little room off Biddy's.

We had work to keep Gracie quiet at first, but Gerald spoke out quite bold, and told her it was her duty to God and her father and her country to help. And at last we got her and Ned and Growler who was very fierce indeed, but was like a lamb with us children, out of the old parlour window, and they went through the deep lane where nobody would see them to Bodagh Mike's steading, and it was a good three miles off.

For, as ill luck would have it, Dermot was so anxious to be back at the farm, and to know that father's cattle were safe, that he had ridden "His Lordship" over the moor to see that they were all right, though Gerald told him father did not like any one to mount him but himself or me. I thought Gerald, being the younger, had no right to speak about it, so I told him so flat; and Dermot took "His Lordship," and Gerald went away to bed. Indeed he had not been in the kitchen since Dermot had come in. He had such a prejudice against Dermot!

But I found out what he had been doing. All the guns were taken out of the old barn, up a kind of hole that led from Gerald's little study-place down into the chamber below, that he had found out by chance. And he had hidden them in the shrubs and grass, and now

there was nothing to do but to carry them silently into the parlour, and shut the window and put up the shutter; for we had told Gracie and Ned to stay at the Bodagh's, but to make Bodagh Mike send for the police at the best horse's speed.

When all was safe, Gerald told me that as he came home after we had tormented him so, he had heard three men behind a hedge talking; and as he heard father's name and "Colly-na-bogue," he thought he'd a right to listen. And one said that father had told him that he kept his guns and powder and shot in the old barn under the bushes and things; father told him this that they might be used in case of an attack while he was absent. And father had forbid Thady the Thatcher to go to his sister's wedding. But he went just after father left, all the same, and would not come back that night; and the other two shepherds that slept in the cabins in the yard were *safe boys*, and would take care to be fast asleep. So these men agreed to come that night to the barn and take away all the arms and ammunition. And one of them was to go round and tell some others, and they were to come when the moon went down about one o'clock.

"It's a strong door," I said, "and they'll have some work to break it in."

"Perhaps some of 'em's got the key," returned Gerald. Certainly he did look queer when he said it, he did.

"No," said L. "I know who's got the key, and it's a safe man entirely."

For my spirit was quite up now, and I thought I would show that I knew my place as the elder brother. We determined to resist if these men came to the farm; but perhaps they'd go away when they could not find the arms in the barn. So we stopped up the chinks in the window-shutter with some clothes that were hung up before the chimney to dry. And we struck a light, and loaded all the guns; for we both knew how to manage fire-arms; father thought it best to teach us; and we sat down, after putting out the light, with candle and matches beside us, to see what would happen.

Oh, did not I wish to hear "His Lordship" coming up the lane! I said so over and over again. But Gerald would not say a word; and I could see how he was unjustly prejudiced against Dermot, who would have told us what to do, and would have given the last drop of his blood for father and us, so he would!

We heard Biddy snoring very loud now, we certainly thought it strange that the noise we made, little as it was, had not woke her. We found out afterwards that she kept the whisky bottle under her pillow, and took a drop to keep out the damp of the autumn night. When father knew of this he sent her away, though she said baby would die without her, because she knew how to manage the feeding bottle so well. But we had the wife of the new man that came instead of Thady for our housekeeper and nurse, and she had a baby of her own. And our baby was like another child to her, and she throve and became a real beauty.

So the whisky was the reason that Biddy slept so sound.

We were very silent, for we wanted to listen. Every moment I thought I heard "His Lordship's" hoofs at a distance, but it was only the wind sighing and moaning over the cotton-grass in the bog, and the huts in the moor. At last we took off our boots and stole up to our room, D'Arcy was still fast asleep, little rogue!

We peeped out of the window, but the moon was still up, though sinking, and everything was getting dark. The old barn, covered with ivy, looked grim and ancient, and like a building might do that was haunted, and a sort of dark shadow, fading off into pale moonlight, was over everything. At last a something shapeless and black moved over the field that was just reclaimed from the moor. Oh, my heart *did* beat then! But I felt glad that we had got Gracie and Ned out of the mess, at any rate.

We hurried down into the kitchen. All the back places were bolted and locked, and we could hasten with the guns to any place where we heard a noise, for we had left all the doors open inside the house.

But we could not rest, neither of us, quiet, and we crept up-stairs again to peep out of our window, for we could see the door of the barn from there, and the shadow had got nearer and larger.

It was a crowd of men that made that dark patch of shade. They came silently nearer, nearer, and at last they got to the door of the barn.

"They'll have a tough job to get in," whispered I, "for Dermot's got the key. I heard father say to him, 'Here's the key of the barn,' and he gave him a key." Startled I was, and astonished, to hear a grating noise, and to see the men, one by one, swallowed up, like, by the barn, till they were all out of sight.

But a stranger thing than that happened. For a red light, as if they had just lighted a torch, came from the doorway for a moment, and then everything was black darkness in that place, but we could see from the narrow slits of windows that there was light within.



"Somebody's shut-to the door," said Gerald.

There was a buzzing and a talking, angry and loud in the barn, and in about three minutes we heard a light tapping at the door of the

washhouse, so it seemed, at least, and a crying and sobbing. We went down, and we listened at the door, and we heard one saying,

"Let me in, it's Ned, it's only Ned," and then he sobbed again. We were afraid it was some one playing us a trick. But at last we thought it was Ned, and we opened the door, and sure it was he, and he came in and we shut the door and locked it.

"I've got the key," said he, "I've locked them all into the barn, they left the key outside, and I have them safe now! but I thought you would not let me in."

And then Ned told us that when he got a good bit from Colly-nabogue, and saw the way safe for Gracie—for who was to harm her, with Growler for a guard, I'd like to know?—he thought it was cowardly to go and be safe and we left to guard the house. So he told Gracie, and she cried and was frightened, but at last he persuaded her to go on with Growler, and he crept back by hedges and bushes, and he heard footsteps, and he hid himself and saw the men go into the barn; when the last had got in he thought what fun to have them in a trap, so he crept up to the door, all in the dark, and felt the key left in the door. So he shut the door silently and locked it. The lock being easy, for father had oiled the lock, and the key, too, only the day before he gave the key to—that was odd to be sure—to Dermot.

Ned cried because he thought he should not get into the house, or perhaps be shot. But now he was right enough, and we praised him for his courage and his clever idea about the door and the key; and then we thought what would happen next. We had not long to wait, for we heard a blessed hammering and thundering inside the barn, and we thought they'd burst open the door and come and attack the house, thinking father had hid the arms there. But how it was that they got the notion that the guns had been in the barn, I could not tell. However, they must have found out by this time that they were not there.

Not a gun should they have while we could fire them, that we were determined. Our great fear was that they would set alight the back buildings and ricks, and burn us all. So we agreed to try and wake up Biddy, and a fine job we had of that; and at last she wrapped herself up and got the baby in one arm and little D'Arcy in the other, and got down to the kitchen some way. But then when she was in the easy chair the whisky got over her again, and she fell fast

asleep, and was nigh letting the little ones roll on the floor. We put them into the cradle, for neither had awoke, and I verily think she had given each of them some of her favourite drink, they slept so soundly. Well, we went up again to the bedroom, where Gerald and I and the other boys slept, and we watched the old barn. The light was still burning within, and such a thumping and beating at the door! It could not be long, we thought, before they burst it open. But they had no hatchet, and the door was very strong indeed, and they could only use their fists and such pieces of wood as they found in the barn, so they were much longer than we thought.

It now grew very dark indeed. The moon was quite gone down, heavy clouds came over the sky, and the bleak chill wind was sighing and howling over the hill and the bog and the moor. We could not have seen the barn, hardly, but for the gleaming light through the narrow slits of windows.

Oh, how our hearts beat as we heard that thumping and thundering at the door! What, we asked each other, had become of Gracie? Had she got safe to the Bodagh's at Killeen? or had some of these villains methier and stopped her and—oh, but there was no fear, when she had Growler with her, the faithful old fellow!

Yet we were afraid for darling Gracie, and none more than Gerald, whom she and all of us had tormented so! We thought, now, that if she had got safely to Killeen the constabulary must have come from Ballycraskinagheen by this time. If she had not, there was no help for us, we must shoot the men as they came on, and try to save the place and the fire-arms all we could.

At last there was a great shout, and a big stream of light through the doorway, and big swearing and threats that we'd all be burnt to death if we didn't tell where the fire-arms were, and the crowd came round the angle of the court wall towards the back door. We ran down stairs to get our guns, and go to defend the back premises, when we heard shrieks and screams and a couple of shots fired, and a great rushing and scampering and shouting.

"Ned," said I, "go up to the bed-room and see what you can see. So he called down the stairs,

"There's men, other men, taking them that come out of the barn, and some are struggling; I see by the light from the barn—but the rest's all dark."

"I hope they have not set the barn on fire," said Gerald; "if they have, the house 'll stand but a poor chance. And I think it's the constabulary that's come, so don't fire, Cathbar, and I'll just go and look after the barn."

He was a plucky fellow, was Gerald!

So he told us afterwards what he did. He went through the old parlour window and got up his little stair, and by feeling he unlocked this door of his room where he was used to study. Then he slipped down a broken place where there had been a stair which nobody knew of but him, by which he had got out the arms and ammunition. He got at last into the barn and a torch was burning on the floor and had set fire to some brambles that had been laid over the guns and little kegs of powder. The powder had been put into little kegs for the convenience of moving it, and lucky that it was, for Gerald could not have carried big barrels up that ruinous place. Well, he tore away the blazing brambles and threw them out of the door, and though there was still a little fire left he coolly shut to the door and took the key inside and locked it. Then he stamped out the fire that was only a few sparks left, and clambered up to his chamber and came out, and a man caught him just at the door.

"Don't shoot me," cried he.

"What are you doing there?" said the man, he was a policeman. "I have just put out the fire," replied Gerald, "you can see the blazing brambles out at the front. Here's the key: I'm Gerald, Farmer Doherty's son. Please let me go to my brothers, we've got the fire-arms all safe."

So he locked the door of the little chamber and gave the key to the policeman. And the constable came in with him through the parlour window and stumbled into the back kitchen with Gerald's help. Then Gerald struck a light and we could see the constable, and he could see Ned and I sitting beside the six guns, ready for action, and the keg of powder and the shot all handy.

"Well, done, my brave lads," said he, "you're a plucky garrison, but I think we have caught all your enemies almost. Stay quiet and lock this parlour door behind me, and mind you don't fire if you hear anyone coming, or you will kill a friend, may be!"

We left Ned with a light to see that Biddy did not wake up or go in her sleep into the back kitchen and tread on the guns, and we went

upstairs once more to look out. A pale grey hue was on the sky now; it was very faint, the first of the dawn, a dark mass was pretty visible in the yard, and there was a ring of men standing up round it. We heard a rolling of wheels down the lane, and then there was a great talking, and at last the wheels stopped. Then there was a knocking at the front door, and one said, "Open the door; mind, you're not to fire, it's a friend."

I went down and opened the door and Gerald came after me. A man was there and he said, "Can you give us a sheet or some linen? we have a man wounded, one of the Fenians."

Ned shook Biddy like to shake her in fits. But she was so stupid she could not understand, so the man was impatient and Ned brought down a sheet from our beds. In the meantime some of the constables had brought a man in, bleeding sadly; oh, it made me so sick to see him! and oh! who do you think it was? You'd never think it! It was Dermot, Dermot Maceily his own self!"

"Oh, dear, dear, dear Dermot," said I, and Ned said the same. But he was very gruff and would not say anything; and while the surgeon was dressing his wound, poor fellow, in came the Bodagh and some men, and dear Gracie, our own Gracie.

The Bodagh would have come before, but you see he was by nature slow, and his horses were out on the moor, and he and his servants had to walk, and Gracie would not be left behind, so one of the men carried her, and Growler ran beside.

"Brave little woman," the police officer said, "to come on alone to get help."

"It's all Growler, sir," she said; "nobody need be afraid with Growler. He'd have torn anybody to bits that had touched me. But oh, dear Dermot, what's the matter?"

"They've taken me for another man," said Dermot, sulkily. Well! he and others were put into the police van and taken to Bally-craskinagheen; and others walked with the constables beside them. And towards daylight we were able to go to bed, tired lads enough were we, and so you may believe was Gracie.

We had to go to the county town to give evidence when the men were tried. Gerald said that he had heard Dermot tell the other men that the guns were in the barn and that he had the key, and settle that he was to ride away "His Lordship" for fear we should be

awakened and go on the horse for help. But that he had not told us because *we* thought so well of Dermot. But he *did not*, for he had long thought the people he met on the road were no good. And he was sure Dermot meant ill by father, and was always urging him to buy fire-arms, meaning to have them taken.

And little Gracie had gone boldly on and she met a mounted officer and told him all about what was going on at Colly-na-bogue.

He was surprised at meeting her all in the night alone, but when he found what a fierce fellow Growler was he knew no harm could come to her. So he rode off as hard as he could gallop to the police barracks, and let her go on to the Bodagh's.

So the men were sent, some to Portland and some to Dartmoor, and some to Irish prisons. And Dermot, poor fellow, got well, and though I don't doubt he'd been led away by bad company—for he was a brick was Dermot, and nobody even could dance a jig like him—he was sent to Bermuda. And perhaps he'll escape and get away to Australia and be made a governor or a member of parliament. I'm sure he'd amuse the people in the parliament house if he was to forget himself for a minute, and get up and dance a jig thinking he was in our kitchen at Colly-na-bogue! or begin "Mr. Speaker," and then run off into one of his old stories! My, how they would laugh!

But I always thought the poor man was misled, or forced into the barn. Still I never could persuade Gerald to think so. I nearly forgot to say that we all got great credit for what we had done. But I said that Gerald was the head of it all, and that Gracie and Ned deserved praise. I'd only meant to have fought to the death if there had been occasion. The judge said I was a fine fellow, and we all were good children.

But Lord Rosedean saw the good of Gerald. He knew that he'd had the cleverness to see through that poor Dermot who was misled, and it was brave and thoughtful to put out the fire at last. I think Gerald will get to Old Trinity by-and-by, and if he goes on well, Lord Rosedean will see that he's put in a way to be useful, and a credit to us all. And that is a little incident that happened to us children at Colly-na-bogue.

LAVER.



LAVER—what is it? Not certainly the lava (pronounced with the broad Italian vowel) which pours red-hot from the craters of volcanoes in eruption, destroying vegetable life wherever it touches, and finally cooling into stone. On the contrary, our laver, with the mild English *a*, is a delicate article of food, which you may purchase at Fortnum and Mason's, or other similar shops, preserved in a tin or jar, and which when stewed for several hours till it is reduced to a pulp, and eaten with a squeeze of lemon-juice and dash of pepper, is a delicious accompaniment to roast-meat. In lordly houses it is brought round to you in a silver dish, where it is kept in sputtering heat by a spirit-lamp underneath; and so only is it tasted in perfection, for as it cools it becomes unpleasantly glutinous, and the proper amount of heat cannot be kept up in a china vegetable-dish.

Strange, that among the thousands of yearly visitors to our sea-shores so very few people know what laver is, or if they do know, care to make experiments in cooking it! Which remark leads (or at least we intend it should) to the fact that though laver is a vegetable, it is not a garden vegetable, but one which flourishes on rocks by the sea, from high to low water mark, all round our coasts. It is a sea-weed—an alga—and one of the specially simple-structured ones; akin, therefore, in no very remote degree, to our old friends the “red snow-plant,” and the “flowers of heaven.” Only, whereas the red snow-plant consists of a single cell filled with colouring matter, and the flowers of heaven of several such cells, joined end to end in bead-like threads, here in laver they lie in multitudes side by side, and so form a flat expansion. And whereas the colouring matter inside the *Protococcus* cells is red, and in those of *Nostoc* green, in laver it is purple. And the cells do not lie in loose gelatine, as those of *Nostoc*, but are formed in a most delicate yet compact membrane, which you can handle quite comfortably.* I would further describe it as *leaf-like*, but that it lacks the tracery of midrib and veins which constitute a leaf skeleton. Still, there are leaves

* Dr. Greville says that by removing the granules (spores), which may be done with care under the microscope, the membrane is left perfectly colourless and diaphanous.

of paper as well as vegetable leaves, and if you take the simile from them it will do fairly well. Imagine a piece of tissue-paper, dull or bright purple in colour, gathered into a point at one corner and spreading out thence irregularly a few inches in length and breadth, irregularly slit into also, and you have some idea of the appearance of laver as it grows on rocks at half-tide level. The microscope scatters the resemblance to the winds, of course; for whereas under it the tissue paper shows a disorderly mass of unorganized threads, the laver-membrane proves to be beautifully tessellated, its purple colour-cells also being uniformly arranged in squares of four. Here we will mention not only that all the cells of laver may become fertile and drop out their seeds (spores), to begin life for themselves, but we would explain that the spores of laver and of the whole class of simple-structured algae go by the special name of *zoöspores*, in consequence of the active movements they go through when first escaped from the parent cell—the word *zoö* signifying “living,” and the allusion being of course to *animal* life, which those movements so much resemble. In the paper on the red snow-plant mention was made of the wildly rotatory motion of the young cellules, and how it gradually subsides as they advanced to maturity. This is a case in point. People try to explain these movements by saying the cells are at first clothed with vibratile hairs, which in the course of time get rubbed off or down. Be the process what it may, the fact looks very like a leaf out of the old story-book—the dancing friskiness of youth settling down into the staid sobriety of middle age!

The scientific name of laver is *Porphyra laciniata*: *Porphyra* from a Greek word for “purple,” *laciniata* from a Latin word for “torn,” in allusion to its being irregularly slit, as before mentioned. Books, indeed, give two other species, but Dr. Harvey’s last opinion was, that they were in reality the same, in different states of growth and different habitats.

Early in the winter, for instance, very narrow slips of fronds (the whole sea-weed plant is so called) rising from a tiny disc, with a minute but distinct stalk, and very bright in colour, may be seen on stones and rocks near high-water mark, where vegetation is not very vigorous. This is the *P. linearis* (“linear”) of authors. Further on in the season, very handsome ribbon-like forms, one or two feet in length, with waved margins and destitute of stem, will be found with *linearis*, and in the whole range between tide marks. This is *P. vulgaris* (“common”) and

with it, almost down to deep water, is found the more fully developed *P. laciniata*. At quite low-water mark, indeed, there occurs a fourth variety, round and shield-like in appearance, fastened by its centre to the rock—the variety *umbilicata* of Agardh; but there is nothing except its shape and place of attachment to distinguish it from *P. laciniata*. The colour of *Porphyra* varies between dull green and dark purple; but the purple brightens considerably in fresh water; and another beauty it possesses is, that when dried it becomes as glossy as satin. In Scotland and Ireland Laver is called “*sloke*,” “*slouk*,” or “*sloukawn*.” We find it recorded that the “inhabitants of the Western Isles gathered it in the month of March, and after pounding and stirring it with a little water, ate it with pepper, vinegar, and butter. Others stew it with leeks or onions.” The same authority goes on to say that, “In England it is generally pickled with salt and preserved in jars, and when brought to table is stewed and eaten with oil and lemon-juice.” We cannot recommend the oil from personal experience.

EDITOR.

THREE EGYPTIAN SKETCHES.



HAT was a heavy sigh, my poor Charlie! Are you in pain?

“Not much, aunty, but—but—I *did* so wish to see the Diorama! and (another sigh) Nelly and Bobby, and all of them are gone, and I must always lie here like this!”

The speaker was a pretty fair-haired boy of twelve, whose spine had been injured in a game of football, and who had for many months been confined to a sofa. He was generally very patient, still he could not sometimes help feeling very weary, especially when, as was now the case, his brothers and cousins were enjoying some amusement in which the poor little sufferer could not share.

“Well, Charlie,” said his aunt, “things must be very bad if we cannot brighten them a little! First let me move the sofa nearer to the window. Now let me shake up this pillow—oh, yes! and I will put these sweet flowers close to you so that you can smell them. Now is that better? Ah! I am glad to see you smile again! Now what shall we do? Shall I read to you? Or will you play at draughts or backgammon? Or shall I fetch Twig to keep you company?”

"No, aunty, please, you shall not read, and I do not want any games, and dear old Twig is too fond of jumping upon the sofa; but, aunty, I'll tell you what! Have not *you* been to all those places they are to see in the Diorama? and could you not *tell* me about them?"

"Yes, indeed, Charlie, I have seen them all; and though it was some years ago I remember each scene distinctly, and have it in my mind's eye like a picture."

"That is it, aunty! Capital! Famous! You shall make pictures for me, and I can shut my eyes and fancy they are real! It will be like—like—those things that Uncle George showed us last Christmas with his magic lantern! What were they? Oh, I remember, he called them dissolving views! Only they were pictures of Switzerland, and these will be of Egypt, Syria, and Turkey! Oh begin, aunty! I am *quite* ready! What will the first be?"

"Well, I suppose you would wish in the first place to see the boat in which we went up the Nile: the curtain rises (you know that is always the beginning of the entertainment)—the curtain rises, and you see before you Boulak, the port of Cairo.

"The time is evening, and there is a beautiful glow upon the broad river; the quaint old houses are interspersed with tall palm trees bearing huge branches of golden and reddish dates; behind them appear the mosques and minarets of Cairo, backed by the citadel standing upon the Mohkattam hill. In the distance at the other side of the river you see the Pyramids—how small they look! But they are six miles off as the crow flies, and that largest one, the pyramid of Cheops, really rises four hundred and fifty feet above the plain.

"Upon the quay stand ever so many little donkeys, with their odd saddles rising into a sort of hump in front, but not at all uncomfortable when you have become used to them, and boys in blue shirts, most anxious for you to hire them and their active little steeds for an expedition into town or country.

"Now look at the shipping—most of the boats are quite different from any you have ever seen before.

"This large newly-painted one in the foreground is ours. Is she not picturesque? You see that across her tallest mast hangs a long tapering yard, thick at the lower end and very heavily weighted; this yard carries the great striped triangular sail which has been in use in Egypt from the earliest times, and which is called a lateen sail.

Vessels rigged like this are to be seen painted in the most ancient tombs. Her second mast is much smaller, and is in the stern; it has, you see, only a spritsail, and that is not very often used.

"This boat of ours is one of the largest dahabiyehs—her name is the *Clotilde*. See the long row of windows in her stern; those are the windows of the saloon and cabins; and over them you see the poop-deck with its awning, so that you can sit and enjoy the breezes, and read or sketch, according to your fancy. The saloon occupies the whole width of the boat, and along each side of it are comfortable divans with lockers beneath them for holding stores; a table occupies the centre, and you have mirrors, footstools, and easy-chairs, also a set of bookshelves, on which is placed the travelling library. Off this saloon are a bath-room, and a sleeping cabin containing two beds—this is quite in the stern of the boat; off the other end of the saloon are two more cabins, one on each side of the passage, and each adapted for one person only. Beyond these cabins are pantries, where you may behold a goodly supply of glass and china, ay, and silver too, for I assure you nothing was wanting to our comfort that Vincenzo, the excellent dragoman, could procure. The main-deck is mostly occupied by the sailors, but in the centre of it you see a huge earthen jar in a wooden frame; that is a filter, where the delicious water of the Nile is made to pass through a quantity of broken apricot stones, and thus to deposit its earthy particles. In the bow is a tiny kitchen, whence most excellent dinners are daily served; and see the coops of turkeys, pigeons, and fowls, destined before long to appear on the table!

"Does not that heap of water-melons, bananas, pomegranates, rosy tomatoes, cucumbers, and vegetables, look cool and refreshing? And see the sailors sitting in a circle enjoying their evening meal! they are eating bread and cucumbers and a few dates, and are quite contented with the fare. That jolly man dressed in blue is the *reis*, or captain—he has, you see, a shirt of striped cotton, and over it a long robe with open sleeves, which is bound at the waist by a red girdle, and on his head a white turban. The handsome fellow beside him is his second in command, though he looks more like a chief himself; his post will by-and-by be at the rudder: the other fourteen men are common sailors, and the black boy is the captain's servant. You see the sailors have only blue or brown shirts, with cotton drawers beneath, and caps of either white cotton or brown felt: what fine

muscular-looking fellows they are! their brown skins shining like satin, and their faces generally wearing a broad grin. By-and-by they will take up their strange musical instruments and beat their little drums and snap their castanets, and sing in chorus far into the night their wild unearthly airs.

"Will that do, Charlie, for my first picture? You are evidently considering the matter. Can you see it all? or shall I add a few touches to make it plainer?"

"Yes, aunty, thank you, I see it all—I see it exactly. It is much nicer than any game; but before you give me another view I want to know what kind of fruit is the banana, and whether you were fond of it."

"I am not very fond of bananas; when they *are* good they are very good, rich and luscious, and some persons contend that they are the best of all fruits, but too often they more resemble mealy pears; they are long bean-shaped fruits, and as many as thirty or more will be found in a single bunch."

"One question more, aunty—had you any servants in the boat?"

"Oh, certainly. The principal one is called a dragoman, and he makes every arrangement for you—hires your boat, buys your provisions, engages other servants, provides guides for excursions; in short, is responsible for your comfort in every way; and our man Vincenzo, a Maltese, was most thoughtful and intelligent, and invaluable in time of illness. We had also a capital cook, and two other men who waited at table, made the beds, and even on occasions did the washing."

"You do not seem to have been badly off, aunty; and now, please, for another picture."

"The next then shall be a street in Cairo.

"On your right you have the beautiful mosque of Sultan Hassan, built with blocks taken from the Pyramids, and inlaid as you see with black and red marble; the deeply-recessed porch and the cornice above it are magnificent; indeed the people of Cairo believe that the hand of the architect was cut off to prevent his ever again designing a similar building. Looking up the street you see that the finely-carved projecting windows of the houses almost meet across the street: these windows all have lattices of turned wood-work, generally of very pretty patterns; they are called *mushrebeeyahs*, from the custom of keeping in them the porous water-bottles, so that they shall stand in a current of air,

and be kept cool by evaporation. Mushrebeeyah means 'a place of drink.' I was reminded of the mother of Sisera, who cried through her lattice. The lower part of the houses are usually built of stone, but the upper part of brick, plastered, and coloured red and white. All the principal streets of Cairo are *bazaars*, that is, long lines of shops on each side, each description of goods having a street to itself, and called a *soock* or market: thus there is the market for the sellers of copper wares, the pipe-makers' street, the bazaar of fresh fruits, that of dried ones, another for the sale of slippers, one for cotton goods, one for soap, candles, &c.; the gold and silversmiths are by themselves; the jewellers have their department; but *every street* has its coffee-shops, and it is said that every street has also its mosque. Shops of all kinds are open to the street, and consist of a square roof three or four feet wide, and six or seven feet high; the floor is raised even with the *mustubah* or stone seat in front, upon which the seller and his customers sit: on this seat is placed a mat or carpet, and sometimes cushions. In this one you see a Turk and two Arabs eagerly discussing a bargain, while a boy presents each with a tiny cup of coffee: these cups are often of delicate porcelain, and are always placed in a second little cup of metal, elegantly worked and shaped like an egg-cup; the coffee is always without milk, but it is sometimes strongly perfumed with the smoke of gum mastic or with *ambergris*. See how crowded the streets are. It is a work of difficulty to make your way along. If you succeed in avoiding a camel bearing planks or stones, it is but to be nearly drenched by a man watering the road from a leathern bottle or goat-skin, the neck of which he holds and converts into a water-spout; or you nearly run over a woman, six children, and a puppy dog in the same moment; and if you pull yourself up, a baker with his tray upon his head (reminding one of Pharaoh's baked meats) all but takes off your head, which you speedily duck to avoid him. If in an evil hour you stop at the shop, the blind, one-eyed, dirty beggars, the curious women who pull your dress, and the unfortunate, almost loathsome children who surround you and clamour for *bakshish*, make you beat a retreat as fast as you can. At the corners of the streets *sherbets* are for sale, and men with water-jars on their shoulders and tin mugs in their hands offer you a drink. Now you meet some Egyptian ladies muffled in large black silk mantles with white veils over their faces, and wearing *baboog* or yellow slippers with pointed toes; they are

riding donkeys, and they really look more like bundles of clothes than women; but I believe their inner dress is very rich, and this outer garment is a mere disguise. But if I were to name all the queer figures you might see here in an hour or two I should not have done till midnight, and I think you have had enough of my pictures for to-day."

"Oh no, Aunt Emma, please, *please* just one more. That is, if you are not tired," said Charlie; "you know the others are not come home yet, and I am sure there would be time for another."

"Well, if you wish it so much I must try to think of one. I had not expected my old remembrances to be so largely drawn upon, but I am very glad if they amuse you," said the kind aunt; "and now what do you think of seeing an Eastern dinner-party?"

"Oh, that will be nice, if it is one you were really at yourself—where was it?"

"It was at Thebes, at the house of the Consul Mustafa, who is himself an Arab, a nice friendly old man. He wears of course the dress of his country, and looks very imposing with his abba, or cloak of bright scarlet, and one or two attendants called Kawasses behind him: he stands to receive us at the door of his house, which is close to the beautiful Temple of Luxor, and ushers us into a room containing a divan and a few chairs. We are all seated, and shortly afterwards a servant appears carrying a large copper basin, the centre part of which is raised and contains soap.

"The bottom of the inner basin is perforated with holes, to allow the water, which a second servant pours over the hands of the guest, to drain into the receptacle beneath: each of us is then presented with a towel, the ends of which are richly embroidered in coloured silk, and we are desired to keep it during the repast. We then pass into a long hall, and sit down upon cushions placed on the floor round trays which are raised about a foot from the ground. Upon each of these trays is first placed a bowl of excellent soup, and Mustafa sets the example by dipping his own spoon into the bowl; each guest sitting round the tray does the same, and in this manner the soup is speedily made to vanish. Magnificent roast turkeys stuffed with raisins next appear, and now you perceive that the washing of the hands was by no means a needless ceremony, for behold Mustafa and the other gentlemen each seizing a leg or wing, as the case may be, pulling it off with scarcely any assistance from the knife, and eating it with the fingers. Nay, more, see the

good-humoured host every now and then selecting a dainty bit and handing it to some favoured guest.

"To the turkeys succeed various made dishes—there is a pillan; you see they make a ball of the greasy rice and swallow it—thus: it does not sound inviting, and we may well be glad to have a more comfortable way of eating our dinners; but the things themselves are very good, and the Eastern traveller cannot always have a Nile boat stocked with luxuries at hand, and is often very thankful to share one of these meals and to remember that 'fingers were made before forks.' Pastry in various shapes, pudding made of beans, and several sorts of dried fruits, make up the rest of the entertainment; you see there is also some wine, but that is out of compliment to the 'Ingleez,' for Mussulmans are not allowed to drink it, though indeed some of them seem to have no objection to it. Of course also it was because we were Franks that we ladies were admitted to the party. The Eastern women live entirely secluded, and when their lord and master eats they attend upon him, but never sit and eat with him—such is the custom of the country.

"Now as you see that pipes have been brought in, and as we ladies cannot smoke, perhaps you will take a peep with us into Mustafa's hareem, as the apartments for the women and children are called.

"The room we are taken to is comfortless to our eyes; it contains only a bed, a divan, and two chairs; but we do not much look at the room, we are so taken up by its principal occupant, Mustafa's wife.

"If many of the ladies are like her we can understand the flowery descriptions of Eastern poets; her clear dark skin, large, lustrous, soft black eyes and graceful figure are bewitching. What a pity that we cannot understand what she says with that low musical voice! But she makes us a salaam, which we return, and signs to us to be seated. Her dress is a long robe of sky-blue cashmere, open in front, with long tight sleeves edged with black, beneath which appear those of her muslin shirt, which garment is also drawn across her bosom, and again makes its appearance through openings in the skirt, whence it is drawn up in a festoon to the waist.

"Her head is profusely adorned with gold coins, and she wears rings. The two little children, Hassan and Hafiza, about two and four years old, are like little miniatures of the father and mother, and look so old-fashioned in their dress and ways. There is a second lady in the

room, but she persists, you observe, in keeping down her veil, so that we cannot tell what she may be like, though she evidently is studying us and our dress and manners to her heart's content, and doubtless considers us very strange-looking people. Two female slaves, one of whom is called Leila, hand us cups of very sweet tea without milk—doubtless the tea was produced with a view to please the extraordinary 'Ingleez,' but I confess that coffee would have been much more agreeable.

"On departing, they present us with large bunches of most brilliant crimson flowers—large bean-shaped blossoms in long bunches; the leaves are like those of the acacia; the flowers have a most disagreeable smell."

At this moment the sound of little footsteps was heard, and three or four voices at once exclaim, "Oh, Charlie, we do wish you had been with us! We had such a treat! It was so beautiful! It was such a nice Diorama! You know it moves along, and after you have seen one picture another comes sliding on, and the man tells you all about them, and then there is music too."

"Well," said Charlie, "we have had no music certainly, but I do not think that much matters; but I can tell you I have had a fine time of it while you were gone; Aunt Emma did not want me to be dull, and she has been making dissolving views."

"Dissolving views! How could she?" said Robert, the eldest boy; "why that requires two magic lanterns!"

"Oh, but I do not mean *real* dissolving views; but Aunt Emma has been making pictures for me, describing them, you know, of things she saw in the East; and you can't think how jolly it is just to lie still with your eyes shut and hear the things painted for you in your mind. She took me to the Nile and showed me the boat she travelled in, and a street in Cairo with such funny figures walking about; and she took me to a dinner party, a real Arab dinner party. And then, you know, if one does not quite understand a thing one can ask questions, only I like best generally to hear it without saying anything; and I daresay now aunty has begun this sort of thing she may do it again some day."



TO A CROW.



OLD crow, if you did but know
 How we fret and scrape below,
 And die of toil before we accomplish rest,
 You would guess, though you can but caw,
 Why I sigh at your sticks and straw,
 And so envy the easy building of your nest.

You have but to come and go,
 You good-for-nothing old crow!
 The earth has worms, and plenty of twigs will fall;
 But a man must strive all day,
 Weary labour, and scanty pay;
 And the world is wide, and there are not twigs for all.

And each new spring you can find
 A lady-mate to your mind,
 And the present bliss is marred by no old pain;
 No face of a vanished crow
 Looks out of your "long ago,"
 To say, "Ah, love!" and, "So soon happy again!"

Ah, bird! have you ever heard
 Of sick hearts from hope deferred?
 And how hard it is for a man to find his mate?
 Can birds be disordered so
 As to love what they let go—
 As to love and lose, and then to find and hate?

You only caw a reply,
 That may pass for "No" or "Ay,"
 Yet that discordant tone is music to me;
 A pleasant prosperous sound,
 That seems to say—"Though not found,
 Somewhere or other thy joy is waiting for thee."

ALICE HORTON.

OLD-FASHIONED FAIRY TALES.

THE WIDOWS AND THE STRANGERS.



ONCE on a time, two poor old widows lived in the same hamlet and under the same roof. But though the cottages joined and one roof covered them, they had each a separate dwelling; and although they were alike in age and circumstances, yet in other respects they were very different. For one dame was covetous, though she had little to save, and the other was liberal, though she had little to give.

Now on the rising ground opposite to the widows' cottages stood a monastery, where a few pious and charitable brethren spent their time in prayer, labour, and good works. And with the alms of these monks, and the kindness of neighbours, and because their wants were few, the old women dwelt in tolerable comfort, and had daily bread, and lay warm at night.

Now one evening, when the covetous old widow was having supper, there came a knock at her door. Before she opened it she hastily put away the remains of her meal. "For," said she, "it is a stormy night, and ten to one some belated vagabond wants shelter; and when there are victuals on the table every fool must be asked to sup."

When, however, she opened the door, a monk, with his cowl pulled over his head to shelter him from the storm, stepped into the cottage. Much disconcerted at having kept one of the brotherhood waiting, the widow loudly apologized, and dusted a chair for her reverend guest; but the monk stopped her string of regrets, adding, "I fear I cut short your evening meal, my daughter."

"Now in the name of ill-luck, how came he to guess that?" thought the widow, as with anxious civility she began to press the monk to take some supper after his walk; for the good woman always felt hospitably inclined towards any one who was likely to return her kindness sevenfold.

The brother, however, refused to sup; and as he seated himself the widow looked sharply through her spectacles to see if she could gather from any charitable distention of the folds of his frock whether a loaf, a bottle of cordial, or a new winter's cloak were most likely to

crown the visit. No undue protuberance being visible about the monk's person, she turned her eyes to his face, and found that her visitor was one of the brotherhood whom she had not seen before. And not only was his face unfamiliar, it was utterly unlike the kindly but rough countenances of her charitable patrons. None that she had ever seen boasted the noble beauty, the chiselled and refined features, of the monk before her. And she could not but notice that, although only one rushlight illumined her room, and though the monk's cowl went far to shade him even from that, yet a bright light always seemed to be on his face, making his clear skin almost transparent. Her curiosity must have been greatly stirred, had not her prevailing passion of greed made her more anxious to learn what he brought than who he was.

"It's a terrible night," quoth the monk, at length. "Such tempest without only gives point to the indoor comforts of the wealthy; but it chills the very marrow of the poor and destitute."

"Ay, indeed," sniffed the widow, with a shiver. "If it were not for the charity of good Christians, what would poor folk do for comfort on such an evening as this?"

"It was that very thought, my daughter," said the monk, with a sudden earnestness on his shining face, "that brought me forth even now through the storm to your cottage."

"Heaven reward you!" cried the widow, fervently.

"Heaven does reward the charitable!" replied the monk. "To no truth do the Scriptures bear such constant and unbroken witness; even as it is written: 'He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and look, what he layeth out it shall be paid him again.'"

"What a blessed thing it must be to be able to do good!" sighed the widow, piously wishing in her heart that the holy man would not delay to earn his recompense.

"My daughter," said the monk, "that blessing is not withheld from you. It is to ask your help for those in greater need than yourself that I am come to-night." And forthwith the good brother began to tell how two strangers had sought shelter at the monastery. Their house had been struck by lightning, and burnt with all it contained; and they themselves, aged, poor, and friendless, were exposed to the fury of the storm. "Our house is a poor one," continued the monk. "The strangers' lodging-room was already full,

and we are quite without the means of making these poor souls comfortable. You at least have a sound roof over your head, and if you can spare one or two things for the night, they shall be returned to-morrow, when some of our guests depart."

The widow could hardly conceal her vexation and disappointment. "Now, dear heart, holy father!" cried she, "is there not a rich body in the place, that you come for charity to a poor old widow like me, that am in a case rather to borrow myself than to lend to others?"

"Can you lend us a spare blanket?" said the monk. "These poor strangers have been out in the storm, remember."

The widow started. "What meddling busybody told him that the Baroness gave me a new blanket at Michelmas?" thought she; but at last, very unwillingly, she went to an inner room to fetch a blanket from her bed.

"They shan't have the new one, that's flat," muttered the widow; and she drew out the old one and began to fold it up. But though she had dwelt upon its thinness and insufficiency to the Baroness, she was so powerfully affected at parting with it, that all its good qualities came strongly to her mind.

"It's a very suitable size," said she to herself, "and easy for my poor old arms to shake or fold. With careful usage, it would last for years yet; but who knows how two wandering bodies that have been tramping miles through the storm will kick about in their sleep? And who knows if they're decent folk at all? Likely enough they're two hedge birds, that have imposed a pitiful tale on the good fathers, and never slept under anything finer than a shock of straw in their lives."

The more the good woman thought of this, the more she felt sure it was the case, and the less willing she became to lend her blanket to "a couple of cheating tramps." A sudden idea decided her. "Ten to one they bring a fever with them!" she cried; "and dear knows I saw enough good bedding burnt after the black fever, ten years ago! It would be a sin and a shame to burn a good blanket like this." And repeating "a sin and a shame" with great force, the widow restored the blanket to its place.

"The coverlet's not worth much," she thought; "but my goodman bought it the year after we were married, and if anything happened to it I should never forgive myself. The old shawl's good enough for

tramps." Saying which she took a ragged old shawl from a peg, and began to fold it up. And even as she brushed and folded, she began to grudge the faded rag. "It saves my better one on a bad day," she sighed; "but I suppose the father must have something."

And accordingly she took it to the monk, saying, "It's not so good



as it has been, but there's warmth in it yet, and it cost a pretty penny when new."

"And is this all that you can spare to the poor houseless strangers?" asked the monk.

"Ay, indeed, good father," said she, "and that will cost me many

a twinge of rheumatics. Folk at my age can't lie cold at night for nothing."

"These poor strangers," said the monk, "are as aged as yourself, and have lost everything."

But as all he said had no effect in moving the widow's compassion, he departed, and knocked at the door of her neighbour. Here he told the same tale, which met with a very different hearing. This widow was one of those liberal souls whose possessions always make them feel uneasy unless they are being accepted, or used, or borrowed by some one else; and she blessed herself that, thanks to the Baroness, she had a new blanket fit to lend to the king himself, and only desired to know what else she had with which she could serve the poor strangers and requite the charities of the brotherhood.

The monk confessed that all the slender stock of household goods in the monastery was in use, and one after another he accepted the loan of almost everything the widow had. As she gave them he put them out through the door, saying that he had a messenger outside; and having promised that everything should be duly restored on the morrow, he departed, leaving the widow with little else than the chair in which she was to pass the night.

When the monk had gone, the storm raged with greater fury than before, and at last one terrible flash of lightning struck the widows' house, and though it did not hurt the old women, it set fire to the roof, and both cottages were soon ablaze. Now as the terrified old creatures hobbled out into the storm, they met the monk, who, crying, "Come to the monastery!" seized an arm of each, and hurried them up the hill. To such good purpose did he help them, that they seemed to fly, and arrived at the convent gate they hardly knew how.

Under a shed by the wall were the goods and chattels of the liberal widow.

"Take back thine own, daughter," said the monk; "thy charity hath brought its own reward."

"But the strangers, good father?" said the perplexed widow.

"You are the strangers," answered the monk; "and what thy pity thought meet to be spared for the unfortunate, Heaven in thy misfortune hath spared to thee." Then turning to the other widow, he drew the old shawl from beneath his frock, and gave it to her, saying, "I give you joy, dame, that this hath escaped the flames. It is not

good as it has been ; but there is warmth in it yet, and it cost a pretty penny when new."

Full of confusion, the illiberal widow took back her shawl, murmuring, "Lack-a-day! If I had but known it was ourselves the good father meant!"


The monk gave a shrewd smile.

"Ay, ay, it would have been different, I doubt not," said he; "but accept the lesson, my daughter, and when next thou art called upon to help the unfortunate, think that it is thine own needs that would be served; and it may be thou shalt judge better as to what thou canst spare."

As he spoke, a flash of lightning lit up the ground where the monk stood, making a vast aureole about him in the darkness of the night. In the bright light, his countenance appeared stern and awful in its beauty, and when the flash was past, the monk had vanished also.

Furthermore, when the widows sought shelter in the monastery, they found that the brotherhood knew nothing of their strange visitor.

THE DISCOVERY OF LOG ISLAND.

 HIS is a history of the discovery of a hitherto unknown and uninhabited island; and what makes it the more remarkable is that it was discovered by four English children and their uncle, without a ship, or a carriage, or even a donkey, to help them on their travels.

They lived in a quiet country parsonage, and great was the joy among the children when they heard that Uncle Everard was coming to visit them. What games of play they would have, and what walks! When they went out with their father or mother, it was to the village, or the school, or at best to some more distant farmhouse, where they must either go in or wait about within hearing of the summons to return. But an uncle on a holiday, with no parish to look after, and no sick people to visit, what was the use of him if he could not wander out wherever and whenever the children wished? Such an uncle as he was, too! He had been known to come curtseying to the nursery door in his wife's best bonnet and shawl, while she followed him,

exclaiming, "Oh, Everard! Oh, my Sunday bonnet!" And then, while the children were still in fits of laughter, he disappeared, only to come back with their aunt's muff stuck upright on his head, and present arms at them with her umbrella like a bold grenadier.

There were four children; Dora and Mary, little Ada and Everard, his uncle's namesake, who was the smallest of all.

'They put their request to him the very first day. "Oh, uncle, do come on a voyage of discovery with us."

To be sure he would, to-morrow afternoon, if it was fine. So the next morning lessons were finished in good time, and Dora and Mary begged for a half-holiday, which their mother willingly granted, but bade them take great care of Ada and little Everard. As soon as the early dinner was over they set out. Uncle Everard took his tin case over his shoulder, for he was fond of botany. Dora took a basket for flowers, Mary took a pocket-knife, with a vague idea that it might be useful, and Ada and Everard took nothing.

"It is so nice," said Dora, as they trudged along. "When we are alone, you see, we must not go beyond the home fields, and we know them all so well that it is very difficult to discover anything there."

"Yes," said Ada; "we have to be shipwrecked and take refuge under a furze-bush, and pretend that it is all strange. And Mary quite frightened Everard last time by being a savage and rushing out at us."

"Where are we going now?" asked their uncle.

"Oh, to the anemone-wood," they all cried.

"We go there whenever papa or mamma go to see old Mrs. Marshall," said Dora; "but we cannot go far in for fear they should call."

"And is that the name of the wood?"

"It is our name for it," said Dora, "because in spring there are great patches in it quite white with anemones. Mamma always comes to see it then, it is so pretty."

"And a little later," added Mary, "there are other places all blue with bluebells. I think the fairies like those pretty carpets to dance on."

"I saw a yellow carpet there last time," said Dora, "and I was just going to look what it was made of when papa whistled, and we had to run to him."

Before long they reached the gate, or rather the hurdle, over which they must climb to enter the wood. Uncle Everard helped the two little ones over, and on turning round to bid them all keep near him,

he found that Dora and Mary had scrambled across, and were already setting off on their adventures. Now was the exciting time, for who could tell what they might not discover in this unknown wood? And they did make many discoveries. Little Everard found a huge red toadstool; Ada dashed into a thicket after a rabbit, and all but caught it; Mary found an open grassy space, with the stump of a tree that had been snapped by a storm in the middle, and assured the rest that the fairy queen sat here while the other fairies danced around her. But the grand discovery of all was made by Dora. She was a little way in front of the party, and stopped short suddenly with a joyful cry.

"A lake! a lake!" she said; "and such a precipice down to it! Come quickly and see."

The others joined in her exclamations of delight, and when Uncle Everard came up he found them on the edge of a large disused quarry, which the rain had turned into a pond.

"There's an island in the lake," added Dora, pointing to a great tree-root that had perhaps been undermined by the stone-quarriers and had rolled down the steep side of the quarry, and now lay like a veritable island surrounded by water.

"A desert island?" asked little Everard.

"Yes, yes!" cried the children; "let us get down to it."

It was impossible to clamber down the steep crumbling banks, so the exploring party skirted round their lake until they reached the place where the carts passing in and out had made an open track.

"This is a discovery," said little Ada, standing as close to the edge of the water and as near to the island as she could. "What is its name, uncle?"

"I think we will call it Log Island," he answered; and this name was highly applauded.

"I wish we could get on to it," said Mary.

"There's no boat," said Ada, looking round.

"No, but we could build a bridge," suggested Dora. "It's not very far from the edge. Could not we, uncle?"

Uncle Everard was quite willing to try; so they all set to work rolling great stones and bits of root that lay about to the water's edge, and their uncle flung them in, the biggest stones first, and the smaller ones and the roots on the top. It made a great splashing; but he did not mind that, and the children rather enjoyed it.

"We will take possession of Log Island in the name of her Majesty," said Uncle Everard.

"What is take possession?" said Ada.

"It is claiming a newly-discovered country in the Queen's name, and planting her flag upon its soil," replied Uncle Everard. "There, I think we can get across now capitally," he said, stepping across himself, and trying the steadiness of each stepping-stone as he went.

"Now, Dora, you come first. Mind the bit of root, there; it is the least steady of them all."

Dora tripped lightly across, and was seated by her uncle on the top of Log Island.

Then Mary put Everard on the first stepping-stone, and their uncle lifted him across into Dora's arms. Ada followed in the same way.

"We can still make room for one more," said their uncle, holding out his hand to Mary. Now they were all on Log Island, and very grand they felt.

"But it won't upset, will it?" said little Everard.

"No fear of that," said their uncle. "Let us give three cheers for Log Island." Then he waved his hat, and they all cheered; and Ada laughed so that she nearly slipped off her seat, which was not a very steady one to begin with. On seeing this, their uncle stopped the cheering, and gravely declared himself King of Log Island and all its inhabitants.

"But where are its inhabitants?" said Ada.

This was a difficulty. "The tadpoles shall be my subjects," said Uncle Everard. "There are hundreds of them swimming round the island and hiding under it."

Ada stooped to look for the tadpoles, and was more nearly slipping into the water than before; and Everard leant over the edge till Dora could scarcely hold him; and their uncle caught hold of them both, and announced that it was time to get to land again. He took the two little ones across, and called Mary to follow. But the bit of root that formed part of their bridge, rendered more unsteady than ever by all this crossing, gave way as Mary put her foot on it, and went plump into the water, and Mary's foot after it. Happily she kept her balance, and stumbled without further mishap to land, though feeling rather shaky after such a narrow escape. Dora was light of foot, and

easily leapt across the space left by the faithless stepping-stone. And so they all got safe to land.

"Is your foot very wet?" asked careful Dora.

"Wettish," said Mary; "but I shall walk it dry before we get home."

"We have not taken possession yet," said Ada. "Uncle Everard said we must put a flag."

"So he did. Do you think you could make a flag, Dora?" asked Mary. "I've got a bit of paper."

Dora thought she could; so Mary produced paper and knife, and after much difficulty they cut it to a proper pennon-shape, and fastened it to a stick; and Dora wrote on it, "In the name of Queen Victoria." Then they called Uncle Everard, who was botanizing on the bank, and he carried their flag across and stuck it on the very middle of the island. Then they cheered again for the Queen, and proclaimed to all the tadpoles that Uncle Everard was king and governor in the Queen's name.

"Call me King Log," said their uncle. "They will understand that name best, as they are frogs' children."

"Are tadpoles frogs' children?" cried Mary. "Then we must be frogs, as we are your head subjects." And she and the others began hopping about to imitate frogs.

"But we have made no laws," said Dora, stopping short. "Uncle Everard—King Log, I mean—if you are the king, you ought to make laws for Log Island, and we will be your ministers and advise you."

Uncle Everard began to repeat the old list, Never to run when you can walk; Never to walk when you can sit: but his ministers interrupted him, objecting that tadpoles neither walked nor ran.

"Well then" he said, "will this do?

"Come when you're called,
Do what you're bid;
Shut the door after you,
And you'll never be chid."

One of the ministers objected to this also, saying that the tadpoles had no doors; but it was carried by the vote of the majority, written down on Mary's last scrap of paper, and deposited on Log Island. Then Uncle Everard went back to his botanizing, Dora tried to teach

Everard to throw ducks and drakes in the water, and Mary wandered away in search of flowers. They were all startled by a little scream from Ada, and found her on her back at the edge of the water. Dora ran and picked her up, followed by the others.

"What were you doing?" asked Uncle Everard, when he had made sure that Ada was not hurt.

"I only got up on that stone to tell the tadpoles to obey us," said Ada; "and I stretched out my arm, and it tipped a little, and I nearly tumbled into the water. But I don't mind."

"The tadpoles will be good subjects; I will answer for them," said Uncle Everard. "Do you know it is high time we were going home again?"

"Oh, but King Log ought not to leave his new kingdom so soon!" cried the children.

"King Log is tired with his law-making," declared their uncle, "and wishes to retire into private life for a little repose. Who will be his body-guard and escort him home?"

"I will, I will!" cried they all, delighted at his entering so well into the fun. And with Everard and Ada on each side, Dora in front, and Mary guarding the rear, King Log bade farewell to his island, and marched home in triumphant procession.

THE LITTLE TREE WHICH WAS DISCONTENTED WITH ITS LEAVES.

From the Danish.



HERE was once a little tree in a wood; it had stood there both in sunshine and in rain; from root to top it was covered with tiny green prickles instead of leaves.

One day the little tree said, "All my companions have pretty green leaves, while I have only prickles. Nobody dares to touch me. Oh! I wish I might have leaves like the others! I should like to have leaves of shining gold."

That night the little tree slept soundly as usual, and when it woke in the morning it found itself covered with beautiful, glittering leaves of the purest gold. Oh, but it was magnificent! and the little tree

was proud, and said, "None of the other trees in the forest have golden leaves like mine!"

That evening a miser with a long grey beard came through the wood, carrying a large sack; directly he caught sight of the precious leaves he hastened to the tree, pulled them off every one, put them in his sack, and went away, leaving the poor little tree quite naked. "Oh!" it sighed, "how unhappy I am! I wish I had not wished for golden leaves. If I might wish once more, it would be for leaves of clear glass."

Night came; the little tree slept, and on waking next morning found its branches covered with shining leaves of glass. They sparkled like diamonds in the morning sunlight, and tinkled musically in the morning breeze. And the little tree was prouder than before, and cried, "Now I am happy! none of the other trees in the wood glitter like me."

The sun was soon hidden behind the clouds, and a wild storm rose; a great gust of wind whirled fiercely through the branches of the little tree, and in a moment its beautiful leaves lay broken to atoms on the grass.

"Alas!" sighed the little tree, "my beautiful leaves are gone. If I dared wish once more, it would be for green leaves like those of my friends."

When it woke next morning thousands of the prettiest and freshest green leaves were dancing in the breeze on its branches. It gave itself a little shake, it felt so joyous, and thought, "Now, indeed, I am happy!"

Just then an old goat came that way, looking for leaves for its kids, saw the leaves, and without waiting to ask leave nibbled them off every one.

Now the little tree was quite naked again, and it said softly, "I shall never again wish for leaves, either green, golden, or glass. If I had my old prickles back once more I should be quite—quite happy."

Sorrowfully it fell asleep, and sorrowfully awoke next morning; but it soon cheered up, for the dear, old, little green needles had all come back; and it has never lost them since. Go into the wood, and you can see for yourselves, but do not touch it, for it pricks.

BOOK NOTICES.



ARDWICKE'S Science Gossip for 1870, and the monthly number for January, 1871. (R. Hardwicke and Co., 192 Piccadilly, London.) The words science and gossip seem scarcely to belong to each other, but they have been united for several years (six) in a very pleasing manner, under the above title. The Editor, Mr. M. C. Cooke, is the author of several popular works on Natural History, and, as a scientific naturalist, knows how to keep nonsense out of the way of his gossip. The Magazine is a charmingly attractive work for young and old, for to the young it opens out constantly varying subjects of interest, while to the older lovers of natural history it affords a means of interchanging inquiries with others on any new or doubtful subject; and it is almost incredible to those whose attention has not been directed to inquiry how many common facts are imperfectly understood or observed. The subjects discussed in the Magazine embrace every field of natural history, but we must specially compliment the author of several papers on the *Foraminifera*, which appeared in the past year, admirably illustrated. The readers of the current number will be interested in an article on the South African diamonds lately discovered, a figure of the cutting of which is given. We warmly recommend this pleasant volume to our young friends.

"The Bible opened for Children," by Mary Bradford. (Lockwood and Co., Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Hill, London.) This is a series of stories taken from the Old and New Testaments, and, as we think, arranged in a very happy manner. A mother first tells a narrative to her children in simple language, and then they are allowed to ask her questions upon it; which questions, with

the answers, serve to explain what has gone before. The illustrations are remarkably nice and reverent, and there is no class of children to which the book will not be both useful and acceptable.

"Tales from Chaucer, in Prose," by Charles Cowden Clarke. (Lockwood and Co., Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Hill, London). Second edition. This nice volume contains an interesting biography of the Father of English Poetry, with many of his tales, originally in poetry, reduced to prose by Mr. Clarke, and retaining much of the simplicity and strength of the poet's language and plot: at the same time it is free from all the objectionable matter which was incidental to a coarser age, and renders the originals unfit for general perusal.

"Bertha, our first Christian Queen, and her Times," by Elizabeth Marriot Hudson. (W. Tegg, London.) We spoke so highly of this book on its first appearance in a smaller edition in 1868, that we can but repeat ourselves in remarking on the handsome form which has now appeared. There is, however, a valuable addition in the shape of a very good index, which makes the volume much more useful than it was before, as a book of reference.

"The Songs from 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland,'" written by Lewis Carroll, composed by William Boyd. (Weekes & Co., 16 Hanover Street, Regent Street, London, W.) It was a bright idea to set these quaint songs to music, and children are much indebted to Mr. Boyd and the friend he speaks of for the "happy thought." Six of them are given in the nice little shilling volume, prettily got up, with a picture of Alice nursing the pig baby outside. The music too is nice, and within the capabilities of children's voices, and we have no doubt the collection will be heartily

welcomed, and all the more so that Mr. Carroll has added a new verse, not published before, to one of the songs.


"Four Messengers," by E. M. H. (Bell and Daldy, York Street, Covent Garden, London,) teaches very useful lessons, in a very pretty, poetical way. The machinery of the tale is fanciful even to complication, but it will be acceptable to young folks of an imaginative turn of mind. The getting up is most tasteful—a prettier cover could not be wished for. Our readers will recognise the initials as being those of the author of "Why Robins Wear Red Waistcoats."

"The Holly Tree Farm," by Mrs. E.

M. B. Bickerstaffe. (Johnstone, Hunt, and Co., Edinburgh.) A set of amusing tales for young children, teaching them good lessons from the behaviour of animals about the farm. There is a greedy duck, and a wilful turkey, and a proud pig, &c., and the stories will make the little ones laugh, and learn as well.

"Church Ballads on the Festivals." (A. T. Hayes, Lyall Place, Eaton Square, London.) Not a high order of poetry: but some of these ballads may be found very useful for reading aloud at Penny Readings, and the whole volume will be acceptable in village libraries, where simple poetry is in request.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

 IX constant and admiring readers are warmly thanked for the pretty illumination of the Hymn of Peace they have sent Aunt Judy. May the wishes contained in it be realized in 1871, and then it is sure to be a happy New Year.

"Annie and Katie." It is quite in vain to give the publisher's name of an edition printed in 1824; but any foreign bookseller, indeed, any bookseller, will obtain Körner's "Leyer und Schwert" for you. There are, no doubt, numerous editions, for the popularity of the book will probably last as long as the German language.

"Mary." Two correspondents write to tell you that the lines, "Four long years," &c., are from the second verse of Longfellow's poem, "To the River Charles."

"E. F. B." Aunt Judy has already declined opening her pages to the management of pets. Such subjects occupy too much space; as before, she recommends Bechstein's "Handbook of Caged Birds."

"B. F." I cannot give you much en-

couragement to send fairy tales, as I have plenty, and am very critical about them; but I never refuse to look at anything that is sent. The other question must be asked of the publisher, as that part of the management is under his control.

"Home for the Holidays." The following extract from "Notes and Queries" (3rd Series, VII., March 25, 1865) answers your inquiry, "*He'll never set the Temse on Fire.*"—"Many years ago, before machinery was introduced into flour-mills for the purpose of sifting the flour, it was the custom for the miller to send it home *unsifted*. The process of sifting was done thus, but principally in Yorkshire: the *temse* or sieve, which was provided with a rim which projected from the bottom of it, was worked over the mouth of the barrel into which the flour or meal was sifted. An active fellow, who worked hard, not unfrequently set the rim of the temse on fire by force of friction against the rim of the flour-barrel; so that, in fact, this department of domestic employment became a standard by which to test a man's will or capacity to work hard; and thus of a

lazy fellow, or one deficient in strength, it was said, "He will never set the temse on fire." The long disuse of the word *temse* for *sieve*, as well as the superseding of hand-labour by machinery in this particular species of work, may possibly have tended to the substitution of sound for sense in such phrases as, 'He will never set the *Thames* on fire,' the *Mersey* on fire, or any other river." P.

"E. M. A." asks what is the origin of the "Cat washing the dishes"?

If this should meet the eye of Miss S. Warren, she is requested to send her address to Dr. Gatty, as she did not do so when she wrote.

"Unanita" is referred to "Declined with thanks."

"E. B. Smythe." You will be sorry, as we are, to read the record of poor little Margaret's death. It is, however, a great comfort that our subscribers have been the means of her being well-cared for to the last. Little Peter's hands were much better when he left the Hospital.

"Mary K. Seagrave." The account of the Doll's House in Queen Anne's reign is perfectly true. You also will regret poor little Margaret's death. The further account of the Hospital will answer another of your inquiries. You and your mother are thanked for your good wishes.

Report of the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot," at the Hospital for Sick Children, 49 Great Ormond Street, London.

"The contributors to the "Aunt Judy's Cot" will be gratified to hear that Charlie G—, who was the occupant of the 'Cot' for about two months, suffering from a severe typhoid affection, has recovered, and is now at the Convalescent Home, at Cromwell House, Highgate.

"It was intended that the 'Cot' should be removed into the girls' ward for the New Year, but the transfer has been postponed in order to accede to the earnest

solicitation of a poor little boy, whose illness causes terrible suffering, and who begged so hard to be Aunt Judy's patient, that it was felt impossible to refuse his request. His name is George F—, he is six years old, and is so patient and gentle under suffering, which, if described, would make Aunt Judy's readers shudder to think of, that it is presumed they will be pleased to hear of the wish of the poor little fellow being gratified.

"Many of the Contributors to the 'Cot Fund' will recollect Margaret, the little lame crossing-sweeper, who was the first occupant of 'Aunt Judy's Cot' (and whose case was described in the *Magazine* for April and July, 1868). By the help of many kind friends she has been maintained in comfort, and having all possible medical aid, at the House of Relief for Children suffering from Diseases of the Joints; but during last year she became much worse, and although she partially recovered then, yet she was much weakened, and in the early part of December it was evident that her end was approaching. She did not suffer any pain, and was cheerful until the last; indeed she almost seemed to long for the day of her release. As long as strength permitted, she was occupied in making little presents for her fellow-sufferers, at Christmas; and her anxiety to make some small articles for remembrances, to give to the friends she most cared for, was very touching. She was very patient and uncomplaining to the last. Her death took place on Wednesday, January 4th.

Contributions to the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot," received to January 16th, 1871.

	£	s.	d.
G. A. F. (monthly, July to December)	0	12	0
Mrs. C. M. Griffith, 31, Hyde Park Square (annual). . . .	0	10	0
M. A. F. (monthly)	0	0	6
Susan and Harriet (monthly) .	0	1	0
Nellie, Flax Bourton	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Alice and Jessie B., Solihul	0	1	0	Frances Hughes, 1s., Henry, 6d., Eleanor, 6d., Leonard, 6d., Caroline, 6d.	0	3	0
Muriel and Annie Hoare	0	3	0	Maud, 1s. 6d., Elgie, 1s., George, 1s., Arthur, 1s., Philip, 1s., Ma, 1s. 6d., Pa, 1s. 6d., Ravenhill, Blackheath	0	8	6
Ellen	3	10	0	Annie, 7, Edward Terrace, Cardiff, and a picture-card	0	1	4
Ada Gurney and her Brothers	0	5	0	Walter and Edith Kerr, the Vicarage, Upper Hopton (collected).	0	2	8
Part of the contents of Edith Beatrice Mia's Money-box	0	1	6	"An admirer of Aunt Judy," with a present of nine pairs of socks	2	0	0
A. E. G., Bath (collected for the occupant of the Cot)	0	6	0	Annie, Sarah, James, and William, 4s., Mamma, 2s. 6d. Also a few pictures, &c.	0	6	6
"Some clever people," Millie, Ida, Isa, and Lizzie, Clifton	0	4	6	Laura, Florry, Lily, Maurice, and Maggie, Ramsgate	0	5	0
E. E. E. I., Bloxhall, Suffolk	0	4	9	Mamma, 1s., Caroline, 6d., Constance, 6d., A Friend, 5s., T. A. 6d., L. A. 1s., E. 1s., S. A. 1s., Children, 1s., Alice B. B., 1s., Gus, 1s., Nurse, 6d., M. C. 6d., C. A. 6d., C. and Children, 5s., Staines	1	0	0
Ethel, Isabel, Beatrice, and Bertie H., Harrow	0	10	0	Miss Hailstone, Horton Hall, Bradford; also a box of toys from Miss and Master Hailstone	0	1	0
"Six Kelpies," Gillwell	0	2	0	"The G. Family"	0	6	9
Henry and his Sisters	0	5	0	"Alma," Durham	0	5	0
Mary Frost, Spring Hill (collected)	0	4	0	Harry, Edith, Ethel, Carlie, Alice, and Frank Cumberhatch	0	7	0
"A New Year's gift," from A. M. H.	0	1	0	Elizabeth (annual)	0	2	6
Mary, Stella, and Eldred (contents of Money-box), Lymington	0	2	6	Kathleen, Courtney, Maude, Teddy, Cecil, Anette, and Henry	0	14	6
Mrs. Worthington, children's gift, Shuckburgh Vicarage, Daventry	0	7	0	Edith H., Leamington	0	3	4
E. B. S., "Fines and contributions from Methven School-room, Perth"	0	5	0	Grace White, Walton-on-Thames (collected).	1	0	0
Alice Kearney, Wiesbaden, with a beautiful worked quilt and a flannel jacket	0	5	0	Georgie J. Witcomb, Hill End Court, Castlemorton	0	2	6
Collected in F. M. C.'s Money-box, Siston Rectory, near Bristol	0	5	0	"A thank-offering from little Leonard," Southfield Place, Leicester	0	3	6
"Aunt Jane's four pets," Darlington	7	16	6				
Miss A. S. Bedford	1	5	0				
A New Year's gift from Polefield	0	5	0				
Mary, Ethel, Cyril, and Hilda Haking, Rodbourn Vicarage, Swindon, Wilts (collected)	1	2	0				
Hubert, Winnifrede, Harold, Dagmar, and Jessica Wood, and Mamma	0	2	6				
Annie and Netty Maxwell, St. Petersburg	0	11	0				
Agnes (Money-box)	0	4	0				

Ada and Arthur Hurst, Copt Hewick Hall, Ripon, York- shire	£ s. d.	Miss D., Car, Carry, and Lillie, Bedale, a gift of clothing, scarfs, three balls, doll, and scrap-book for the Christmas Tree.
Katie North, 6d., Edith Knightley, 6d.	1 0 0 0 1 0	Daisy, Emma, and Jessie, a scrap-book, some toys, and a doll.
Nora, Lily, May, Janet, Ned, Lenox, and Frank Barker, Oakdale, Sheffield	0 5 0	Miss F. E. Somers, Mynthurst Leigh, Reigate, a knitted coverlet.
Cecil, 3s., Gwen, 3s., Mary, 2s. 6d., Edith, 2s. 6d., another "Aunt Judy," 5s.	0 16 0 0 3 0	Nelly and Leiala Milne, Brighton, a parcel of useful clothing, with worsted socks, &c.
"Highland Bertie," Aberfeldy Dr. Earwig, 1s.; Bumble Bee, 1s., &c., collected by Jelley . .	0 11 0	"A Constant Reader," King's Road, Richmond Hill, a box with articles for Christmas Tree, toys, woollen com- forters, &c.
Maggie, Mabel, and Fanny, West Derby, Liverpool . . .	0 8 0	"Tittums," box of gifts for the Christmas Tree.
Collected by Agnes Richardson, 6s., Kilburn Vicarage, York, 10s.	0 16 0 0 8 0	Em, Nelly, and Willy, at Long- lands, Wells, gift of toys, muffatees, scrap-book, and shells.
Miss D., Car, Carry, and Lillie "The Cheshire Cat's Grand- child"	0 6 0	Alice and Constance Ellman, Battie, a box of toys with books, texts, &c.
"Part of a Christmas gift from the little niggers in Hengate" Hugh and Mabel Beeching, Teddington	0 10 0 0 5 0	Miss Mary Eleanor Fish, gift of clothing, some made by herself, for the children.
M. E. A., H. A., G. A., E. A., R. A. (collected in the nursery); also picture-cards and books	0 8 6	Selina Hutt, Rodbourne Sun- day-school, her old red cloak.
"The first earnings of an Amateur Printer," M. H. B., Stoney Down, Walthamstow M. J. D. (collected)	0 2 0 0 5 0	Josephine, Ireland, a packet of picture-cards.
Aunt Lizzie and Bessie Lich- field (collected)	0 15 0	Mrs. Brown, Esher, four num- bers of Parish Magazines.
May of Newbury	0 2 6	Anonymous, Child's Com- panion, 1864.
Little Ethel of Newbury . . .	0 2 6	D. S. T., some Christmas cards.
Phil Lindsell, Hastings	0 1 0	Anonymous, per "Globe Ex- press," a box of toys.
"A Well-wisher at Beckenham" Master Jim, Miss Jessie, Rosie, Emma, and Daisy Douglas, Roche Court	0 0 6 1 0 0	Two little doves, Southampton, Christmas cards.
The Children at Newark House, Richmond	0 5 0	Victor and Freda, Windsor Castle, picture-books.
Mary, Leonora, and Eleanor Birkett, Bath	0 7 6	George, Mary, and Maitie, scrap-books.
Flo's friends	0 2 0	Theodora, a pair of muffatees for George, and sixpence to spend, sent by her Mother.
Lily, Sydenham	0 5 0	Annie Maxwell, St. Peters- burgh, picture-cards for Charlie.
Lannette	0 2 6	
C. M. 1s., G. M. 1s., J. M. 4d. .	0 2 4	
F. S. E., a beautiful knitted worsted quilt.		
The Misses Amhurst, Brandon, a scrap-book.		




"LUCK-PETER."

"LUCK-PETER."*

By Hans Christian Andersen.

I.

 IN the principal street stood a fine old-fashioned mansion; the whole of the wall surrounding it was set with broken glass, which glittered in the sun and moonbeams as if it were overlaid with diamonds: it was a sign of wealth, and wealth there was inside. They said that the merchant was a man who could set two bushels full of gold in the middle of his state-room; at any rate he could place, as a little fund for times to come, a quart measure of gold coins at the door of the chamber in which his little son was born.

The little one arrived at the rich house, and there was great joy from the cellar up to the roof; and yet up there the joy was still greater a few hours later. The warehouseman and his wife lived above, and there too arrived just then a little son, given by our Lord, and brought by the stork as the mother's gift. Here also stood a measure outside the room door, quite by accident; it was, however, no quart of gold, but a pail of rubbish.

The rich merchant was a most well-disposed, good man; his wife (how fine and rich her clothes were!) was a God-fearing woman; gentle, moreover, and kind to the poor. All wished the pair happiness at having got a little son, who would grow up, prosper, and be rich like his father.

The little one at his baptism was named Felix, which in Latin means "fortunate;" and that he was, and his parents still more so.

The warehouseman, a thoroughly good-hearted fellow, and his wife, so respectable and industrious, were thought well of by all who knew them. How happy they were in their little boy! he was called Peter.

The child on the first floor and the child in the attic received each as many kisses from their parents, and as much sunlight from our Lord;

* With regard to the title of this story, the reader should bear in mind that the Danish word *Lykke*, which has been translated by *luck*, has a more extended signification than its English form. It is more nearly equivalent to the German *Glück*, and may signify "prosperity" and "happiness" of the highest kind, as well as what is usually denoted by the colloquial expression "Good-luck."—TRANSLATOR.

but yet how differently situated they were, the one below and the other above! Peter was topmost, quite up in the roof, and he had his own mother for a nurse; little Felix had a strange person, but "kind and honest," as it was stated in her written character. The rich child had a pretty baby carriage and was drawn about by the smart nurse; the attic child was carried in the arms of his own mother, both when she was in her Sunday dress and in every-day clothes, and it was equally pleasant.

Both were soon able to understand; both grew bigger, and could show with their hands how tall they were, and say single words in their mother-tongue. Both were sweet, both dainty-mouthed, and both petted alike. When they were a little older, they had similar enjoyment from the merchant's carriage. Felix with his nurse was allowed to sit by the coachman and look at the horses; he used to imagine that he was driving them. Peter got leave to sit at the attic window and look down into the court when the gentlefolk were going out to drive; and as soon as they had started he set two chairs one before the other in the room, and so drove himself; he was actually the coachman, and that was something better than fancying himself the coachman.

The two thrived extremely well; but they were already a few years old before they spoke to each other for the first time. Felix was dressed handsomely in velvet and silk, with bare knees, after the English fashion. "The poor child must be so cold," said the family in the attic. Peter had trousers right down to his ankles; but one day these garments got torn just across the knee, so that he was just as much exposed to the air and uncovered as the merchant's finely-dressed little son. The latter was with his mother, and was just going out of the gate; Peter was with his, and was just going in.

"Shake hands with little Peter," said the merchant's lady; "you two can talk to one another."

And one said, "Peter," and the other said, "Felix;" and indeed on that occasion they did not say any more.

The rich lady petted her boy; but the one that especially petted Peter was his grandmother. She was feeble-sighted, and yet she saw much more in little Peter than his father and mother could see—more even than any other person could find out.

"That sweet child," she would say, "will make a figure in the world yet. He was born with a golden apple in his hand—I can see that

with all my weak sight. There lies the apple itself shining." And she kissed the little one in the middle of his hand.

His parents could not see anything ; no more could Peter, but as he grew up with the idea he was willing enough to take it on trust.

"It is just a story—a fairy-tale that grandmother tells," said his parents.

Grandmother could indeed tell tales, and Peter was never tired of hearing the same one over and over again. She taught him a psalm, and to repeat "Our Father," not like a string of sounds, but as words which were to be thought about ; every single petition in it she explained to him. Especially did he think over what his grandmother had said about the sentence, "Give us this day our daily bread." They were to understand that for one it was needful to have wheaten bread, for another to have coarse bread ; one was to have a large house, where he might live with many servants ; another, in humble condition, could dwell just as happily in a little chamber in the roof. "In this way there is for all what they call their daily bread."

Peter had his wholesome daily bread regularly enough, and the fairest of days ; but they did not last for ever.

A dismal year of war began ; the younger men had to set off—the old ones too. Peter's father was amongst those who were called out ; and soon news came that he was one of the first who fell in battle with the victorious enemy.

There was bitter grief in the little attic chamber. The mother cried, grandmother and little Peter cried ; and every time any one of the neighbours came up to see them they talked of "father," and then they all wept together. In the meantime the widow obtained leave for the first year to live without any charge for house-room ; after that she might be able to pay a small rent. The grandmother remained with mother, who supported herself by washing for several "genteel single gentlemen," as she called them. Peter had neither care nor want. He had meat and drink in abundance ; and his grandmother told him stories so strange and wonderful about the wide world, that one day he asked her whether they two should not go some Sunday to foreign lands and come home again as prince and princess with gold crowns on.

"I'm too old for that," said grandmother ; "and you too must first learn to be very fierce, and be big and strong, and yet at the same time be a good and loving child, as indeed you are."

Peter rode about the room on a wooden horse—he had actually two such horses; but the merchant's son had a real live one. It was so small that it might well be called a baby horse, as Peter did call it; and it was not able to grow any bigger. On it Felix rode about in the court, and even out of the gate, with his father and a splendid groom. For a little time after that Peter did not care about his horses, and gave up riding on them—they weren't real; and he asked his mother why he had not a real horse like Felix. And his mother said, "Felix lives down in the court, close by the stables; but you live high up in the roof; one can't have horses in the attic—none but what you have; you must ride on it!"

And so Peter rode; first up to the chest of drawers, that huge mountain, containing many treasures, both Peter's Sunday clothes and his mother's, as well as the shining silver dollars she laid by for house rent. He rode to the tile-covered stove, which he called the black bear; it slept all summer-time, but when the winter came it had to do duty—to warm the room and to boil the meat.

Peter had a godfather, who in winter came almost every Sunday, and got a meal of hot meat. "Things had gone the wrong way with him," said mother and grandmother. He had commenced life as a coachman, but once had taken a drop too much, and so fallen asleep on his post; and that neither soldier nor coachman is allowed to do. Thus he had become a job-master's assistant, driven a carriage and a chaise, sometimes for the most respectable people; but now he drove a dustman's cart, and went from door to door springing his rattle, "snurre-rurre-d." And out from the houses came servant-girls and women, with their tubs full, and turned them out into the cart—tags, rags, ashes, and sweepings.

One day Peter came down from the garret; his mother had gone into the town. He was standing at the open gate when godfather stopped at it with his cart. "Will you have a ride?" asked he. Peter was willing enough to ride as far as the corner.

His eyes gleamed as he sat on the seat with his godfather, and was allowed to hold the whip. Peter was driving real live horses—drove all the way to the corner. There they met his mother; she looked quite vexed; it was not nice to see her own little son upon a dust-cart. Down he must come at once, though she thanked godfather; but at home she forbade Peter to take such a journey again.

One day he came down to the gate again; there was no godfather to tempt him to take a ride, but there was another temptation. Three or four small street boys lay groping in the gutter, looking for anything that might be lost or might have been preserved there. Occasionally they had found a button or a copper coin; but sometimes, too, they had hurt themselves on a broken bottle, or scratched themselves with a pin, as was just then the case. Peter must needs join them; and as soon as ever he was in the gutter he found a silver coin.

On another day he was again lying groping with the other boys; they got only dirty fingers, while he found a gold ring; and when he displayed his lucky discovery with sparkling eyes, the others bullied him, and called him, "Luck-Peter;" and they would not allow him to come with them any more.

Behind the merchant's courtyard, there was a sloping piece of ground, which was to be filled up and built upon. To this place rubbish and dust was carted; there were whole heaps of it. Godfather brought it; but Peter was not allowed to drive with him. The street boys rummaged amongst the heaps with sticks, or with bare hands, and something or other was always found which seemed worth picking up.

Hither comes little Peter. They saw him, and called out, "Luck-Peter, run off!" but when he still came closer, they threw two or three lumps of earth at him. One of these struck his wooden shoe, and broke into pieces; something bright fell glittering out of it. Peter picked it up, and it was a little amber heart. He ran home with it; and the others did not notice that even while they spited him was he a child of good fortune.

The silver coin he had found was put by in his money-box; the ring and the amber heart were shown downstairs to the merchant's wife, for his mother wished to know whether property that was found ought to be reported to the police."

How the lady's eyes sparkled on seeing the ring! It was indeed her own betrothal ring, which she had lost three years before; such a long time had it lain in the gutter.

Peter got a good reward, which rattled in his money-box; the amber heart was a trifling thing, the lady said; Peter might very well keep that.

At night the heart was laid on the chest of drawers, and grandmother was lying in bed.

"Ah! what's that that shines so?" she said; "it is just as if a little burning light lay there." She got up and looked at it; it was the little amber heart.

Yes; grandmother with her weak sight often saw more than all the others could see. She had her own thoughts about it now. The next morning she took a thin strong cord, put it through the hole in the top of the heart, and placed it round her little grandson's neck.

"You must always hide it away, except when you get a new string put in. You mustn't on any account let other boys see that you have it; else they will take it away from you, and then you will have the stomach-ache." That was the only trouble from indisposition that little Peter had yet experienced.

There was indeed a wonderful power in the heart. Grandmother showed him that when she rubbed it with her hands, and a small straw was laid near it, the straw became as it were alive, and jumped on to the amber heart, and would not drop off.

II.

The merchant's son had a tutor, who read with him alone, and went out walking with him alone. Peter must have learning too; he went to school with a whole tribe of other boys. They played together, and that was pleasanter than going out alone with the teacher. Peter would not have changed.

He was a "luck-Peter;" and godfather was a luck-Peter too, except that he was not named Peter. He won two hundred rix-dollars in the lottery, on a ticket which he held with eleven others. He got some better clothes directly, and they suited him very well.

Luck never comes alone now; it always has something appended to it; and so had this. Godfather abandoned the dust-cart, and got a situation at the theatre.

"What's this?" said grandmother; "gone to the theatre! What as?"

"As machine-man."

That was certainly an advancement. It made quite another man of him. He had great pleasure in the plays, which he always saw well enough from the top or sides. The ballet was the most beautiful, but then it gave him the most work, and was much exposed to fire. There

they danced, both in the clouds and on the ground. This was something for little Peter to see; and as one evening there was just about to be a "dress rehearsal," as it is called, when all were dressed and decked out exactly the same as on the evening when people pay to see the show, he promised to take Peter with him, and give him a place from which he could watch the whole.

It was a Scripture ballet—"Samson." The Philistines danced round about him, and he pulled the whole house down over them and himself together; but there were both fire-engines and firemen ready, in case any accident should happen.

Peter had never seen a play, much less a ballet; he put on his Sunday clothes, and went across with his godfather to the theatre. It was just like a large drying-loft, with a good many curtains and screens, long cracks in the floor, candles, and lamps. There were ever so many winding passages up and down, and from these they came out into what was for all the world like a big church with pews. The floor below was all slanting, and here Peter was told to sit down, and wait till everything was done, and some one came to fetch him. He had three pieces of bread and butter in his pocket, and there was no fear of his starving.

Soon it got lighter and lighter; ever so many musicians came out, apparently from the earth, with flutes and violins. To the seats where Peter was sitting came people dressed as they are in the street; but there were also knights with golden helmets, beautiful ladies in veils and flowers, even white-robed angels with wings at their backs; they sat above and below, on the ground floor and in the pews, to look on. They were all of them dancing people in the ballet; but that Peter was not aware of, he believed that they belonged to the fairy-tales grandmother had told him.

Then there came a lady—she was the loveliest of all—with gold helmet and spear; she was the mistress of all the others, and sat between an angel and an elf. Yes, how much there was to see here! and yet the ballet had not even begun.

All at once it became quite quiet; a man in black waved a small magician's wand over all the musicians, whereupon they began to play so that it thrilled through one; and the whole wall in front moved up.

One looked out into a flower-garden, where the sun was shining, and all the people danced and jumped. Such beauty Peter had never

imagined. There were soldiers marching, and there was war, and there was feasting, and the giant Samson and his beloved. But she was just as wicked as she was lovely; she betrayed him, and the Philistines put out his eyes, and made him turn a stone in the mill, and stand up to be derided in the dancing-hall. But thereupon he took hold of the heavy stone pillar which supported the roof, and shook it, and the whole house; it fell with a crash, and shone with red and green, and the most splendid glows of light. Peter could have sat and looked at it all his life long, even though his bread and butter was eaten up—as indeed it was.

Yes, that was something to talk about when he came home. He was not to be got to bed; he stood upon one leg, and propped the other up on the table, as Samson's wife and all the other young ladies had done. He went grinding in the mill round about grandmother's chair, and upset two chairs and a bolster over himself to show how the dancing-hall had crashed down. He represented it all, even gave it with the full music that accompanied it, for there was no talking in the ballet. He sang treble and bass, with words and without words; there was no connexion in it, it was like a complete opera. Meanwhile the most wonderful thing of all was his beautiful ringing voice; but no one said anything about it.

Peter before that used to wish that he might be a grocer's boy, and deal in prunes and powdered sugar; now he knew that there was something more glorious, and that was "to have a part in the story of 'Samson,' and to dance in the ballet."

"There were so many poor children who took to that road," said grandmother, "and they became fine people, and were much run after; a little girl though should on no account be allowed by her friends to tread that path; but still, a boy—he stood firmer."

Peter had not seen a single one of the little girls tumble, he said, for the whole house fell down, and they all fell in a heap.

III.

Peter must and would be a ballet-dancer. "I have not a moment's peace for him," said his mother.

At length grandmother allowed him to be taken up to the ballet-master, who was a well-to-do man, and had a house of his own, like the merchant. Would Peter ever, at any time, attain the same

position? Nothing is impossible for Heaven. Peter had the golden apple in his childish hand. Good luck lay in his hands—perhaps, too, it lay in his legs.

Peter went to the ballet-master, and recognized him directly—in fact, it was Samson. His eyes had not been hurt at all by the Philistines. Indeed, that was only play-acting, he knew. And Samson looked kindly and graciously at him, told him to hold himself upright, look straight at him, and keep his chest out. Peter even showed his foot and his leg too.

"So he was inspected for the ballet," said grandmother.

Everything was easily arranged with the ballet-master; but before that the mother and grandmother had taken other precautions, and consulted intelligent people; first of all, the merchant's lady, who was of opinion that it was a nice opening for a fine honest lad, without other prospects, like Peter. Then they had talked about it to Mademoiselle Frands; she knew what the ballet was—had been herself, in grandmother's younger days, the prettiest *danseuse* at the theatre. She had danced as a goddess and a princess, and been courted, and complimented wherever she went and came; but as she got older—as we all do—she no longer took the principal parts; she had to dance behind youth, and at last she got behind dancing altogether, and took to dressing, and dressed up the others as goddesses and princesses.

"So it goes on," said Mademoiselle Frands, "the path of the stage is a lovely one, but full of thorns; it grows chicanery—chicanery!"

Peter did not understand that word at all; but he came to understand it in time.

"Now he is all for the ballet with might and main," said his mother.

"He is a good Christian boy," said grandmother.

"And good-looking," said Mademoiselle Frands. "Good-looking and well-behaved; like my own period of fame."

And Peter went to the dancing-school, and wore summer clothes and thin-soled shoes in order to be light. All the elder dancing ladies used to kiss him, and say that he was a sort of boy to be eaten.

He had to hold himself up, and put out his legs, supporting himself by a pole, so as not to fall, while he learnt to kick first with the right leg and then with the left. That was not at all so difficult for him as for many of the others. The ballet-master patted him on the head, and

said that he should soon take part in the ballet; he should be a king's child, to be lifted up on a shield with a golden crown on. This was practised at the dancing-school, and rehearsed in the theatre itself.

The mother and grandmother must needs go and see little Peter in all the splendour; and when they saw him they both cried, in spite of its being so joyous. Peter in all his state and glory did not see them at all; but the merchant's family, who sat in the box nearest the stage, he did see. Little Felix was with them in his best clothes; he had buttoned gloves just like the grown-up gentlemen, and sat with an opera-glass to his eyes the whole evening like the grown-up gentlemen, though he could see very well. He looked at Peter—Peter looked at him; and Peter was a king's son with a golden crown on. That evening brought the two children into nearer relation with one another.

Some days afterward, when they met one another at home in the courtyard, Felix went up to Peter and told him that he had seen him when he was a prince. He knew, of course, that he was now no longer one, but he had worn both the robes and the crown.

"On Sunday I shall wear them again," said Peter.

Felix did not see that, but he thought about it the whole evening; he would have been glad to be in Peter's place—he had not Mademoiselle Frands' experience, that stage life was full of thorns, and grew chicanery; nor did Peter know that yet, but he would have to learn it.

His little companions, the dancing children, were not all as good as they ought to have been, in spite of their sometimes appearing as angels with wings on. There was a little girl, Malle Knallerup, who always when she was dressed as a page, and Peter was a page too, mischievously trod on his heels—that was to inspect his stockings; then there was a naughty boy who always pricked him in the back with a pin, and one day he ate Peter's bread-and-butter by mistake; but that was impossible, for Peter had sugar on his bread-and-butter, while the other boy had plain bread; one could not make a mistake.

It is not possible to recount all the vexation that Peter experienced in two years; and the worst had not happened yet—it was still to come. A ballet was given called "the Vampire," in which the smallest children were disguised like bats, with gray knitted clothes, which fitted close up to the throat. Black gauze wings spread out from the shoulders; the little ones were to run on tiptoe, as if so

light that they flew, and thus they were to buzz round about the stage. Peter could do that especially well; but his trousers and jacket—which were all in one—were old and worn, and could not stand the strain; so that just as he was buzzing round before every one's eyes his back split open right down from his neck to the beginning of his legs, and his small white shirt was quite apparent.

Every one laughed; Peter perceived it, and knew that his back had split; he buzzed and buzzed, but it got worse and worse. The people laughed louder and louder; the other vampires laughed too: he buzzed within himself—and more horribly than ever, when the people clapped and shouted “Bravo!”

“There’s a burst vampire,” said the dancing children; and so they always called him “The Burster.” Peter cried. Mademoiselle Frands consoled him. “It is only chicanery,” she said. Peter now knew what chicanery was.

Besides the dancing-school, they had also another school at the theatre, where the children were taught both to cypher and write, and understand history and geography; they even had a teacher of religion, for that is not comprised in knowing how to dance—there is something more in the world than wearing dancing-shoes. Here, too, Peter was quick—yes, the quickest of all—and got praise; but his companions still called him The Burster. It was all very well as a joke, but at last he would not endure it any longer. He lost his temper, and struck one of the other boys, making his left eye black, so that it had to be whitened when he appeared of an evening in the ballet. Peter was dreadfully scolded by the dancing-master, and more by the charwoman, for it was her son with whom he had fallen out.

(To be continued.)

THE PAST.



THE Past! There seems o'er all its hours

A softening light to brood,

A sunshine glimmers through its showers,

Its very ills are good.

And so too will the present seem

When viewed as “long ago.”

Might we but prize the treasure now

Which time too late will show!

M. M. M.

A FLAT IRON FOR A FARTHING;
OR, SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN ONLY SON.

CHAPTER IX.

“PEACE BE TO THIS HOUSE.”



CAN appreciate now what my father and Nurse Bundle must have suffered during my dangerous illness. It was not a common tie that bound my father's affections to my life. Not only was I his son, I was his only son. Moreover, I was the only living child of the beloved wife of his youth—all that remained to him of my fair mother. Then I was the heir to his property, the hope of his family, and, without undue egotism, I may say that, from what I have been told, I fancy I was a quaint, original, and (thanks to Mrs. Bundle) not ill-behaved child, and that, for a while at least, I should have been much missed in the daily life of the household.

Mrs. Cadman told me, long afterwards, exactly how many days and nights Nurse Bundle passed in my sick chamber, “and never had her clothes off;” and if the wearing of clothes had been one of the sharpest torments of the Inquisition, Mrs. Cadman could not have spoken in a hollow tone, or thrown more gloom round the announcement.

That, humanly speaking, my good and loving nurse saved my life, I must ever remember with deep gratitude. There are stages of fever; when, as they say, “a nurse is everything;” and a very little laziness, selfishness, or inattention on Nurse Bundle's part would probably have been my death-warrant. But night and day she never relaxed her vigilance for one instant of the crisis of my malady. She took nothing for granted, would trust no one else, but herself saw every order of the doctor carried out, and, at a certain stage, fed me every ten minutes, against my will, coaxing me to obedience, and never losing heart or temper for one instant. And this although my petulance and not infrequent assurances that I wished and preferred to die—“I was so tired”—within the sick room, and my father's despair and bitter groan that he would sacrifice every earthly possession to keep me alive, outside it, would have caused many people to lose their heads. In such hours many a foolish, gossiping, half-educated woman, by such

absolute faithfulness to the 'small' details of her trust, such complete laying aside of personal needs and personal feelings, rises to the sublimity of duty, and, ministering to the wants of another with an unselfish vigilance almost perfect, earns that meed of praise from men, which from time to time persists, in grateful hyperbole, to liken her sex to the angels.

My poor father, whose irrepressible distress led to his being forbidden to enter my room, powerless to help, and therefore utterly without alleviation for his anxiety, simply hung upon Nurse Bundle's orders and reports, and relied utterly on her. Fortunately for his own health, she gained sufficient influence to insist upon his taking food, almost as peremptorily as in my case. Often afterwards did she describe how he and Rubens sat outside the door they were not allowed to enter; and she used to declare that when she came out, Rubens, as well as my father, turned an anxious and expectant countenance towards her, and that both alike seemed to await and to understand her report of my condition.

Only once did Nurse Bundle's self-possession threaten to fail her. It was on my repeated and urgent request to "have the clergyman to pray with me."

Mrs. Bundle, like most uneducated people, rather regarded the visitation of the sick by the parish clergyman as a sort of extreme unction, or last sacrament. And to send for the parson seemed to her tantamount to dismissing the doctor, and ringing the passing bell. My father was equally averse from the idea on other grounds. Moreover, our old rector had gone, and the lately-appointed one was a stranger, and rather an eccentric stranger, by all accounts.

For my own part, I had a strong interest in the new rector. His Christian name was the same as my own, which I felt to constitute a sort of connection; and the tales I had heard in the village of his peculiarities had woven a sort of ecclesiastical romance about him in my mind. He had come from some out-of-the-way parish in the west of England, where his people, being thoroughly used to his ways, took them as a matter of course. It was his scrupulous custom to conform as minutely as possible to the canons of the Church, as well as to the rubrics of the Prayer Book, and this to the point of wearing shoes instead of boots. He was a learned man, a naturalist, and an antiquarian. His appearance was remarkable, his

hair being prematurely white, and yet thick, his eyes grey and expressive, with thick dark eyebrows, which actually met above them. For the rest, he was tall, thin, and dressed in obedience to the canons. I had been much interested in all that I had heard of him, and since my illness I had often thought of the one unqualified note of praise I had heard sounded in his favour by a village matron, "He's beautiful in a sick room." It was on the occasion when I heard this that I also heard that he was accustomed on entering the house to pronounce the appointed salutation, in the words of the Prayer Book, "Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it." And so it came about that, when my importunity and anxiety on the subject had overcome the scruples of my father and nurse, and they having decided to let me have my way sooner than increase my malady by fretting, the new rector came into my room, my first eager question was, "Did you say that—about peace, you know—when you came in?"

"I did," said the rector; and as he spoke one of his merits became obvious. He had a most pleasing voice.

"Say it again!" I cried, petulantly.

"Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it," he repeated slowly, and with slightly upraised hand.

"That's Rubens and all," was my comment.

As I wished, the rector prayed by my bedside; and I think he must have been rather astonished by the fact that at points which struck me I rather groaned than said, "Amen." The truth is, I had once happened to go into a cottage where our old rector was praying by the bed of a sick old man—a Methodist—who groaned "Amen" at certain points in a manner which greatly impressed me, and I now did likewise, in that imitativeness of childhood which had helped to lead me to the fancy for surrounding my own sick bed with all the circumstances I had seen and heard of in the village. For this reason I had (to her hardly concealed distress) given Nurse Bundle, from time to time, directions as to my wishes in the event of my death. I remember, especially, that I begged she would not fail to cover up all the furniture with white cloths, and to allow all my friends to come and see me in my coffin. Thus also I groaned and said "Amen,"—"like a poor person,"—at what I deemed suitable points, as the rector prayed.

He was not less wise in a sick room than Mrs. Bundle herself. He contrived to soothe instead of exciting me, and to the sound of his

melodious voice reading in soothing monotone from my favourite book of the Bible—the “Revelation of St. John”—I finally fell asleep.

When the inspired description of the New Jerusalem ended, and my own dream began, I never knew. As I dreamed, it seemed a wonderful and beautiful vision, though all that I could ever remember of it in waking hours was the sheerest nonsense.

And this was the beginning of my acquaintance with the Rev. Reginald Andrewes.

CHAPTER X.

CONVALESCENCE—MATRIMONIAL INTENTIONS—THE JOURNEY TO OAKFORD —OUR WELCOME.

ON the day when I first left my sick room, and was moved to a sofa in what had been my poor mother's boudoir, my father put fifty pounds into Nurse Bundle's hand, and sent another fifty to Mr. Andrewes for some communion vessels for the church, on which the rector had set his heart. They were both thank-offerings.

“I owe my son's recovery to God, and to you, Mrs. Bundle,” said my father, with a certain elaborateness of speech to which he was given on important occasions. “No money could purchase such care as you bestowed on him, and no money can reward it; but it will be doing me a farther favour to allow me to think that, should sickness ever overtake yourself when we are no longer together, this little sum, laid by, may come in useful, and afford you a few comforts.”

That first evening of my convalescence, we were quite jubilant; but afterwards there were many weary days of weakness, irritability, and ennui on my part, and anxiety and disappointment on my father's. Rubens was a great comfort at this period. For his winning ways formed an interest, and served a little to vary the monotony of the hours when I was too weak to bear any definite amusement or occupation. It must have been about this time that a long cogitation with myself led to the following conversations with Nurse Bundle and my father.

“How old are you, Nurse?” I inquired, one forenoon, when she had neatly arranged the tray containing my chop, wine, &c., by my chair.

“Five-and-forty, love, come September,” said Nurse Bundle.

“Do people ever marry when they are five-and-forty, papa?” I asked that evening, as I lay languid and weary on the sofa.

"Yes, my dear boy, sometimes. But why do you want to know?"

"I think I shall marry Nurse Bundle when I am old enough," I said, with almost melancholy gravity. "She's a good deal older than I am; but I love her very much. And she would make me very comfortable. She knows my ways."

My father has often told me that he would have laughed aloud, but for the sad air of utter weariness over my helpless figure, the painful, unchildlike anxiousness on my thin face, and in my old-fashioned air and attitude. I have myself quite forgotten the occurrence.

At last this most trying time was over; but the fever had left me taller, weaker, and much in need of what doctors call "tone." All concerned in the care of me were now unanimous in declaring that I must have "change of air."

There was some little difficulty in deciding where to go. Another visit to Aunt Maria was out of the question. Even if London had been a suitable place, the fear of infection for my cousins made it not to be thought of.

"Where would *you* like to go, Nurse?" I inquired one evening, as we all sat in the boudoir discussing the topic of the day.

"I should like to go wherever it's best for your good health, Master Reginald," was Nurse Bundle's answer, which, though admirable in its spirit, was not advancing to the matter we found so difficult to settle.

"But where would you like to go for yourself?" I persisted.

"Where would you go if it was you going away, and nobody else?"

"Well, my dear, if it was me just going away for myself, I think I should go to my sister's at Oakford."

This reply drew from me a catechism of questions about Oakford, and Nurse Bundle's sister, and Nurse Bundle's sister's husband, and their children; and when my father came to sit with me I had a long history of Oakford and Nurse Bundle's relatives at my fingers' ends, and was full of a new fancy, which was strong upon me, to go and stay for awhile at Oakford with Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Buckle.

"Nurse says they sometimes let lodgings," I said; "and I should like Nurse to see her sister; and," I candidly added, "I should like to see her myself."

My father's uppermost wish was to please me; and as Oakford was known to be healthy, and the doctor favoured the proposition, it was decided according to my wishes. My father was to take us and leave

us there. If we stayed long, he was to come backwards and forwards, and he was to fetch us when we came away. His anxiety was still so great, and led him to watch me in a manner which fidgeted me so much, that I think the doctor was only too glad that the place should be sufficiently near to induce my father to leave me sometimes alone with Nurse Bundle.

We went by coach to Oakford. I was not allowed to sit outside on this journey. It was only a short one, however; and, truth to say, I did not feel strong enough for any feats of energy, and went meekly enough into that stuffy hole, the inside! Before following me, Nurse Bundle gave some directions to the driver, of a kind that could only be effectual in reference to a small place where everybody was known.

"Coachman! Oakford! And drop us at Mr. Buckle's, please, the saddler."

"High Street, isn't it?" said the fat coachman, looking down on Mrs. Bundle as a parrot looks down from his perch.

"To be sure; only three doors below the 'Crown.'"

With which Mrs. Bundle gathered up her skirts, and her worsted workbag, and clambered into the coach.

There were two other "insides." One of these never spoke at all during the journey. The other only spoke once, and he seems to have been impelled thereto by a three hours' contemplation of the contrast between my slim, wasted little figure and Nurse Bundle's portly person, as we sat opposite to him. He was a Scotchman, and I fancy "in business."

"You're weel matched to sit on the one side," was his remark.

Once, when I was feeling faint, he opened the window without my having spoken, and only acknowledged my thanks by a silent nod. When the coach stopped in the High Street of Oakford, and Nurse Bundle had descended, he so far relaxed, as he handed out me and the worsted workbag, as to indulge his national thirst for general information by the inquiring remark.

"You'll be staying at the 'Crown,' the night, mem?"

"No, sir. We stop here," said Nurse Bundle.

I caught his keen blue eye at the window whilst the coach was delayed by the getting out of our luggage. I do not think he missed one feature of our welcome on the threshold of the saddler's shop.

I feel sure that Scotchmen do greatly profit by the habit they have

of "absorbing into their constitutions," so to speak, all the facts of every kind that come within their ken. They "go in for general information," like the Tom Toddy in Mr. Kingsley's "Water Babies;" but their hard heads have, fortunately, no affinity to turnips.

This, however, is a digression.

Mr. Benjamin Buckle, Mrs. Benjamin Buckle, Jemima Buckle, their daughter, Mr. Buckle's apprentice, and the "general girl," or maid-of-all-work, were all in the shop to receive us. I believe the cat was the only living creature in the house who was not there. But cats seldom exert themselves unnecessarily on behalf of other people, and she waited our arrival upstairs. I had a severe if not undignified struggle with the string before I could get my hat off. Then I advanced, and, holding out my hand to Mr. Buckle, said,

"Mr. Buckle, I believe?"

"The same to you, sir, and a many of them," said Mr. Buckle, hastily; being, I fancy, rather put out by the touch of my frail hand, which was certainly very unlike the leather he handled daily. He saw his mistake, and added, quickly,

"Your servant, sir. I hope your health's better, sir?"

"Very well, thank you," said I (all children make that answer, I think).

"What a little gentleman!" said Mrs. Buckle, in an audible "aside" to my nurse. She was as good-natured a woman as Mrs. Bundle herself, but with less brains. She lived in a chronic state of surprises and superlatives.

"You are Nurse's sister, aren't you, please?" I asked, going up to her, and once more tendering my hand. "I wanted to see you very much."

"Now just to think of that, Jemima! did you ever?" cried Mrs. Buckle.

"La!" said Jemima; in acknowledgment of which striking remark, I bent my head, and said,

"How do you do, Jemima?" adding, almost without an instant's pause, "Please take me away, Nurse! I am so very tired."

By one immediate and unbroken action, Mrs. Bundle cut her way through our hospitable friends and the scattered rolls of leather and other trade accessories in the shop, and conveyed me into an arm-chair in the sitting-room upstairs, where I sat, the tears running down my face for very weakness.

I had longed for the novelty of a residence above a saddler's shop; but now, too weary for new experiences, I was only conscious that the stairs were narrow, the room dingy and vulgar after those at home, and as I wept I wished I had never come.

At this day, I am glad that I had the courtesy to restrain my feelings, and not to damp the delighted welcome of Nurse and her friends by an insulting avowal of my disappointment. I really was not a spoilt child; and, indeed, the insolent and undisciplined egotism of many children "now-a-days," was not often tolerated by the past generation. As I sat silent and sad, Nurse Bundle ransacked her bag, muttering, "What a fool I be, to be sure!" and anon produced a flask of wine, from which she filled a small wineglass with a very big leg, which was one of the chimney ornaments. I emptied it in obedience to her orders, and in a few minutes my tears ceased, and I began to take a more cheerful view of the wall-paper and the antimacassars.

"What a pretty cat!" I said, at last. The said cat, a beauty, was lying on the hearthrug.

"Isn't it a beauty, love?" said Nurse Bundle; "and look, my dear, at your own little dog lying as good as gold in the rocking-chair, and not so much as looking at puss."

Rubens did not *quite* deserve this panegyric. He lay in his chair without touching puss, it is true; but he kept his eye firmly and constantly fixed upon her, only restrained from an attack by my known objection to such proceedings, and by the immovable composure of the good lady herself. Half a movement of encouragement on my part, half a movement of flight on the cat's, and Rubens would have been after her. All this was so plainly expressed in his attitude, that I burst out laughing. Rubens chose to take this as a sound to the chase, and only by the most peremptory orders could I induce him to keep quiet. As to the cat, I saw one convulsive twitch of the very tip of her tail, eloquent of wrath; otherwise, she never moved.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Bundle, "suppose you come upstairs to bed, and get a good night's rest. I can hear Jemima a-shaking of the coals in the warming-pan now, on the stairs."

Warming-pans were not much used at home, and I was greatly interested in the brazen implement which Jemima wielded so dexterously.

"It's like an ironing cloth," was my comment when I got between

the sheets. I had often warmed my hands on the table where Nurse ironed my collars at home.

Rubens duly came to bed ; and I fell asleep, well satisfied on the whole with Oakford and the saddler's household.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TINSMITH'S—THE BEAVER BONNETS—A FLAT IRON FOR A FARTHING—
I FAIL TO SECURE A SISTER—RUBENS AND THE DOLL.

OAKFORD was not a large town. It only boasted of one street, "to be called a street," as Mr. Buckle phrased it, though two or three lanes, with more or less pretentious rows of houses, and so forth, ran at right angles to the High Street. The High Street was a steep hill. It was tolerably broad, very clean, pebbled, and picturesque. The "Crown Inn" was an old house with an historical legend attached to it. Several of the shops were also in very old houses, with overhanging upper stories and most comfortable window-seats. Mr. Buckle's was one of these.

The air of the place was keen, but very healthy, and I seemed to gain strength with every hour of my stay. With strength, all my interest in the novelty of the situation woke afresh, and I was delighted with everything, but especially with the shop.

On the subject of the saddlery business, I must confess that a difference of opinion existed between myself and my excellent nurse. She jealously maintained my position as a "young gentleman" and lodger, against the familiarity into which the Buckles and I fell by mutual consent. She served my meals in separate state, and kept Jemima as well as herself in attendance on my wants. She made my sitting-room as comfortable as she could, and here it was her wish that I should sit, when in the house, "like a young gentleman." My wish, on the contrary, was to be in the shop, and as much as possible like a grown-up saddler. It did seem so delightful to be always working at that nice-smelling leather, and to be able to make for oneself unlimited straps, whips, and other masculine appendages. I was perfectly happy with spare fragments, cutting out miniature saddles and straps, stamping lines, punching holes, and mislaying the good saddler's tools in these efforts ; whilst my thoughts were occupied with many a childish plan for inducing my father to apprentice me to the worthy Mr. Buckle.

I was a good deal taken with Mr. Buckle's present apprentice, a rosy-cheeked young man, whose dress and manners I endeavoured as much as possible to imitate. I strutted in imitation of his style of walking down the High Street, and about this time Nurse Bundle was wont to say she "couldn't think what had come to" my hat, that it was "always stuck on one side." Pondering the history of Dick Whittington and the fair Alice, I said one day to Jemima Buckle,

"I suppose you and Andrew will marry, and when Mr. Buckle dies you will have the shop?"

"Me marry the 'prentice!" said Miss Jemima. And I discovered how little I knew of the shades of "caste" in Oakford.

Jemima used often to take me out when Nurse Bundle was otherwise engaged, and we were always very good friends. One day, I remember, she was going to a shop about half way up the High Street, and I obtained leave to go with her. Mrs. Bundle was busy superintending the cooking of some special delicacy for her "young gentleman's" dinner, and Jemima and I set forth on our errand. It was to a tinsmith's shop, where a bath had been ordered for my accommodation.

Ah! Through how many years that steep street, with its clean, sunny stones, its irregular line of quaint old buildings, and the distant glimpse of big trees within palings into which it passed at the top, where the town touched the outskirts of some gentleman's place, has remained on my mind like a photograph! Getting a little vague after a few years, and then perhaps a little altered, as fancy almost involuntarily supplied the defects of memory; but still that steep street, that tinsmith's shop—the features of Oakford!

I have since thought that Jemima must have had some special attraction to the tinsmith's, her errands there were so many, and took so much time. This occasion may be divided into three distinct periods. During the first, I waited in that state of vacant patience whereby one endures other people's shopping. During the second, I walked round all the cans, pans, colanders, and graters, and took a fancy to a tin mug. It was neither so valuable nor so handsome as the silver mug with dragon handles given me by my Indian godfather, but it was a novelty. When I looked closer, however, I found that it was marked, in plain figures, fourpence, which at that time was beyond my means; so I walked to the door, that I might solace the third period by looking out into the street. As I looked, there came down

the street a fine, large, sleek donkey, led by an old man-servant, and having on its back what is called a Spanish saddle, in which two little girls sat side by side, the whole party jogging quietly along at a foot's pace in the sunshine. I may say here that my experience of little girls had been almost entirely confined to my cousins, and that I was so overwhelmed and impressed by the loveliness of these two children, and by their quaint, queenly little ways, that time has not dimmed one line in the picture that they then made upon my mind. I can see them now as clearly as I saw them then, as I stood at the tinsmith's door in the High Street of Oakford—let me see, how many years ago? ("Never mind," says my wife; "go on with the story, my dear," and I go on.)

The child who looked the older, but was, as I afterwards discovered, the younger of the two, was also the less pretty. And yet she had a sweet little face, hair like spun gold, and blue-grey eyes with dark lashes. She wore a grey frock of some warm material, below which peeped her indoors dress of blue. The outer coat had a quaint cape like a coachman's, which was relieved by a broad white crimped frill. Her legs were cased in knitted gaiters of white wool, and her hands in the most comical miniatures of gloves. On her fairy head she wore a large bonnet of grey beaver, with a frill inside. (My wife explains that it was a "cap-front," adorned with little bunches of ribbon, and having a cap attached to it, the whole being put on separately before the bonnet. Details which seem to amuse my little daughters, and to have less interest for my sons.) But it was her sister who shone on my young eyes like a fairy vision. She looked too delicate, too brilliant, too utterly lovely, for anywhere but fairy-land. She ought to have been kept in tissue-paper, like the loveliest of wax dolls. Her hair was the true flaxen, the very fairest of the fair. The purity and vividness of the tints of red and white in her face I have never seen equalled. Her eyes were speedwell blue, and looked as if they were meant to be always more or less brimming with tears. To say the truth, her face had not half the character which gave force to that of the other little damsel, but a certain helplessness about it gave it a peculiar charm. She was dressed exactly like the other, with one exception; her bonnet was of white beaver, and she became it like a queen.

At the tinsmith's door they stopped, and the old man-servant, after unbuckling a strap which seemed to support them in their saddle, lifted each little miss in turn to the ground. Once on the pavement,

the little lady of the grey beaver shook herself out, and proceeded to straighten the disarranged overcoat of her companion, and then, taking her by the hand, the two clambered up the step into the shop. The



tinsmith's shop boasted of two seats, and on to one of these she of the grey beaver with some difficulty climbed. The eyes of the other were fast filling with tears, when from her lofty perch the sister caught

sight of the man-servant, who stood in the doorway, and she beckoned him with a wave of her tiny finger.

"Lift her up, if you please," she said, on his approach. And the other child was placed on the other chair.

The shopman appeared to know them, and though he smiled, he said very respectfully—

"What article shall I show you this morning, ladies?"

The fairy-like creature in the white beaver, who had been fumbling in her miniature glove, now timidly laid a farthing on the counter, and then turning her back for very shyness on the shopman, raised one small shoulder, and inclining her head towards it, gave an appealing glance at her sister out of the pale-blue eyes. That little lady, thus appealed to, firmly placed another farthing on the board, and said in the tiniest but most decided of voices—

"TWO FLAT IRONS, IF YOU PLEASE."

Hereupon the shopman produced a drawer from below the counter, and set it before them. What it contained I was not tall enough to see, but out of it he took several tiny flat irons of triangular shape, and apparently made of pewter, or some alloy of tin. These the grey beaver examined and tried upon a corner of her cape with inimitable gravity and importance. At last she selected two, and keeping one for herself, gave the other to her sister.

"Is it a nice one?" the little white-beavered lady inquired.

"Very nice."

"*Kite* as nice as yours?" she persisted.

"Just the same," said the other, firmly. And having glanced at the counter to see that the farthings were both duly deposited, she rolled abruptly over on her seat, and scrambled off backwards, a manoeuvre which the other child accomplished with more difficulty. The coats and capes were then put tidy as before, and the two went out of the shop together hand in hand.


Then the old man-servant lifted them into the Spanish saddle, and buckled the strap, and away they went up the steep street, and over the brow of the hill, where trees and palings began to show the beaver bonnets nodding together in consultation over the flat irons.

(To be continued.)

SCENES AND SKETCHES FROM THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

FOURTH EVENING.

SCENE X.

N the morning of the 7th of September, 1631, the two opposing armies were drawn up for battle on the plain of Breitenfeld.

The main body of the Imperialists was led by the old John of Tserclas, the famous Count Tilly. Small in stature, with aquiline features, and small brilliant eyes that flashed under dark overhanging brows, he reminded every one who saw him of the savage old Duke of Alva, whom he resembled in character also. He wore his usual fantastic dress—a green satin doublet and a high-crowned hat, surmounted by a tall scarlet feather, which fell half-way down his back. His charger was a white Croatian pony, which, as he himself averred, “had carried him all through his campaigns, and never once had failed him.” It must be said of Tilly, that though sanguinary and ferocious, he was a true and faithful servant to his master, and was possessed of extraordinary courage and endurance, not to mention that his military talents were of a high order.

At the head of the left wing rode one very different, in appearance at least, from John of Tserclas. Godfrey-Henry, Count Pappenheim, now found his long-cherished desire gratified of meeting the King of Sweden in the open field. Brave to the extreme of rashness, recklessly cruel, alike indifferent to every hardship and every danger, the number of wounds he had received seems fabulous, so that he bore the surname of the “Balafre.” Though his character was hard, he had no small share of a certain chivalric generosity, and his intense admiration of the talents and virtues of his great antagonist the King of Sweden is a redeeming point in his character. Pappenheim copied him in various ways; in his dress, in the strictness of his moral conduct, and in his temperate habits, so different from those of the period: he was, as it happened, exactly the same age as Gustavus, and he had a superstitious conviction that his own fate was in some way linked with his.

The right wing was led by Count Furstenberg, and consisted chiefly

of the Italian cavalry and of the Cronenberg horse, the flower of the Austrian army.

Opposite the fiery Pappenheim was stationed the Saxon contingent, led by their Elector and General Arnheim. They were splendid regiments to look at, their polished armour glancing in the rays of the morning sun, their floating plumes and gay accoutrements forming a strong contrast to the dusty, weather-beaten troops of their ally the King of Sweden, whose equipments were somewhat the worse for the toils and hardships of war. The Swedish vanguard was composed of the Scotch, led by Ramsay and Hamilton; the rearguard consisted of the Green Brigade, also Scotch, under their colonel, Sir John Hepburn. Gustaf Horne, Banier and Bauditzen commanded the cavalry, and at the head of the infantry, mounted on a powerful and high-mettled piebald charger, wearing a plain doublet of grey cloth under his steel corselet, rode the great soldier on whom every Swedish eye was fixed in fond devotion—GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS. As we have elsewhere described the Imperialist hero, Wallenstein, it is only fair that we should do the same by Gustavus. His fair complexion, blue eyes, and frank, good-humoured expression were characteristic of his Northern origin. The outline of feature, slightly aquiline, was well-marked and noble; the eyes, too, were large, penetrating and thoughtful, and seemed to look through those on whom they were bent; high-principled, warm-hearted and generous, he was equally loved and revered, and Tilly himself observed that his troops were one and all enthusiastically attached to him. I will quote, however, Mitchell's eloquent description. This is what he says of the King:—

“Unaffectedly pious, he prayed openly before his troops; of fiery courage, he was the first to charge at their head on the day of battle; and the boundless sway which he exercised over the minds of his soldiers became, when added to his intrepid temper, the principal cause of his success. He had received thirteen wounds during his campaigns; and this generous prince, the admiration of his own and all succeeding time, died at length on battle-plain the death of a private soldier. He appeared on the dark scene of the Thirty Years' War as the sun as it bursts in splendour through a tempestuous sky, and even as that sun gilds with its parting beams the stormy clouds around, so did the lustre of the great King's fame brighten the dark horizon to the last, and throw far aloft the rainbow of hope, which continued to

animate his followers long after his own gallant course had closed for ever."

The battle of Leipsic has been so often and so much better described, that I shall not attempt to make my description very detailed, especially as we all understand mighty little of the jargon of military terms.

Let us, however, in the first instance, place ourselves by the side of Sir John Hepburn, as he sat immovable on his charger at the head of his own reserve corps.

"See, Douglas," cries Hepburn, "there go our countrymen; I knew Ramsay was to begin the attack. But here come the Imperialists; that is Pappenheim at their head, I'd swear."

"They stand firm as rocks," answers Douglas, wild with excitement; "brave Ramsay, he drives them back."

"Yes, and the cannonade begins again. Where is the King?"

"Pointing the guns; just look at him, in the hottest of the fire."

"This is murderous work," observed Hepburn, after the cannonading had continued for nearly two hours without intermission. "Can you make out anything through that smoke, Reay?"

"It is clearing away a little now. The enemy is going to advance, I think. Now Swedes, now Saxons, stand firm," cries young Lord Reay, shouting to the troops as if he thought they could hear him.

Down upon the Swedish cavalry pour in unbroken line the eager troops of Count Godfrey the Balafré, but none are so eager as their impetuous commander, who has already desecrated Gustavus himself at the head of his Blue Brigade, and who burns to encounter him hand to hand. But the Swedes receive the shock without flinching; back roll the Imperialist squadrons, again to return to the charge, again to be driven back. In vain does Pappenheim strain every nerve to rally his men; it is now the Swedes' turn to charge; the reiters fly across the plain, and though Count Godfrey has slain fifteen men with his own hand, he is compelled at length to give way and to provide for his own safety.

But who is that, riding in haste across the field, and what does that apparent confusion on the left wing mean?

It is General Arnheim himself; he spurs his horse up to the king's side. "Sire, Furstenberg has entirely dispersed and routed our troops; my master the Elector has fled; we are in urgent need of reinforcements."

"What!" exclaims Gustavus, tightening his rein; "are the Saxons

routed?" Then coolly surveying the field with his spy-glass he calls to one of his staff: "Teüffel, hark! ride you down to the left and ascertain what is going on. Banier, do you follow up the pursuit of Pappenheim. I see Tilly is preparing to charge." The King turns his piebald horse, and watches Teüffel as he speeds across the field: suddenly that officer reels in his saddle, then falls.

"Ah, my gallant Teüffel!" cries the King in a tone of deep grief; "he is down."

But there is no time to mourn for the fallen; an aide-de-camp is despatched to Marshal Horne, while Gustavus himself gives his horse the rein, and dashes along the line full gallop in search of Hepburn. The brave Scotch shout "Vivat" as he rides up, and he, briefly answering the salute, cries, "Forward, Hepburn!" and quickly answering to the voice and gesture, the impatient troops are instantly in motion. At the same instant, Field-Marshal Gustaf Horne wheels up the second line, to take the place of the cowardly Saxons, and gallantly arrests the advance of the Imperialists, who, led on by Tilly himself, open on the whole Swedish line a galling fire.

It does not last long however; the Scotch, encouraged by the example of Hepburn, who, with his gorgeous armour and plunging horse, has succeeded in making himself a most conspicuous mark to the musketeers, burst through the columns of Tilly, and carry everything before them. They breast the hill, they seize the strongly-posted cannon, and turn them upon the Imperialists. That last charge finished the work. Tilly, after fighting with desperate courage, drew off the scattered remains of his broken army from the bloody field, and Hepburn, breathless and triumphant, his bright armour covered with dust and blood, rode up to Gustavus.

"Sire," he announced, "the victory is ours; the Cronenberg regiment alone still holds out with unconquerable obstinacy."

"They are retreating now, however, I see, and in wonderful order: call off the troops, Hepburn; there is no occasion to continue the pursuit further. What is that firing going on in the wood out there?"

And the King rode off to ascertain. Four regiments of infantry had retreated into a small wood, where they made good their ground, and where no offers of quarter from admiring enemies could induce them to surrender. Though half destroyed they still fought on, till the gathering darkness enabled them to effect their retreat.

The victory on the part of the Swedes was most complete; besides being masters of the field, they found themselves in possession of the Imperial camp also, and they soon made free with what it contained, recruiting themselves with the choice wines which they speedily discovered.

Round one of the fires which the soldiers had made, the autumnal night air being chilly, some of the Scotch officers and one or two of their Swedish comrades had assembled, and still wakeful from excitement they sat or lay, talking and eating.

"It was a glorious day," remarked one; "but, Hepburn, the honour of it belongs to you."

"By no means," replied Hepburn; "if Marshal Horne had not repulsed Tilly's charge, my advance would have been of little use. He made up for the defection of those cowardly dogs, the Saxons."

"Was not his Majesty very angry, Gassion, when Arnheim told him they and their prince had fled?"

"Angry? oh no," answered Gassion, a good-humoured young Frenchman; "but he was obliged to take very prompt measures to remedy the evil. I don't think, however, that he expected those young recruits to do much."

"I never did," observed Munro.

"I heard his Majesty say," pursued Gassion, "that for raw troops they had behaved very well. He added that he would pursue the Old Corporal to the end of the world."

"Ah, the Old Corporal! Who knows how he got off? I heard he was severely wounded."

"That black regiment of Cronenberg's horse, which they call the Invincibles, carried him off, I believe."

"Yes," said Gassion, "I heard the Rheingraf, Otho-Louis, telling the King about it: a number of our fellows came up with the Old Corporal, as our master calls him, as he was drawing off with Pappenheim, and attacked his escort with tremendous fury. One of the captains of the Rheingraf's regiment (you knew him, I think; they called him long Fritz, he was such a giant) made his way up to old Tilly, who was already wounded, struck him severely with the butt-end of his pistol, and certainly would have killed him if the Duke Rudolph of Saxe-Lauenberg had not shot him through the head. Then those black horsemen (only six hundred of them were remaining)

dashed down to the rescue and bore off their gallant old General. His Majesty was full of admiration at old Tilly's valour."

"Is the King gone to rest?"

"Just going, I think: look, there he is," speaking to Banier.

"Why is he so fond of that officer, I wonder?"

"I could explain that," said a Swedish officer.

"Oh!" exclaimed another; "was there not some history of a duel between them?"

"Not at all," observed a Scotch officer, who was lying by the embers of the fire and who now raised himself on his elbow, "that was quite a different affair."

"A duel!" cried several voices. "King Gustavus ever concerned in a duel! What was it about, Seaton?"

"Let us hear the story of Banier first," replied Seaton.

"It is not long," said the Swede. "The late King, Charles IX., as you perhaps know, put to death Banier's father. His present Majesty, very soon after his accession to the throne, was one day out hunting with several of the members of the Court. In the course of the day he lured Banier away into a wood unknown to the rest. He then, to Banier's surprise, desired him to dismount, and doing the same himself, he drew his own sword, and giving it to Banier, said, 'My father put yours to death: if it is your desire to avenge him, I now give you the opportunity; take my life! If not, let us be friends for ever.' Banier told me that the words and manner of this kingly boy so affected him, taken as he was too by surprise, that he instantly threw himself at his feet, and vowed to him a life-long devotion."

This anecdote was received with expressions of satisfaction by the audience.

"But the duel, Seaton, let us hear that," said a hot-headed youth, who had a great partiality for that amusement himself, and was only restrained from indulging it by the stringent laws which Gustavus had passed against it.

"During one of the King's early campaigns in Poland," said Seaton, "he had a quarrel with one of his officers, and being, as we all know, warm-tempered, he forgot himself so far as to strike the officer. Naturally the other was furious; he threw up his commission at once, and made instant preparations for quitting the country. They were soon completed, and he set off for the frontier. Meanwhile his Majesty

had time to cool, and to regret intensely what had happened. After some reflection he suddenly ordered a horse to be saddled, desired a single aide-de-camp to accompany him, and set off on the route the officer had taken. By riding hard all night the King overtook him on a bare plain, rode up to him and said, 'Sir, I acknowledge that I insulted you; I have followed you here to offer you the satisfaction of a gentleman. I am here out of my own dominions; we therefore meet as equals. Dismount and draw.'

"The officer gazed at his sovereign for a moment, too much surprised to speak, but he then sprang from his horse, seized his Majesty's hand, kissed it, and exclaimed with emotion, 'Sire, you have fully recompensed me for any indignity you have done me.' His Majesty was, I believe, equally affected; he embraced the other, and they returned to head-quarters on the most friendly and affectionate terms."

"Do you know who the officer was?" asked Hepburn, who had listened with much interest to this narrative.

"I do: his name was Seaton."

"Yourself?"

"The same," and Seaton resuming his former recumbent attitude, and wrapping himself again in his cloak, resigned himself to sleep.

"Well," observed the above-mentioned hot-headed youth, "I am surprised Seaton did not fight him."

"Are you?" said Gassion. "I entirely differ from you. Seaton's wounded honour must have been completely healed by the King's generosity, and what would have been his remorse if he had had the misfortune to kill the King? No, no, they both behaved beautifully. But half our comrades are asleep, I see, and as I am not on duty to-night, I shall follow their example."

But notwithstanding his freedom, Gassion moved away, and stretching himself at the door of the King's tent, selected his place of repose there for the night.

A day or two afterwards, the Swedes were marching into the pleasant town of Halle, where the King was to meet his valuable allies the Saxons, and where future operations were to be decided upon. The different regiments were to be drawn up before the great hall of the Moritzburg, and the principal officers assembled by degrees in the building to await the two sovereigns. The Scotch got into a cluster

together, Hepburn and Munro, the inseparable friends, standing a little apart talking.

"I suppose some of us will be presented to this precious Elector," said old Munro.

Hepburn laughed at Munro's tone of intense contempt, and they proceeded to talk of a scene which had occurred the preceding day, when the King had thanked his troops for their gallantry at Leipsic. They were interrupted by the opening of the great doors, and the entrance of the King and the Elector.

They came in side by side. Behind Gustavus were his favourites, the gallant and kind-hearted Horne and the fiery Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, while the Elector was attended closely by Arnheim. John-George's countenance expressed a mixture of shame and assurance, though the manner of Gustavus towards him was perfectly cordial and unembarrassed. The eyes of the latter meanwhile glanced round the hall till they rested upon the Scottish officers, to whom he beckoned to come forward.


"I must present to your Highness," he said, turning to the Elector, "my brave Scotchmen. Come forward, Sir John Hepburn—and Munro, what is become of him?" and Munro, who had held back, not at all from bashfulness, but from his dislike to the Elector, performed his obeisance with a tolerable grace. But Gustavus, taking his hand as he was about to retire in one of his own, and throwing the other kindly round his shoulder, said, "Munro, I wish you could be master of the bottles and glasses to-night, and bear as much wine as old Major-General Sir Patrick Ruthven, that you might assist me to make my guests merry; but you lack strength of head to relieve me on such an occasion."

Then, without giving Munro time to answer, he turned to the Elector and spoke to him in the highest terms of the courage of his brave Scotch, especially of Hepburn. They were greatly pleased, not at the report of their valorous actions to the Elector, but at the evident satisfaction and high opinion of their own leader. High feasting closed this day of rejoicing, in the course of which the Elector got as inebriated as usual, and Gustavus, who seldom drank any wine at all, may be supposed to have endured a penance as great as any modern public dinner can inflict upon a great man.

(To be continued.)

LEAVES FROM A DIARY "UNDER THE RED CROSS."

FROM LONDON TO METZ.

T was at the latter end of August, 1870, that I crossed by steamer from London to Antwerp, bound on a holiday trip for a few weeks. While all Europe was alive with excitement and interest in the war raging between France and Germany, I could scarcely escape the infection; and once fairly in Belgium, it became roused to a still greater degree. The hotel in Antwerp I went to was almost empty—the scanty *table d'hôte* consisted of a few English ladies with children, two English military men, and a few others, all hurrying away from the Continent, to escape the apparent consternation that had fallen on everything and everybody. No one seemed to know exactly what to think. Belgium was in danger, and we might expect English soldiers to be landed any day. France was massing her troops on the Belgian frontier for a great victory over Germany; and Germany would soon be overrun with the Emperor's soldiers. The French disasters were smoothed over, and the sympathising Belgians were ready almost to aid with arms their friend and neighbour, should she need help, in her struggle.

Of truly German sentiment and feeling, I wearied of the Belgian town and its thoroughly French population; and, after a long farewell visit to the galleries where Rubens still charms the eye, I determined, despite warnings both from English and Belgian acquaintances, to push my way if possible to the seat of war. At this time Bazaine was shut hard and fast in the fortress of Metz, guarded by the gallant Red Prince, Steinmetz, and Manteuffel; while Strasburg, Bitchie, and Toul were invested, and the great armies of Germany were approaching Sedan.

After a careful study of the map, I determined to go to Metz, and marked my route out *viâ* Cologne, Mayence, and Saarbrück. The nearest way would have been through Belgium; but hostilities on the frontier were likely to impede my progress. Accordingly, then, I packed a very small carpet-bag with a change of linen, and, with a rug in one hand and my bag in the other, left Antwerp by an early train for Cologne.

My first experience was not promising. On going to the ticket-place, I found myself, as many another Englishman has done before me, without the power of putting my request into a language that the collector could understand. I am ashamed of the confession, *I could not utter a word of French!* A foreign individual at my elbow helped me; he could speak both his own language and English. I was now determined to travel with this kind person, if possible; and truly glad I was to find he was not only going to Cologne, but Mayence—a long way on the road to Metz. It was a wet, rainy day, I remember, and even the lovely country through which we passed was gloomed over. I had never been in Germany before, and my interest was naturally on the alert when the frontier was reached, and German soldiers appeared equipped and on the point of starting for the war. Wives and children were seeing them off; and many were the tears shed at each station where our train stopped to pick the men up.

Cologne! I must now quote from my small pocket diary, as that will more truthfully describe the scene than the more finished phrases I could now use. "One glance at the cathedral, and I returned to the station, where much is going on. A train from Berlin enters, of enormous length. It contains hundreds of men. 'Where going?' I say. 'To Metz,' is the reply. I feel some sort of pity for the French, when I see these strong, eager men all hastening with a heart to the front. Poor Bazaine! Hurrah! I wave my hand, and the train, decked with green boughs of victory, moves slowly away—slowly, because some of the men who have got out for refreshments are late, and have to run with the passing carriages to get into them. They are gone. I dine at the good station restaurant, and then wander about the platform. There is a long room, it may have been used once as a luggage-room, but is now laid out with mattresses all round. Outside I meet a gentleman wearing the ambulance red cross. He proves to have served in our army fifteen years. He volunteered in the German service; but they told him to help the wounded and not fight. So at Cologne station he waits—waits for wounded soldiers. Do they come? Three thousand, he told me, passed through in one day. What happens when they come is this: they are taken from the carriages—those who cannot walk on stretchers, and some supported by friendly arms. But a train is about to arrive, he tells me, and wounded are expected. There is a stir in the long room—

mattresses are got ready, and water and lint. Sisters of Mercy are there, and men with grave German faces. Every one is grave. For some it is a deathbed. A lull seems to fall on the crowd in the station. They come! A long train slowly winds in. Faces with tender looks strain to catch the first glimpse. Stretchers are carried; and now follow one after the other men with bodies, arms, and legs injured. All is concealed by bandages (for they have been dressed before) and great-coats—that is, all that outwardly offends. I take my place at the glass door of the long room, and there witness what goes on. These wounded have only just come in for a few hours to have their wounds looked to, and then are to pass on to the hospital. How tenderly that big man with the red cross undoes the bandage! He dips the bloody lint in water. Meanwhile the patient seems quite careless, and smokes his long German pipe. His is a smashed hand. All in a jumble, as far as I can see. Now the doctor comes with fresh lint, and the patient is bound up ready for hospital. After this comes one with a shot in the thigh. Are they going to probe this? I half turn away. No, only fresh lint and dressing. He also is for hospital. And this is war! 'Where are they going, those cheerful men?' 'To Metz,' was the reply. I have seen now both the going and the returning.

"For myself? Well, I mean to start for Mayence, and get on still further, if possible. How can I? I find a night boat goes up the Rhine at 10 P.M."

I had not deserted my acquaintance of the ticket-place; and thankful was I for his escort to a café, where we could get some refreshment before going on board the steamer. It was in this place I got a warning as to my future conduct with the Prussian army. Some German officers were sitting at a table, and one, on hearing me speak English, addressed me in my native tongue. I explained my purpose to him, and asked if it could be accomplished. His answer was that I should have great difficulty. Could I speak German? (Again I blush to confess my ignorance of another language.) I replied, No. Nor French? Again, No. "Well," he said, "it is better to speak English and be misunderstood, than to speak French and be understood." I felt exonerated at last from the language of France.

We now went on board, my acquaintance helping me to secure a passage. Very good friends, too, we became, as men do under diffi-

culties. I found he was a courier, and was trying to find his way down into Switzerland, to bring an American family over to England. By birth he was a German; and we soon found sufficient interest one in another to while away the first hours of the night on the steamer's deck. Speaking of his country, I mentioned the growth both of republicanism and freethought on religious matters. To my surprise, he proclaimed himself of both opinions. "Are many of your own countrymen of the same views?" I asked. "Most," he replied; "and those who are not soon will be. We all are weary of serving kings and princes." "But how can you reconcile this fact with the present war and your united armies under the King of Prussia?" "We do not fight for the King of Prussia," he replied, "but for the Fatherland—for Germany." "Then," I said, "your motto, *Mit Gott für König und Vaterland*, is wrong in its meaning?" "With me," he said, "there is neither God nor king." Shocked at these sentiments, I endeavoured to question him still further. Not only was he a naturally clever man, but educated far above his station in life. "Prove to me," he said, presently, "that there is a God, and teach me to believe in Him." "What can I appeal to, if your conscience denies you that truth?" I answered. "Look at the heaven above us, and the worlds we call stars! Look at the earth around us, and the trees and flowers growing from a source we cannot comprehend! Look at yourself, and think of what you are! and then," I said, "my friend, *pray*, pray for *light*." We talked long and earnestly, and it was late when my acquaintance went below. He grasped my hand at parting, and by the moonlight I could see traces of tears on his cheeks.

Onwards we glided through the night, and it was nearly day-break before I sought my so-called bed by a wounded soldier on a seat in the saloon below. When I came down my friend was fast asleep; but before he had gone to rest he had carefully placed my bag for a pillow for me, and arranged my rug to cover me. I must quote again from my diary.

"The latter part of the night I spent on deck helping the man at the wheel. This proved no slight task, as the vessel is steered from the centre, and requires hard pulling. It was curious to see the way they took my help, as naturally as if I belonged to the crew. We could exchange no words. After this a miserable kind of sleep on a sofa in the saloon.

"Awake at 5 A.M. The Rhine! Vineyards! Castles! What are my first impressions? I cannot tell, but I seem to be gliding between the pages of books read in days gone by, and to live in the pictures of the fairy-tales of childhood. Here is a palace (names I cannot write). Here the mountains of the Seven Kings. Here the rock of the Lorelei. Now we pass Bishop Hatto's Castle in the centre of the stream. Now we glide between huge rocky hills, on which vines abound, though the soil is carried up in baskets, and laid on ledges for the roots to grow in. There is a railway on each side of the river, and trains are moving along with the troops and munitions of war. We stop at a small place, where a train is also stopping full of troops for the front. They cheer us, and we give them a hearty reply. It rained in the morning, but is fine now—gloriously fine. More hills! More castles! More vineyards! In fact, vines grow everywhere, and on every ledge of rock.

"We dine, I and my friend. We send the poor wounded soldier at the next table a cutlet and some beef and potatoes. I cut up his meat for him. Poor fellow, he is so grateful! He can hardly rise from his side, and was so quiet last night while I slept by him. Two steamers pass us with wounded under an awning to shelter them from the sun. Alas! what a return voyage they make! We pass houses with vines growing over them, and from the upper windows appear pale faces of the wounded. From the roofs of these flies the red-cross flag. Some are gentlemen's houses who take in officers.

"Mayence. The steamer stops, and we all go ashore. I pay a visit to the theatre, and for the first time see real hospital wards. In one large room about fifty ladies are assembled, all volunteers to work clothes and make bandages and charpie for the soldiers. Everything seems to be marvellously well conducted here for the comfort of the sufferers. My good courier friend leaves me, and I much regret his departure. I am alone, and how I am to manage to get on with only my English to help me, I cannot imagine. I go to the station, and start for Mannheim. It is a troop-train. There is an officer and an ambulance gentleman in the carriage. O fortune, the latter speaks English! Loud cheers greet us as we pass through the station on our way to the front. I write this as we stop at a small place to refresh the soldiers. We have one thousand four hundred with us. We enter Mannheim at 9 P.M., and find beacons blazing and sentinels posted down the line. Here agreeable news meets us. There is no train till

to-morrow at 6 A.M. Thanks to the ambulance gentleman, I acquire this information, or a pretty condition I should be in! He kindly takes me with him to an hotel. Now for dinner. It is 9:30 P.M., and I have tasted nothing since midday, travelling all the time. I am weary too, having had no sleep last night to speak of. My boots have not been taken off since I left Antwerp. At last food. I order a bottle of champagne for my new friend and myself, and we do justice to our dinner."

After partaking of the above meal, over which the ambulance gentleman and I had become very good friends, I was persuaded by him, late as it was, to go out to see what he called some German entertainment. He would not say of what kind, so I was compelled to take his word it would be something worthy of the effort of turning out for a walk at that hour. Down the dark streets we went, and finally in one more ill-paved and dingy than the rest, we stopped at a small public-house, and entered the room where some German peasants were smoking and regaling themselves with beer. A few words passed between my friend and a servant, and we were bidden to go upstairs, which we accordingly did, and passed through some long corridors, at the end of which was a door, at which my friend knocked, I thought, in rather a peculiar way. It was opened from the inside, and we were admitted into a long kind of hall, hung round with spears and swords, and implements of hunting, tastefully arranged on the walls. The roof was arched, and all the sides of the room were panelled with oak. Two tables went the entire length of this strange place, one of which was filled with Germans drinking beer and smoking and talking. They were seated in quaint oak chairs with high backs. Just as we entered, my new friend turned to me and whispered in my ear: "Make no remark, and be silent. What you see me do, follow yourself." There was a lull in the conversation while we went up to the head of the table where the president sat. I was introduced, and a seat was given me by a German gentleman who vacated his chair. How I blamed myself for my ignorance of German at this moment! I could only stare at this curious scene, rendered more curious from the interesting individuals among whom I was sitting, and the animated talk going on around me, and sip my beer, smoke, and wonder for the present where I was, who my ambulance friend could be, and what was the meaning of the strange insignia on the walls of the room. The coat of arms was

remarkable. The crest was an owl on an inkstand, and the shield had four quarterings with these several subjects—a plain cross, a death's head and cross-bones, a wheel of torture, a gallows on which swung the body of a man. A gentleman opposite entered into conversation with me in English, and I learnt from him some interesting particulars about the war. He said that all his countrymen were indignant at the idea of England intervening in any way, and protested the right of Germany to settle her own disputes. I must say I was deeply impressed by the events of the whole evening, and much regretted I could carry away no further information than that I had been permitted to attend a meeting of a *secret republican club*. This served for a subject to dream about as I lay at last tired and weary in my bed at the hotel.

I am betraying no secret in narrating this now, and I have purposely avoided mentioning any names. Evidently my new friend had confidence in me, and at the time it made me feel he would not desert me in the more difficult task of assisting me forward in my journey to the seat of war. So it proved; for at 5 A.M. he came into my room and woke me up, and, after a hasty breakfast, took me with him to the railway station. Troops were drilling here, and officers were hurrying to and fro, while a long train with two engines was being packed full of soldiers. There were luggage-trains too, with stores of all kinds, and horse-boxes for the cavalry horses.

I return again to my diary.

"Thursday morning. Off by 6 A.M., a fine but misty morning. The Rhine all covered with a veil, and the buildings of the town look like quaint shadows. We take our places in the train with many officers and ambulance volunteers, all going to the war. I feel tolerably well, but this hard travelling and excitement are beginning to tell, and who knows I may only just be beginning the real hardships of my journey! If I break down, what then? It is very amusing to see the trains with large covered vans in which the soldiers are packed, all chalked over with rude sketches of Napoleon, and German jokes I cannot understand. *Nach Paris* appears on every van.

"Kaiserslautern. We stop here for a short time to refresh the soldiers, who eagerly drink the beer the German girls are carrying about the station.

"Homburg. What is this? Guns firing for victory, and church-bells ringing! We all turn out to talk. My friend translates the news. Sedan taken, and the Emperor with his army! This surely will end the war. The troops do not shout as our men would at such news, but the Germans are a very grave people."

"We arrive at Neukirchen, the Prussian frontier. Here I find that no passengers can go on by the military train to Saarbrück; but my friend stows me away in a truck with some soldiers and sacks of stores. An official comes to turn me out; but I manage to gain his confidence by what we call in England a *tip*. We are off again. I feel very hungry, and sadly need some good food. These trains are all so slow. It is hours since I had anything. I appeal to my friend, and one of the soldiers at his request draws his sabre, and cuts me some slices of raw ham (I never tasted such a luxury before!), and I wash this down with some very hot spirits out of another soldier's flask. We approach Saarbrück. I climb with my friend on to the top of the train, which already has nearly all its occupants 'aloft;' and we pass through the small stations slowly, where crowds are assembled to cheer us. Here are the famous Saarbrück coal-mines. They have placed small cannons on the banks, which they fire over us. Victoria! It is a grand sight, and one I shall never forget. At last we glide into the Saarbrück railway station, now half burnt after Napoleon's attack. It is the first war ground. We bustle our way through the crowd, and make for an hotel where we can get something to eat. As far as I can see, no considerable damage has been done to the place, which looks lovely this sunny day."

It was at this hotel I was to part with my ambulance friend; and, as the time drew near, I felt more and more sorry. He was not going to the army round Metz, which I was making for, so our courses diverged. He made inquiries for me as to whether any Englishman was in Saarbrück, and ascertained one was in the hotel we were in. This same day I made the acquaintance of my friend, Dr. Sandwith, C.B., to whom I am so much indebted for kind assistance and direction during my sojourn at the seat of war.

After presenting myself to him, and describing my situation, I got into a rumbling sort of a trap, and went off with my ambulance friend to see the Spicheren heights, which were so gallantly stormed by the Prussians, and the battle-field of Forbach. Our drive was not more

than two miles in length; but the sun was already fast setting, and we had to make all speed that my friend might go forward by his evening train. Saarbrück itself is situated in a deep valley, one side of which is a precipitous cliff, terminating in a long plateau, which is again surmounted by another range of heights. On our crossing the Saar over the new bridge, we entered the other part of the town, called St. Johann, and went up by a steep road towards Forbach. A small *Gasthaus* on the top is the spot where Napoleon rested with his brilliant staff; and a poplar tree hard by marks the place of the Prince Imperial's "baptism of fire," and where he fired his mitrailleuse at the railway-station across the valley.

Here we began to see marks of the battle. Odd helmets lay about, with boots and heaps of *débris*. Turning off from the road, we drove over the battle-field itself, at the risk of broken springs and necks, right up to the steep heights, on the other side of which lies the village of Spicheren.

I am no military correspondent, and therefore can give my readers little information how the French lost, and how the Prussians won. I can only describe the difficulty I had, unencumbered as I was with arms or uniform, to climb up the heights. More than once I rested, and more than once I grasped a shrub to save a backward fall. All around me were the sad tokens of a deadly struggle. Knapsacks, torn coats and clothing, cartridge-cases, papers of all kinds, some of which I gathered, and found to be letters written to friends and relatives in a distant home, broken bottles, playing-cards, belts, &c., till it became impossible to make an inventory. At the summit of the heights were cut small trenches (somewhat like those in which celery is grown), and these were used by the French to hide their riflemen. It was only when on the summit we could really appreciate the immense advantage of position the French had in this battle. Below us was an unprotected plateau, exposed to the fire of the cannon and mitrailleuse, along which the Prussian army had to come. Mowed down in numbers by a withering fire, they nevertheless steadily advanced; and, led by their gallant officers, stormed and captured the heights, driving the French through the villages of Spicheren and Forbach, back on their camp at St. Avold. A truly glorious victory; but what was the picture now? The contending armies had carried their strife into the bosom of France, and here stood we on the scene of their late encounter. A golden

sunset smiled on the place, and birds were warbling in the woods behind us. On our left lay France, at the distance of a stone's throw, with quaint church spires and hamlets dotted over the landscape. Far and wide all looked golden and at peace. It was only when we turned our eyes about us, that another side of the picture was seen. Here were rude crosses made by poles, marking mounds beneath which lay the victims of the battle. "Hier ruhen in Gott," said one, "24 Preussen, 84 Französen. Friede ihrer Asche!" Slowly we turned from mound to mound reading similar sad words.

Meanwhile the sun had gone; but so engrossed were we in our thoughts, that we hardly took notice of the passing time. My friend discovered he had missed his train, a fact which I did not regret, as it enabled me to spend one more evening in his pleasant society. A call from our driver arrested us, and very loth we left the scene that so interested while it so touched our hearts. We were not a bit too soon, for skulking in the distant parts of the battle-field were the forms of more than one French peasant searching for treasures among the dead. As these individuals occasionally assume the "*franc-tireur*" rôle, we were not displeased to drive back towards home and regain our hotel.

LL.B.

RALPH AND MYSIE.

A CHIMNEY STORY.



HERE was not a prettier cottage for many a mile round than that in which lived Widow Banks and her two children. It was lonely, to be sure, away by itself in the wood, but they liked it none the less for that.

William Banks, the wood-cutter, who died when his little girl was not a year old, had built it all himself, and that was one reason why they were so fond of it. The trees had once been cleared away a little on all sides to let the sun look in on the garden—now Ralph's especial charge. But it had since become so overgrown again that the wonder was, not that so little was got out of it, but that anything at all came to perfection there. However, it was a healthy occupation for Ralph, sowing peas and planting potatoes, whether they came to any good or not; as was the catching the birds and mice, that came to devour them, to Toby the cat, who might otherwise have had a dull life of it.

Fortunately they were not in any way dependent on the garden for a livelihood. Mrs. Banks had a small pension settled on her in consideration of her husband's services, and she managed to add considerably to her income by knitting woollen stockings, cuffs, and comforters, which she took once a week to the neighbouring town to sell.

Her boy Ralph was ten years old, and besides his garden work he kept up the supply of firewood and water, cleaned the boots, lighted the fire, and made himself generally useful. Mysie, though not quite nine, was a handy little maiden, and did a good deal of the housework, so as to leave her mother plenty of time for her knitting.

Wednesday was Mrs. Banks' day for going into town. They always breakfasted earlier on that morning, and as she sold all her work at one particular shop, she was back in time for dinner. But one day it happened that she had business, and would not be able to return before the evening. There was enough work to be done in the house to keep the children busy all the morning, but she told them that they might get their dinner in good time, and then in the afternoon lock up the house and go on a nutting expedition far into the wood. "Only," she said, just as she was starting, "mind and be back in good time, and don't take Toby with you."

The morning came to an end at last, and so did dinner; and the children, each carrying a basket, and Ralph with the door-key in his pocket, set off in the highest spirits. They had not gone very far, however, when Mysie came to a sudden halt.

"Oh, Ralph!" she said. "Did you remember Toby?"

"What about him?"

"Mother said we weren't to take him."

"Well, we haven't."

"But is he locked up in the house?"

"I don't know. I s'pose so. There's no need to trouble about him."

"But if he's not, he's sure to come after us."

"Don't bother so, Mysie. I didn't see him in the garden, and he'd have been sure to be there if he wasn't in the house. So come along, do."

Mysie gave in, though only half satisfied, and they went on. It was a beautiful autumn day, and the walk through the wood was more

than usually pleasant. Mysie's basket was full of flowers, moss, and fir-cones before they had gone half way. She had left no room for the nuts.

Suddenly something darted across the path, a few yards in front of them. It was no squirrel or rabbit, for it was black. Mysie looked a dismayed look in her brother's face. The same thought crossed his mind. "Well, if that isn't Toby!" he said, in a not very pleased tone.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mysie. "All that way to go back again!"

"Go back—we can't!" said Ralph. "Toby shall, though," and as he spoke he shied a great shower of fir-cones at poor puss, who was coming towards them with a look of great content, shouting out to him at the same time to take himself off home again.

Mysie, what with the vexation of Toby's having followed them, and the fear lest Ralph should hurt him, was fairly crying, but dried her eyes when her brother said, kindly—

"All right, Mysie, they didn't touch him; only showed him he wasn't wanted, and now we are nicely rid of him."

So Ralph believed, and Mysie too, and they went on cheerily. But when the nut-gathering was over, and Mysie, after performing wonderful feats in climbing, was resting for a few minutes on a mossy bank, with her eyes shut, something soft came against her cheek, and loud purring—most unwelcome just now—sounded in her ears.

Toby, however, was so evidently delighted to have found his mistress, and so little conscious of being in the way, that she had not the heart to scold him, much less drive him away, and thought the best thing to be done now was to keep him with them and let him follow them home.

But Ralph was quite out of temper about it. Perhaps there was a lurking feeling in his mind that he himself was partly to blame, and it provoked him too that Toby should force his company on them when he was not wanted; lastly, he was tired. No sooner therefore did he see the cat than with a loud *hiss!* which fortunately was some sort of a warning, he threw at him a heavy stone that chanced to be at his feet.

Mysie gave a little scream, and covered her face with her hands. When she looked again Toby was gone, and her brother was standing by, sulky and sorry, heartily ashamed already of his fit of passion. He could not tell whether the stone had hit the cat—he thought not,

he had sprung away so quickly; but though he joined with Mysie now in calling him, and was as anxious as she that he should come back, Toby did not return.

The children had been too busy the last half-hour to notice how overcast the sky was becoming, and it was not till heavy drops came pattering down on them through the trees that they were aware of the great change in the weather. Even then, though it was evident that a violent storm was coming on, Mysie was unwilling to return home, on Toby's account. What if he should be lost! The thought made her miserable. But Ralph assured her that Toby was a sensible cat, and would most likely be home even before them; and consoled by this idea, she took her brother's hand, and they set off at full speed.

It was time they did. Long before they reached home they heard distant rumblings of thunder, and Mysie started back from time to time, dazzled by a flash of lightning. It was not, however, till they were safe indoors that the storm burst down in full fury. Before they got in, Mysie gave an anxious look round for Toby, and Ralph shouted out his name at the top of his voice; but in vain—there was no Toby to be seen.

At any other time Mysie would have fretted exceedingly; but now a new and greater trouble made the loss of the cat seem almost a small matter. It was about their mother. The time was drawing near when she was to be back, but what a night it was for her to be out in! They had never in their lives seen anything like it. Every moment the lightning seemed to grow more vivid, and with every clap of thunder there was a sound as though a cartload of stones had been thrown violently down on the roof. Mysie was trembling all over. Ralph tried to put a brave face on the matter, but in reality felt no less anxious, especially as the evening wore on and their mother did not come. Seven, eight, nine o'clock struck, and still there were no signs of her, and still the storm raged on.

The children had not spoken a word for more than an hour. Ralph was by the window-seat, peering out into the darkness, and Mysie was crouched sobbing in a corner. All of a sudden Ralph started up. It had just occurred to him that his little sister was most likely still more unhappy than he was, and that he was not doing what an elder brother should to comfort her.

The fire had died out, and they had not lighted a candle. It was as

dark and dreary as possible. So the first thing Ralph did was to feel his way to the mantel-piece and strike a light. He put the candle on the table, and then went to poor Mysie, whom he persuaded at last to come out of her corner and sit in their mother's arm-chair, wrapped in a large shawl, for it was very cold. There was room for both of them in the chair, and he seated himself beside her, and set to work to try and cheer her. It was wonderful how his own spirits rose the while. After all, it was not unlikely that his mother had seen the storm in time, and had never started—was safe in the town all the time—and so at last he got Mysie to believe. As for being frightened, there was not the least cause for that, he said; he was quite able to take care of himself and Mysie too. So by degrees she was comforted, and smiled through her tears when Ralph offered to tell her a story to help pass away the time.

What should it be? He thought a little, and then began to tell her of a certain old man and woman, who, seated by their fireside one winter's evening, began to grumble over the hardness of the times, and to wish they had lived in the good old days of the fairies, when such wonderfully good luck befel people. And how they had scarcely spoken when the brightest, tiniest little lady imaginable suddenly appeared before them, and said she was a fairy and had heard their wish, and that the first three wishes that they expressed aloud should be granted to them—having said which, she disappeared. And how the old man, without much consideration, exclaimed—

“I wish a smoking hot plum-pudding would come rolling down the chimney.” And how he had scarcely spoken when there was a rumbling and a tumbling in the chimney, and—just as he had wished—a steaming plum-pudding came rolling down, and placed itself on the table before them.

I daresay you have all heard the story before, but Mysie had not, and she listened with the greatest attention, mouth and eyes open. When, however, Ralph had got so far as this, she gave a little start, and said, with an anxious look towards the fireplace,

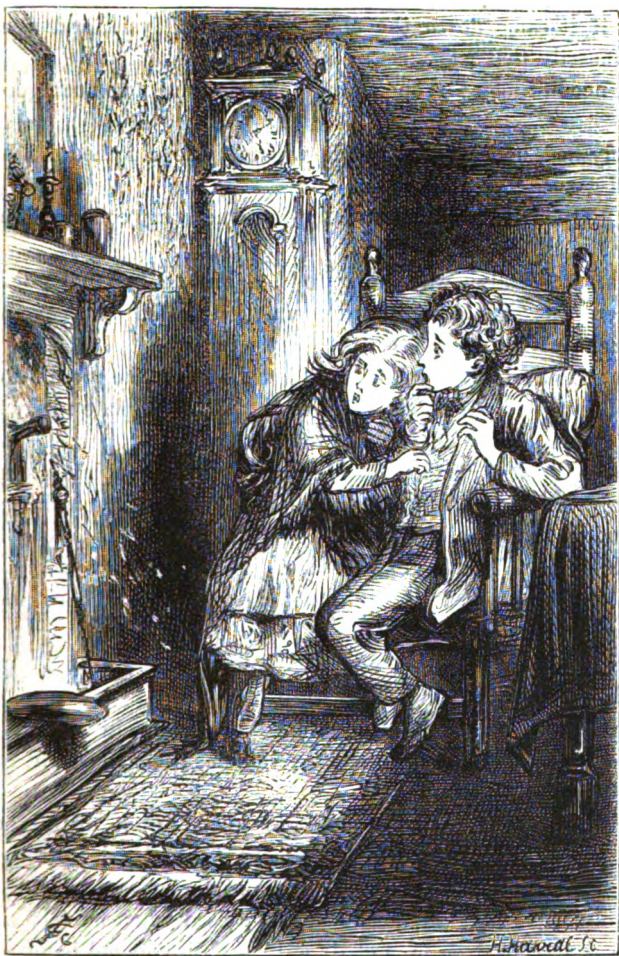
“Hush, Ralphie! what was that?”

“Nothing, dear; only the wind!”

And he went on and told how the old woman, in her vexation and disappointment that one of their wishes should have been wasted on a plum-pudding, exclaimed angrily,

"Was ever such a foolish wish! I wish it would stick on to your nose for your folly!"

Which the pudding accordingly did.



And how then both husband and wife repented of their hastiness, and determined to make a very good use of their one remaining wish. And how, after all, they were obliged to give up the idea of wishing

for anything great or grand—for what enjoyment could any one have with a pudding stuck on to his nose? and had to content themselves with wishing it off again, and then sitting down and eating it.

"Wouldn't you have liked it?" asked Ralph, when he had finished.

"Not if it came down the chimney!" said Mysie, and again she looked uneasily that way.

"You needn't look for one there," said Ralph; "no such good luck for us."

Scarcely had he said the words when Mysie clutched hold of his arm, and gasped,

"Oh, Ralph! listen! there really is something coming down the chimney!"

"Nonsense!" Ralph was going to say, but he had not got it out, when there was such a noise and commotion in the chimney that the word stuck in his throat.

Mysie gave a frightened scream and rushed from the room. Ralph—stayed of course to put on the tablecloth, and get a plate ready for the pudding? Alas! no. Ralph also took to his heels.

Mysie had rushed, without looking once behind her, into a cupboard at the further end of the scullery, the only other room on the ground-floor; but Ralph took the precaution of slamming the door behind him. He tried to bolt it, but in vain. The bolts were rusty,—they were never used,—and he could not draw them. There was also something wrong with the latch. The only way of keeping the door shut at all was by keeping hold of the handle, and that Ralph did. He would not have let go of it for the world!

Strange noises were to be heard from time to time in the next room, and once he thought that something came against the door, but the pressure was not great.

Ralph's intention was, no doubt, to keep watch all night, and perhaps, when daylight came, to escape with Mysie through the window; though on this last point I am not very clear. But, alas, for good resolutions! half an hour had not passed when he felt so tired that he was glad to drag up a chair with his disengaged hand, and sit down; still, of course, holding his door-handle tight. Ten minutes more, and he was nodding fast, at first rousing himself every now and then with a start; but before the hour was past he was fast asleep, his arms folded, his door handle left to take care of itself. It had not

done so long when the door began to swing back slowly on its hinges; and soon it was in its old and natural position, that is to say wide open.

Poor little Mysie, after saying her evening prayer more earnestly than ever in her life before, had also forgotten her troubles in sleep, so there was no one to watch, and Ralph, fast asleep in his chair, could not hear the stealthy, noiseless footsteps that, soon after the door had settled itself, stole in from the parlour; nor see the bright pair of eyes that, after looking at him so fixedly for a minute or two, passed on in the direction of Mysie's cupboard.

Not much like a plum-pudding, it must be confessed!

When Mysie awoke next morning her recollections were very confused. After the first wonder at finding herself in the cupboard came an indistinct, painful recollection of her mother being gone, and her eyes began to fill with tears.

"Mysie, darling!" said a gentle voice behind her, and she started up to see her mother bending over her, dressed in her bonnet and shawl, just as she had been when she went away the day before. She threw herself into her arms with a cry of joy, but one trouble still remained.

"I'm so glad you've come, dear mother," she said; "but do you know, poor Toby is lost!"

"O dear!" said a sleepy voice at this moment from the other end of the room, as Ralph, waking suddenly from a very remarkable dream about door-handles, started to his feet even more bewildered than Mysie had been. But a glimpse of his mother at the cupboard door recalled to his mind the events of the past evening, and he sprang to her side, exclaiming, "Didn't I tell you, Mysie—Hullo! how on earth did Toby get here?"

Not at all understanding what he meant, Mysie looked quickly round, and saw a dark object, coiled up on a corner of the sack where her head had been resting, which on closer inspection turned out to be indeed Toby, though shabby-looking and draggle-tailed in an uncommon degree. Mysie was too delighted to ask any questions, but occupied herself in trying to rouse the cat from his sleep; which, as Toby was quite determined not to wake up, was no easy matter.

It was not till they were all seated at breakfast, nearly an hour later, that any explanations were asked or given. Then Widow Banks

told how she had already started on her way home the evening before, when the fury of the storm forced her to return to the town for shelter; and how, before it passed off, night came on, and obliged her to remain. Full of anxiety about her children she had set out as soon as it was daylight, and on reaching home had been dreadfully uneasy, until to her astonishment she found them both in the scullery.

Then Ralph gave a straightforward account of the way they had spent the afternoon, frankly confessing that it was his own want of strict obedience in the first instance which had led to the trouble about the cat, and adding, "So you see, mother, we made sure that Toby was lost; but I suppose you let him in with you this morning."

"Not I," said Widow Banks. "There was no creature by the house when I came. He must have got in before." The children looked at each other, much perplexed.

Neither had yet said anything about their fright the night before. To tell the truth, they both felt rather ashamed of it in the broad daylight, especially as everything in the room looked just the same as usual. No—not quite everything, for as Ralph's eyes gave rather a side glance towards the fireplace, they caught sight of something which made him exclaim,

"I say, Mysie, isn't Toby uncommonly black this morning?"

"Not so black as he used to be," said Mysie, sadly. "He's so muddy—and so smoky too. My hands are covered with soot just from touching him. I can't think where he has been."

"That's just it!" shouted Ralph. "Look at those black footmarks, Mysie! Don't you understand now? Well, to be sure! Who would have thought of Toby's coming down that way, and giving us such a fright!" And thereupon he and Mysie told their tale.

There is good reason to believe that Toby recovered in the course of time not only from his drowsiness, but also from the external effects of the storm and the chimney. Whether he so far profited by his experience as to wander less from home in the future and attend more to the wishes of his friends, I will not be so bold as to assert. But we may at least hope that the lesson of the day's adventures was not altogether thrown away, either upon himself or upon his young master and mistress.

E. M. W.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

From the German.

N Angel o'er a cradle lean'd,
 His features shone with heavenly light:
 He saw himself reflected there,
 As in some streamlet's mirror bright.

"Sweet child, so like myself," he said,
 "Come to the cloudless realms with me:
 Earth offers thee no gift but pain,
 She is no worthy home for thee.

"Here thou canst only bloom to wither,
 Her joys but leave the heart oppress,
 The wail of sadness drowns her laughter,
 And sighs disturb the happiest breast.

"No gladsome feast without its shadow,
 Nor ever dawns a sunny day
 That ere the morrow may not vanish
 In darksome storm and cloud away.

"And must the aching load of care
 Hang on that brow so calm and pure,
 And the deep azure of those eyes
 The bitterness of tears obscure?

"Oh no! Beyond the fields of space,
 Beyond the burning suns we'll fly:
 Heaven will remit thine earthly span,
 And grant thee this best boon, to die.

"Nor let her weep, thy best and dearest,
 Who called thee her chief earthly joy,
 But as she smiled upon the earliest,
 Smile on the last sleep of her boy.

"Let her not weep that nestled by her
 No more thou'lt draw thy peaceful breath,
 To him whose sins are all forgiven
 The fairest hour is that of death."

And, while unearthly music murmured,
 His snowy wings the angel spread,
 Up to the throne of God ascending.
 Poor mother!—Yes, thy child is dead!

M. M. M.

"Will you walk a little faster?"

(From "ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND.")

Words by LEWIS CARROLL.

Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

Allegro.

"Will you

The first system of the musical score is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3 in the left hand and a half note B3 in the right hand, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

walk a lit-tle faster?" said a Whiting to a Snail, "There's a

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a half note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

Por-poise close be-hind me, and he's treading on my tail. See how

The third system concludes the phrase. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a half note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment features a more complex rhythmic pattern with chords and moving lines in both hands.

ca - ger - ly the Lobsters and the Tur - tles all ad - vance, They are

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line (treble clef) features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, accented with 'A' and '>' marks. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines in both hands.

wait - ing on the shin - gle, won't you come and join the dance?

This system continues the musical piece. The vocal line concludes with a final note and a fermata. The piano accompaniment continues with sustained chords and rhythmic patterns.

CHORUS.

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?

This system marks the beginning of the chorus. The vocal line features a repetitive melody. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady, rhythmic accompaniment.

Repeat the Symphony.

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

This system shows the final part of the chorus. The vocal line repeats the melody. The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic support.

2

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be,
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!"
But the Snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance—
Said he thanked the Whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance,
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.


3

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied,
"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side—
The further off from England, the nearer is to France—
Then turn not pale, beloved Snail, but come and join the dance.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

DEPARTED WORTHIES.

"Let us now praise famous men."

Ecclus. xlv. 1.

T would be well for biography, and even history, if all tombstones told the story of those who sleep beneath as simply and well as does that of Thomas Sutton, founder of the Charter House Hospital and School, London; it runs as follows:—

"Sacred to the glory of God in gratefvl memory of Thomas
Svttton, Esq.

Here lyeth bvried y^e body of Thomas Svttton, late of Castle Campea, in the Covntie of Cambridge, Esq., at whose only costes and charges this Hospital was fovnded and endowed wth large possessions for y^e releife of poore mē and childrē. Hee was a Gent. borne at Knayth, in y^e Covnty of Lincoln, of worthie and honest parentage. Hee lyved to y^e age of 79 yeares, and deceased y^e 12th of Decēb. 1611."

His biographer remarks on the "worthie and honest parentage" spoken of, that "though he was born rather to give honour to his family than to borrow any from it," yet his blood was conveyed to him through many noble Saxon veins in Cheshire, Lancashire, and Worcester. His grandfather was Thomas Sutton, servant to Edward IV., his mother was one of the Stapyltons of Yorkshire, "ancestors not so

low that his descent should be a shame to his virtues, nor yet so great but that his virtue might be an ornament to his birth."

His career was one of such singular and uninterrupted prosperity, that, viewed in connection with the final act of munificence by which he became an historical character, it would seem as if he had devised the motto of his own coat-armour, "*Deo dante dedi.*" Whether this was the case, or, as is more probable, he inherited it, there can be no doubt he realized it fully.

We will go briefly through the facts of his life. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, to two colleges of which latter (Jesus and Magdalen) he bequeathed legacies. He next entered Lincoln's Inn as a student of law, but wearying of a sedentary life, and perhaps the occupation, gave it up and travelled to the Continent, where he acquired several languages. He spent half a year in Spain, one in France, and two in Italy, where he mixed in the Italian wars, and was at the sacking of Rome under the Duke of Bourbon. Then passing into Holland and the Low Countries, he returned to his native land, unusually accomplished with experience and observation.

Arriving in England in 1562, he was admitted to the service of the Earls of Warwick and Leicester, being steward to the former, and secretary to the latter; and both considered him so able and faithful that they declared him fit for more public employments. Accordingly Queen Elizabeth appointed him Master of the Ordnance at Berwick in 1569, an office which he held for fourteen years. In 1579 he is said to have been one of those who marched into Scotland to the assistance of the Regent, the Earl of Morton, and laid siege to Edinburgh Castle. Five batteries were erected against it before it surrendered—one of which was commanded by Sutton. We next hear of him as obtaining from the Bishop of Durham a lease of the manors of Gateshead and Witham, in the neighbourhood of Newcastle-on-Tyne, on which he discovered many valuable coal mines, which in a few years raised his property to 50,000*l.*

In 1582 Mr. Sutton married; his wife was widow of John Dudley, of Stoke Newington, Middlesex, a near relation of the Earl of Warwick; her maiden name was Gardiner. This lady brought him a fortune as well as some landed property.

Afterwards we find him one of the chief victuallers to the Navy and some garrisons in the Low Countries, one of which was Ostend. To

this town he was enabled by the help of some fishermen to render a good service, which turned out greatly to his own advantage, as indeed did most of his undertakings. Moreover, he fitted out at his own expense an armed barque of seventy tons, called by his name, which either he sent to join the fleet against the Spanish Armada, or else, as some maintain, commanded it himself.

His last appointment was as Commissioner of Prizes under the Lord High Admiral, the Earl of Nottingham; and having received from him *letters of mark* against the Spaniards, his good fortune helped him to the capture of a ship so richly laden that its value was estimated at 20,000*l*.

The above describes what may be considered the first part of Mr. Sutton's life; the second commenced when he retired to London to enjoy and improve the fortune already acquired; and here, as his biographer words it, "his riches increased, and came upon him like a tide by the just arts and methods which he used." We cannot follow these in detail, but besides becoming an active merchant he is described as resorted to on all sides by citizens for money, was "a sharer in several public farms, a partner in foreign adventures, especially in Muscovy and Hamburgh, insomuch that he had no less than thirty agents abroad;" and during all this time he continued the practice of charity both to young and old; but especially to the clergy, with whom he was fond of forming acquaintance. "Thus he toiled," says his biographer, "and wrought as if he coveted all, and gave away as if he desired nothing; he looked upon himself as a steward of the great God, striving, as all should, not for himself, but others; unwilling to lavish what he could spare from his own occasions on pride or ambition, the luxury and vanity of a trifling world, when God had appointed it to be the portion of his fellow-creatures." It may amuse our readers to hear one little attempt at close detail as given in his life. When his estate was 2000*l*. per annum, he allowed 1000*l*. for himself and family in housekeeping, 200*l*. or 300*l*. for charity, and 400*l*. for law and physic and many other necessities, the rest for extraordinary emergencies.

The third era in Sutton's life may be considered to begin in the year 1602, on the death of his wife. Hitherto he had lived with the munificence and hospitality becoming his station; but now he retired into private life and resolved to devote his riches to some important

work of charity, and this he desired to accomplish even during his lifetime, his great idea being not to spend his money on anything which smaller means could accomplish, seeing that it fell to the lot of so very few to effect the larger undertakings. And this his noble wish was eventually carried out in the establishment of a foundation which even Lord Bacon, who opposed its institution with all the force of argument, described as aiming at a triple good—a *hospital, a school, and the maintenance of a preacher*.^{*} As may be supposed, however, while he was cogitating these matters in his mind he had many advisers to take counsel with, and many suggestions to consider. Dr. Willot would have had him be a benefactor to Chelsea College—a place intended for the convenience and maintenance of learned divines “who should study and write controversies against the Papists.” Or that he should lend himself to the furthering of King James’s scheme for the digging of a trench out of the River Lee to erect engines and water-works to convey water in closed pipes underground into the city of London. Others advised the building of sick hospitals, &c.

At last, “having observed how many hopeful youths miscarried for want of competent means for their education; and how many ancient gentlemen, having the same tender breeding with their elder brothers, yet had but the slender fortunes of a younger brother; that they were too generous to beg, not made for work, but were cast away and brought to misery for want of a comfortable subsistence in their old age,” he resolved upon founding a hospital which should accomplish the relief of both these classes. At first he appealed to the king for leave to build one on his own property at Hallingbury, in Essex; but afterwards observing the Lord of Suffolk’s house, near Smithfield, formerly a Carthusian monastery, announced for sale, he purchased it (by the name of “Howard House, otherwise called the late dissolved Charter House”) for his intended foundation, the rather because it had formerly been employed to religious ends. For this in May, 1611, he paid down 13,000*l*. His intention was to become master of the foundation, and to reside there himself; but he was now a very old

^{*} Eighty Poor Brothers, and forty scholars, with twelve superintending officers, were provided for by this noble endowment, and sixteen personages of the highest position in the State were appointed governors to guard the interests of the charity. The number of scholars has been increased to forty-five; and the school is about to be removed from London to the country.

man, and his bodily infirmities increased so much upon him, that he appointed another to the office; and before the year 1611 had closed Thomas Sutton's earthly career was ended.

We have mentioned Lord Bacon's opposition to the establishment of the Charter House; it comes down to us in an extraordinary letter he addressed to King James I., entreating him not to permit it, accompanying his arguments by suggestions of what he considered were the better uses to which the money might be applied; and it rather redounds to the wit of the "canny king" that he stood firm against the pressure, and allowed Sutton his way. Bacon called Sutton's proposed act "a sacrifice without salt, having the materials of a good intention, but not powdered with any such ordinances and institutions as may preserve the same from turning corrupt." He was most stringent on the abuses he foresaw in the appointment of the ancient gentlemen. Sutton ruled that they were to be "gentlemen by descent and in poverty. Soldiers that had borne arms by sea or land; merchants decayed by piracy or shipwreck; or servants in the house of the King or Queen's Majesty."

On which Lord Bacon remarks that, "Few men in any vocation who have been Somebody, and bear a mind somewhat according to conscience and remembrance of that they have been, will ever condescend to that Condition as to profess to live upon Alms, and to become a corporation of declared Beggars."


He anticipated in consequence the great lowering of their standard in days to come; and though there was some reason for his apprehension, we repeat that we think it was infinitely to the credit of King Jamie that he permitted England to have the great boon of the fulfilment of Sutton's wishes.

Sutton died at Hackney only one day short of eighty years of age. He had for some time laboured under a feverish distemper, which wasted him away, and brought him into a lingering consumption; and the Charter House not being ready to receive his body it was conveyed to Christ's Church, Newgate Street. Six thousand people attended his corpse through the city to its temporary resting-place, where it was interred, we are assured, with great funeral splendour. About three years afterwards (1614), on the anniversary of his death (December 12th), it was removed and carried by torchlight on the shoulders of the Poor Brethren to the tomb prepared for it in the now com-

pleted Charter House Chapel. Upon this occasion a sermon was preached by Mr. Percival Burrell, from the text "*He hath built us a synagogue.*" And the day has been kept ever since as an anniversary festival to his memory, a sermon being always preached, with gratuity to the preacher. Moreover, "after sermon," as Sutton's chronicler expresses it, "the auditors repair to the publique Hall, where the Bounty and Magnificence of our Noble Founder is gracefully set forth in a Latin Oration by a youth of the Foundation, whom Sutton has taught to speak."

EDITOR.

BOOK NOTICES.

 **Y New Suit, and Other Tales,** by H. A. F. (London, W. Wells Gardner, Paternoster Row.)

Unqualified approbation, and nothing less, is what we can sincerely bestow on this little volume of well-imagined stories. They are perhaps chiefly intended for the amusement and instruction of artizans' children, and many of them have had their popularity tested in one of Mr. Erskine Clarke's well-known serials ("The Chatterbox"); but their interest is not limited. Aunt Judy has read them herself with great relish, and believes that children of all classes will do the same. In this collected form there is the addition of an hitherto unpublished tale, full of fun, and turning upon an incident too good almost to be true, and yet which it seems impossible to have invented; this is "My New Suit." We can recommend it, and all those that follow it, to the attention of our young readers; they will find their hearts touched as well as their heads entertained.

"The English Poems of George Herbert, together with his Collection of Proverbs." (London and Oxford, Rivingtons.) This edition is brought out with the admirable taste which characterises so many of Messrs. Rivingtons' issues.

The tone of the purple backs, the gold lyre with the cross over it in the centre, the red-edged leaves, the rubrical lines within, all combine to make the little volume a very tempting one; and we cordially approve the omission of the Latin poems from a volume intended for general use. It is hardly too much to say no one ever reads them, and all they do is to add to the bulk and expense. The volume before us is uniform with the edition of Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying;" but we consider their value seriously damaged by the omission of both the "Epistles Dedicatory." We could almost say it is unfair to the good bishop to omit that portion of his book in which he expresses his opinion on many disputed points so clearly and wisely.

"Milly's Errand; or, Saved to Save," by Emma Leslie. (London, E. Marlborough and Co., Ave Maria Lane.) The story of a little girl saved from a wreck, who softens the heart of a mysteriously savage old doctor, and who turns out to be the child of a cousin he thought he had killed. The child is brought up so piously by the fisher-people who find her, that she *converts*, we may almost say, the savage doctor. The story is not probable, but the lessons it teaches are sound.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.



RS. DO-AS-YOU-WOULD-BE
DONE-BY.

Aunt Judy is charmed that you have asked this question, because she has learnt quite lately that there is a use to which old postage-stamps can be applied with advantage. Three thousand will make a snake a yard in length, which can be sold for 10s. at a bazaar. A receipt for the making of it came out some time ago in the "Queen" newspaper, but Aunt Judy cannot refer to the number. She would be very glad if any of our readers can furnish her and Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by with the date of it. They are strung together through the middle by a piece of fine cord, or very strong thread.

"Z." is quite right in supposing that the Australian seaweeds and zoophytes would be acceptable. Aunt Judy sends her hearty thanks. It is the beauty of a seaweed collection to be world-wide. Their scientific arrangement admits of it, and it is delightful to have them from the four quarters of the world. The Tasmanian friends have responded most kindly.

"Una." The following extract from "Notes and Queries" (4th Series, I., January 25, 1868) must answer your inquiry:—

Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

"The authorship of this well-known line has been inquired after at least three times in 'N. and Q.,' and has likewise baffled the researches of the editors of the various works on quotations. It is probably derived from the passage in Cicero, 'On Friendship,'—'Friends, though absent, are still present.'"

"Amy" asks where the following lines come from—

"Far from the busy haunts of men,
And hum of cities."—(?)

"A Travelled Monkey." You must apply to your bookseller on the subject of your first inquiry. Aunt Judy has nothing to do with the sale of the Magazine; but surely whoever procured the wrong numbers for you will change them for the right ones. (2.) Aunt Judy has never heard of the word "*gnugm*." It looks as if it meant *galimatias*. (3.) Aunt Judy must say no to this petition. The Marseillaise Hymn appears to her to be but too well known in connection with the horrors of the first French revolution.

"Carry and Gerty." "A Flat Iron for a Farthing" is a fiction; but no one can write as Mrs. Ewing does without perpetually drawing pictures from the life.

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"Clef" asks "what is the highest note a singer ever attained, and what is her name?"

"Weary." There are plenty of sisterhoods in the Church of England; but Aunt Judy is not able to give her the information she wants. Why there should be no alternative between entering one of them and "wasting her life," Aunt Judy cannot imagine.

"If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?"

"E. G. D." It is next to impossible to say what would be *most* acceptable to the poor little boy in the "Cot." Any kind of clothing or toys will be welcomed if sent to the Secretary, 49 Great Ormond Street.

Report of the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot," at the Hospital for Sick Children, 49 Great Ormond Street, London.

"George F—, who last month was introduced to Aunt Judy's readers as the occupant of the 'Cot,' continues in possession of it; 'he begged so hard to be Aunt Judy's patient, that it was felt impossible to refuse his request,' was the reason given in the last report for transferring him from another cot in the same ward. When he pleaded so earnestly to be placed in the 'Cot,' his wish was granted, under the impression that his days were numbered, and it was desirable to do all that was possible to alleviate his sufferings, and to make him happy during the short time he had to live. The possession of 'Aunt Judy's Cot,' however, seems to have had a magical effect on him, for, to the surprise and joy of all about him, he has been steadily improving ever since he was placed in it.

"Those contributors to the 'Cot Fund' who bought copies of the photograph of 'Little Annie' in 'Aunt Judy's Cot,' will recollect the ornamental label at the head of the Cot; that label has now given place to another, which is designed and painted by a lady who is deeply interested in the Hospital and 'Aunt Judy's Cot.' The words now appear surrounded by a lovely wreath of wild flowers and butterflies, exquisitely painted, and it is an object of great admiration to the children.

"The sympathy of Aunt Judy's readers is not confined to the occupant of their Cot; perhaps they will be pleased to hear something about a little boy in the adjoining cot, whose case is an interesting one, and may serve as a caution. His name is Frederick Z—. Finding in his boot a nail which hurt his foot, he did what many other little boys might do—took the poker to hammer down the nail; but a poker being less manageable than a hammer, it slipped and went with considerable force

against the upper part of his leg. Great suffering followed, and when he was first brought to the Hospital, much anxiety was felt about him; indeed, it was considered doubtful whether he would recover; though not yet able to move about, he is now doing well."

Contributions to the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot," received to February 15th, 1871.

	£	s.	d.
G. A. F. (monthly)	0	2	0
J. H. B. and A. B., Naples (annual)	0	15	0
John Thomas, Edith, George, Kate, and Elsie Frith, Union Street, Sheffield (monthly, for January and February) .	0	1	0
Miss Lawrence (annual) . .	1	0	0
M. A. F. (monthly)	0	0	6
Tally, Kew	0	1	0
G. W. R. and family, Bath. .	0	2	8
"The Little Ones at Low Nook, Ambleside".	0	4	0
Collected among the Chorister Boys, Tydd St. Mary, per Mrs. C. M. Law, Rectory, Wisbeach	0	10	5
Odd pence in Melville's box, Brighton	0	7	9
Herbert, Lucy, Ronald, and Lilian, Ganton	0	10	0
C. M., G. M., and T. M. . . .	0	2	4
Arthur, Charlie, Ellen, Willie, and Chrissy, with a parcel of books, &c., Croydon . . .	0	4	6
Herbert Lisbel	0	0	6
Jay and Crane, Dorchester (result of a penny reading) .	0	2	0
Master Henry Hall, East Curl- ton, Rockingham (less 2d. postage, paid for overweight)	0	10	10
Reginald, Is., Maud, Is., Bertie, Is., Monkton Wyld	0	3	0
Annie and Jemmie Birch, The Grove, Middleham	2	0	0
Mrs. and Miss Rhodes, 134 George Street, Edinburgh .	1	0	0
D. K.	0	0	6

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G. A. F. (monthly)
J. H. B. and A. L. F. (annual)

John Thomas, Editor, General
Kate, and Miss F. F. F. F.
Street, Sheffield, for January and February

Miss Lawrence, London

M. A. F. (monthly)

Tally, New

G. W. R. and Miss F. F. F.

"The Little One"

Southampton

Collected from the

Boys' and Girls' Club

Mrs. F. F. F.

Widow

Odd pieces of

Brighton

Herbert, London

Miss F. F. F.

C. W. C. C. C.

Miss F. F. F.

Miss F. F. F.

Miss F. F. F.

Miss F. F. F.

Miss F. F. F.

Miss F. F. F.

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Miss F. F. F.

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Miss F. F. F.

Miss F. F. F.

Miss F. F. F.

Miss F. F. F.

Miss F. F. F.

Miss F. F. F.

Miss F. F. F.

Miss F. F. F.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by C. M. C., Father, 1s., Mother, 1s., Stanley, 6d., Maud, 6d., Mrs. G., 6d., Miss B., 6d.	0	4	0	"A Travelled Monkey," 2s. 6d., "A White Nigger," 6d. . . .	0	3	0
Mabel and Lily Kelsall	0	5	0	Edith M. Winter, Tarrington Rectory, with a coloured scrap-book	0	2	0
The Snoring Pet	0	2	6	"Jonney and Alfred," with a picture card	0	0	½
B. A.	0	5	0	Evelyn Lucas, died September 28th, 1870.	1	4	6
The Highdown Sisters, Hitchin Grace and Aggie, Tavistock . .	0	2	0	"Granny," 6d., Lalla, North- church, 1d., H. F. H., 1d. . .	0	0	8
Snowdrop, Lily, Rose, Violet, and Forget-me-not, The Cor- mongers, Nutfield, Surrey . .	0	10	0	E. K. Law, Marston Rectory . .	0	0	6
The Children and Teachers in St. Peter's Sunday School, Chester	0	6	5	E. M. W.	0	2	6
Eleanor, Harriet, Temple, and Cecil	0	17	0	Beaver (monthly)	0	2	6
Flick's holiday and farewell . .	0	6	0	Cranmer, Corston	0	1	0
Mary and her Mother, 3 Roch- fort Place, Bath	0	5	0	The two Squirrels, 30, Hamil- ton Terrace	0	10	0
"Fidgetty Phil," Brooking Parsonage, Totnes	0	1	0	Little Jack and Francis, But- terthwaite	0	5	0
Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done- by	0	2	0	Mrs. Haking, a parcel of use- ful warm clothing.			
May	0	1	0	Anonymous, a Christmas book and cards.			
E. J., Liverpool (for little George)	0	0	6	Anonymous, six pairs of socks, for any children they will fit.			
Snowdrop	0	1	0	Mrs. Whalley, Wretham Rec- tory, a parcel of puzzles, pictures, &c., for general use.			
E. W., St. Leonards	0	1	6	S. W., a picture-book.			
M. L.	0	2	8	Emily and Ellinor, Monmouth, some flannel jackets and a doll.			
Collected by Tally, Littlebro'. .	0	5	2	Agnes, Louisa, and Fred., toys and warm clothing.			
Methvin Castle, Perth, and a collection of small articles . .	0	5	0	Maud and Florrie, 35 Notting- ham Place, a parcel of clothing.			
Mary and Emmie, Edinburgh . .	0	5	0	Clara, Surbiton, a few toys left from a Christmas tree.			
A. C. A. T., Lympstone, Devon- shire	0	1	0	Gyp's Mistress, some volumes of children's books.			
Mrs. Spriggins, Northumber . .	0	2	0	"From eleven Willing Workers, at Miss Barrett's," Sheen Lodge, Upper Clapton, cloth- ing.			
Tom Tit	0	10	0	Fanny and Edith, "with their good wishes," a doll's house and toys.			
Janie, 6d., Lalla, 6d.	0	1	0	Lily, Haileybury, two valen- tines, Arthur, ditto, two valentines.			
A. R. C., Lancashire	0	10	0				
"Eight Little Lovers of Aunt Judy," Kidderminster	0	10	0				
Beatrice E—, Prince of Wales Terrace	0	2	6				
A Christmas Gift, Margaret and Frances, Rosehill, Cheadle, Staffordshire	0	5	0				
R. Jessie Edwards, Spalding . .	0	2	0				
Katie, 1s. 0½d., Marion 9d., Edith, 8d., odd money, 4d., and two pairs of muffatees from Katie	0	2	9½				
Kathleen and G. O. W.	0	2	0				





A FLAT IKON FOR A FARTHING.

A FLAT IRON FOR A FARTHING;

OR, SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN ONLY SON.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LITTLE LADIES AGAIN—THE MEADS—THE DROWNED DOLL.

R. BUCKLE, sir, can you oblige me with eight farthings for twopence?

I had closely copied this form of speech from the apprentice, whose ways, as I have said, I endeavoured in every way to imitate. Thus, twopence being at that time the extent of my resources, I went about for some days after my adventure at the tinsmith's with all my worldly wealth in my pocket in farthings, pondering many matters.

I began to have my doubts about saddlery as a profession. Truth to say, a want beyond the cutting and punching of leather had begun to stir within me. I wished for a sister. Somehow I had never desired to adopt one of my cousins in this relation, not even my dear friend Polly; but since I had seen the little lady in the white beaver, I felt how nice it would be to have such a sister to play with, as I had heard of other sisters and brothers playing together. Then I fancied myself showing her all my possessions at home, and begging the like for her from my indulgent father. I pictured the new interest which my old toys would derive from being exhibited to her. I thought I would beg for an exhibition of the magic lantern, for a garden for her like my own, and for several half-holidays. It delighted me to imagine myself presenting her with whatever she most admired, like some eastern potentate or fairy godmother. But I could not connect her in my mind with the saddlery business. I felt that to possess so dainty and elegant a little lady as a sister was incompatible with an apprenticeship to Mr. Buckle.

Meanwhile I kept watch on the High Street from Mr. Buckle's door. One morning I saw the donkey, the man, the Spanish saddle, and the beaver bonnets come over the brow of the hill, and I forthwith ran to Nurse Bundle, and begged leave to go alone to the tinsmith's, and invest one of my eight farthings in a flat iron. It was only a few yards off, and she consented; but, as I had to submit to be dressed, by

the time I got there the little ladies were already in the shop, and seated on the two chairs. My fairy beauty looked round as I came in and recognising me, gave a little low laugh, and put her head on her own shoulder, and then peeped again, smiling so sweetly that I fairly loved her. The other was too deeply engaged in poking and fumbling for farthings in her glove to permit herself to be distracted by any thing or anybody. The process was so slow that the shopman came up to me and asked what I wanted. I took a well-warmed farthing from the handful I carried, and laid it on the counter, saying—

“A flat iron, if you please.”

He put several before me, and after making a show of testing them on the end of my comforter, I selected one at random. I know that I did not do it with half the air which the little grey-beavered lady had thrown over the proceeding, but I hardly deserved the scornful tone in which she addressed no one in particular with the remark, “He has no business with flat irons. He’s only a boy.”

She evidently expected no reply, for without a pause she proceeded to count out five farthings on to the counter, saying as she did so, “A frying-pan, a gridiron, a dish, and two plates, if you please.” When to my astonishment, miniature specimens of these articles, made of the same material as the flat irons, were produced from the box whence those had come. I was so bewildered by the severity of the little lady’s remarks, and the wonderful things which she obtained for her farthings, that I dropped my remaining seven on to the shop floor, and was still grubbing for them in the dust, when the children having finished their shopping, came backwards off the seats as usual. They passed me in the doorway, hand in hand. The little lady with the white beaver was next to me, and as she passed she gave a shy glance and her face dimpled all over into smiles. Unspeakably pleased by her recognition, I abandoned my farthings to their fate, and jumping up I held out my dusty hand to the little damsel, saying hastily but as civilly as I could, “How do you do? I hope you’re pretty well. And oh, please *will* you be my sister?”

Having once begun, I felt quite equal to a full explanation of my position and the prospects of toys and treats before us both. I was even prepared, in the generous excitement of the moment, to endow my new sister with a joint partnership in the possession of Ruben, and was about to explain all the advantages the little lady would

derive from having me for a brother, when I was stopped by the changed expression on her pretty face.

I suppose my sudden movement startled her, for the smiles vanished in a look of terror, and she clung to her companion, who opened wide her eyes, and, shaking her grey beaver vehemently, said, "We don't know you, Boy!"

Then they fled to the side of the old man-servant as fast as their little white-gaitered legs would carry them.

I watered the dusty floor of the shop with tears of vexation as I resumed my search for the farthings, and having found them I went back to the saddler's, pounding them in my hot hand, and bitterly disappointed.

I don't suppose that Rubens understood the feelings which gave an extra warmth to my caresses, as I hugged him in my arms, exclaiming, "You aren't afraid of me, you dear thing!"

But he responded sympathetically, both with tongue and tail.

I had not frightened the little ladies away from the High Street, it seemed. I saw them again two days later. They had been out as usual, and some trifling mischance having happened to the Spanish saddle, they called at Mr. Buckle's door for repairs. I was in the shop, and could see the two little maidens as they sat hanging over their strap, with a doll dressed very much like themselves between them. I crept nearer to the door, where the quick grey eyes of the younger one caught sight of me, and I heard her say in her peculiarly trenchant tones—

"Why, there's that boy again!"

I slipped a little to one side, and took up a tool and a bit of leather with a pretence of working, hoping to be out of sight, and yet to be able to look at the little white-beavered fairy, for whom my fancy was in no way abated. But her keen-eyed sister saw me still, and her next remark rang out with uncompromising distinctness—

"He's in the shop still. He's working. He must be a shop-boy!"

I dropped the tools, and rushed away to my sitting-room. My mortification was complete, and it was of a kind that Rubens could not understand. Fortunately for me, he simply went with my humour, without being particular as to the reason of it, like the tenderest of women.

A day or two afterwards I went out with Rubens and Jemima

Buckle for a walk. Our way home lay through some flat green meads, crossed by a stream, which, in its turn, was crossed by a little rustic bridge. As we came into these fields we met a man whose face seemed familiar, though I could not at first remember where I had seen him. Afterwards I remembered he was the tinsmith, and Jemima stayed to chat with him for a few minutes, but Rubens and I strolled on.

It seemed an odd coincidence that, a few seconds after meeting the tinsmith, I should meet the little white-beavered lady. She was crossing the bridge. Her sister was not with her, nor the donkey, nor the man-servant. She was walking with a nurse, and she carried a big doll in her arms. The doll, as I have said before, was "got up" wonderfully like its mistress. It had a miniature coat and cape and frills, it had leggings, it had a white plush bonnet (so my wife enables me to affirm), it had hair just the colour of the little lady's locks.

As she crossed the bridge, she seemed much pleased by the running of the water beneath her feet, and saying, "Please let dolly 'ook," in her pretty broken tones, she pushed her doll through the rustic work, holding it by its sash. But, alas! the doll was heavy, and the sash insecurely fastened. It gave way, and the doll plunged into the stream.

Once more the sweet little face was convulsed by a look of terror and distress. As the doll floated out on the other side of the bridge, she shrieked and wrung her hands. As for me, I ran down to the edge of the stream, calling Rubens after me, and pointing to the doll. Only too glad of an excuse for a plunge, in he dashed, and soon brought the unfortunate miss to shore by one of her gaitered legs. It was with some triumph that I carried the dripping doll to its little mistress, and heard the nurse admonish her to—

"Thank the young gentleman, my dear."

I have often since heard of faces "like an April sky," but I never saw one which did so resemble it in being by turns bright and overcast, with tears and smiles struggling together, and fear and pleased recognition, as the face of the little blonde in the white beaver bonnet. It was she who held out her hand this time, and as I took it she said, "'ank you 'erry much."

"It was Rubens' doing, not mine," said I. "Rubens! shake hands, sir!"

But the little lady was frightened. She shrunk away from the

warm greeting of Rubens, and I was obliged to shake hands with him myself to satisfy his feelings.

The nursemaid had been wringing out the doll's clothes for the little lady, but now they moved on together.

"Dood-bye!" said the little lady, smiling and waving her hand. I waved mine, and then Jemima, having parted with the tinsmith, came up, and we went home.

I never saw the beaver bonnets again.

CHAPTER XIII.

POLLY—THE PEW AND THE PULPIT—THE FATE OF THE FLAT IRON.

By the time that my father came to fetch us away, I was wonderfully improved in health and strength. I even wanted to go back outside the coach; but this was not allowed.

I did not forget the little lady in the white beaver, even after my return to Dacrefield. I was fond of drawing, and I made what seemed to me a rather striking portrait of her (at least as to colouring), and wore it tied by a bit of string round my neck. It is unromantic to have to confess that it fell at last into the washhand basin, and was reduced to pulp.

I brought my farthing flat iron home with me, and it was for long a favourite plaything. I used to sprinkle corners of my pocket-handkerchief with water, as I had seen Nurse Bundle "damp fine things" before ironing them. But, after all, "play" of this kind is dull work played alone. I was very glad when Polly came.

It was a few weeks after our return that my father proposed to ask Cousin Polly to pay us a visit. I think my aunt had said something in a letter about her not being well, and the visit was supposed to be for the benefit of her health.

She was not ill for long at Dacrefield. My "lessons" were of a very slight description as yet, and we spent most of our time out of doors. The fun of showing Polly about the farm and grounds was quite as satisfactory as any that my dream of the flaxen-haired sister had promised. I was quite prepared to yield to Cousin Polly in all things, as before; but she, no doubt in deference to my position as host, met me half-way with unusual affability and graciousness. Country life exactly suited her. I think she was profoundly happy exploring the

garden, making friends with the cows and horses, feeding the rabbits and chickens, and "playing at haunted castles" in the barn.

Her vigour and daring when we climbed trees together were the subjects of my constant admiration. Tree-climbing was Polly's favourite amusement, and the various fancies she "pretended" in connection with it, did credit to her imaginative powers. Sometimes she "pretended" to be Jack in the Beanstalk; sometimes she pretended to be at the mast-head of a ship at sea; sometimes to be in an upper story of a fairy house; sometimes to be escaping from a bear; sometimes (with recollections of London) to be the bear himself on a pole, or a monkey in the Zoological Gardens; or to be on the top of the Monument or of St. Paul's. Our most common game, however, was the time-honoured drama of "houses." Each branch constituted a story, and we used to emulate each other in our exploits of high climbing, with a formula that ran thus:

"Now I'm in the area" (the lowest branch). "Now I'm on the dining-room floor" (the next), and so on, ending with, "And now I'm the very poor person in the garret."

There were two trees which stood near each other, of about equal difficulty.

We used each to climb one, and as we started together, the one who first became the "very poor person in the garret" was held to be the winner of the game.

We were not allowed to climb trees on Sunday, which was a severe exercise of Polly's principles. One Sunday afternoon, however, much to my amazement, she led me away down the shrubbery, saying—

"My dear Regie! I've found two trees that I'm sure we may climb on Sundays." Much puzzled, I nevertheless yielded to her, being quite accustomed to trust all her proceedings.

I was not enlightened by the appearance of the trees, which were very much like others as to their ladder-like peculiarities. They were old Portugal laurels which had been cut in a good deal at various times. They looked very easy to climb, and did not seem to boast many "stories." I did not see anything about them adapted for Sunday amusement in particular.

But Polly soon explained herself.

"Look here, Regie," said she; "this tree has got three beautiful branches, one for the clerk, one for the reading-desk, and one for the

pulpit. I'm going to get into the top one and preach you a sermon; and you're to sit in that other tree—it makes a capital pew. I'm sure it's quite a Sunday game," added Polly, mounting to the pulpit with her accustomed energy.

I seated myself in the other tree; and Polly, after consuming some time in "settling herself," appeared to be ready; but she still hesitated, and finally burst out laughing.

"I beg your pardon," she added, rubbing her hands over her laughing mouth, and composing herself. "Now I'm going to begin." But she still giggled, which led me to say—

"Never mind the text, as you're laughing. Begin at once without."

"Very well," said Polly.

There was another break down, and then she seemed fairly grave.

"My dear bretheren," she began.

"There's only one of us," I ventured to observe.

"Now, Regie, you mustn't speak. The congregation never speaks to the clergyman when he's preaching."

"It's such a small congregation," I pleaded.

"Well, then, I won't preach at all, if you go on like that," said Polly.

But, as I saw that she was getting cross, and as I had no intention of offending her, I apologized, and begged her to proceed with her sermon. So she began again accordingly—

"My dear bretheren."

But here she paused; and after a few moments of expectation on my part, and silence on Polly's, she said—

"Is your pew comfortable, Regie, dear?"

"Very," said I. "How do you like the pulpit?"

"Very much indeed," said Polly; "but I don't think I can preach without a cushion. Suppose we talk."

Thus the sermon was abandoned; and as Polly refused to let me try my luck in the pulpit, she remained at a considerably higher level than I was. At last I became impatient of this fact, and began to climb higher.

"Stop!" cried Polly; "you mustn't leave your pew."

"I'm going into the gallery," a happy thought enabled me to say.

Polly made no answer. She seemed to be meditating some step;

and presently I saw her scramble down to the ground in her own rapid fashion.

"Regie, dear! will you promise not to get into my pulpit till I come back?" she begged.

I gave the promise; and, without answering my questions as to what she was going to do, she sped off towards the house. In about five minutes she returned with something held in the skirt of her frock, which seemed greatly to incommode her in climbing. At last she reached the pulpit, but she did not stay there. Up and on she went, much hindered by her burden.

"Polly! Polly!" I cried. "You mustn't go higher than the pulpit. You know it isn't fair. The pulpit is the top one, and you must stay there. The clergyman never goes into the gallery."

"I'm not going into the gallery," she gasped; and on she went to the topmost of the large branches. There she paused, and from her lap she drew forth the dinner-bell.

"I'm in the belfry," she shouted, in tones of triumph; "and I'm going to ring the bell for service."

Which she accordingly did, with such a hearty good-will, that Nurse Bundle and several others of the household came out to see what was the matter. My father laughed loudly, but Mrs. Bundle was seriously displeased.

"Master Reginald would never have thought of no such thing on a Sunday afternoon, but for you, Miss Polly," she said, with a partiality for her "own boy" which offended my sense of justice.

"I climbed a tree too, Nurse," I said, emphatically.

"And it was only a Sunday kind of climbing," Polly pleaded. But Nurse Bundle refused to see the force of Polly's idea; we were ignominiously dismissed to the nursery, and thenceforward were obliged, as before, to confine our tree-climbing exploits to the six working days of the week.

And these Portugal laurels bore the names of the Pulpit and the Pew ever afterwards.

* * * * *

I showed my flat iron to Polly, and she was so much pleased with it that I greatly regretted that I had only brought away this one from Oakford. I should have given it to her, but for its connection with the little white-beavered lady.

We both played with it; and at a suggestion of Polly's, we gave quite a new character to our "wash" (or rather "ironing," for we omitted the earlier processes of the laundry). We used to cut small models of clothes out of white paper, and then iron them with the farthing iron. How nobly that domestic implement did its duty till the luckless day when Polly became uneasy because we did not "put it down to the fire to get hot!"

"Nurse doesn't like us to play with fire," I conscientiously reminded her.

"It's not playing with fire; it's only putting the iron on the hob," said Polly.

And to this unworthy evasion I yielded, and—my arm being longer than Polly's—put the flat iron on the top bar of the nursery grate with my own hand. Whilst the iron was heating we went back to our scissors and paper.

"You cut out a few more white petticoats, Regie dear," said Polly, "and I will make an iron holder;" with which she calmly cut several inches off the end of her sash, and began to fold it for the purpose.

Aunt Maria's nursery discipline was firm, but her own nature was independent, almost to aggressiveness; and Polly inherited enough of the latter to more than counteract the repression of the former. Thus all Cousin Polly's proceedings were very direct, and, if necessary, daring. When she cut her sash, I exclaimed—"My dear Polly!" just as Uncle Ascot was wont at times to cry—"My dear Maria!"

"I'd nothing else to make it of," said Polly, calmly. "It's better than cutting up my pocket-handkerchief, for it only shortens it a little, and mamma often cuts the ends a little when our sashes ravel. How many petticoats have you done, dear?"

"Four," said I.

"Well, we've three shirts. Those long strips will do for Uncle Reginald's neckties. You can cut that last sheet into two pieces, and we'll pretend they're tablecloths. And then I think you'd better fetch the iron. Here's the holder."

"Oh! Polly, dear! It is such fun!" I cried; but as I drew near to the fireplace the words died away on my lips. My flat iron was gone.

At first I thought it had fallen on to the hearth; but looking nearer I saw a blot or button of lead upon the bar of the grate. There was

no resisting the conviction which forced itself upon me. My flat iron was melted.

Polly was much distressed. Doubly so because she had been the cause of the misfortune. As we were examining the shapeless lump of metal, she said, "It's like a little lump of silver that Miss Blomfield has hanging to her watch chain;" which determined me to have a hole made through the remains of my flat iron, and do the same.

"Papa has promised me a watch next birthday," I added.

Polly and I were very merry and happy together; but her visit came to an end at last. Aunt Maria came to fetch her. She had brought her down when she came, but had only stayed one night. On this occasion she stayed from Saturday to Monday. Aunt Maria never allowed any of the girls to travel alone, and they were never allowed to visit without her at any but relations' houses. One consequence of which was, that when they grew up, and were large young women with large noses, they were the most helpless creatures at a railway-station that I ever beheld.

Whilst Aunt Maria was with us, she "spoke seriously," as it is called, to my father about my education. I think she was shocked to discover how thoroughly Polly and I had been "running wild" during Polly's visit. Whether my father had given any rash assent to proposals for our studying together, which Aunt Maria may have made at her last visit, or not, I do not know. Anyway, my aunt seemed to be shocked, and enlarged to my father on the waste of time involved in allowing me to run wild so long. My father was apt to "take things easy," and I fancy he made some vague promises as to my education, which satisfied my aunt for the time. Polly and I parted with much grief on both sides. Aunt Maria took her back to her lessons, and I was left in my loneliness.

I felt Polly's loss very much, especially as my father happened to be a good deal engaged just then, and Nurse Bundle was busy superintending some new arrangements in our nursery premises. I think she missed Polly herself; we had not been so quiet for some weeks. I think we almost felt it dull.

"Of course a country place is very quiet," Mrs. Bundle said one evening to the housekeeper, with whom we were having tea for a change. "Anybody feels it that has ever lived in a town, where people is always dropping in."

"What's 'dropping in,' Nurse?" I asked.

"Well, my dear, just calling in at anybody's house, and sitting down in a friendly way, to exchange the weather and pass time like."

"That must be very nice," I said.

"Like as if we was in Oakford," Mrs. Bundle continued, "and I could drop in, as it might be, this afternoon, and take a seat in my sister's, and ask after their good healths."

"I wish we could," said I.

The idea fermented in my brain, as ideas were wont to do, in the large share of solitary hours that fell to my lot. The result of it was the following adventure.

(To be continued.)

ELENA'S ERRAND.

JUAN, they are very late ; and as he spoke Pedro Perez shaded his eyes from the setting sun, and looked down the pass.

The young man addressed laid aside his gun, and followed his father out of the cottage.

"Surely no harm can happen to them ; Pedro is as good a mountaineer as you or I, and Elena can climb about almost as well as he can."

"It is not that," and the father's brow darkened as he spoke ; "they are safe on the mountains ; but Vasquez declares I had a hand in his brother's death, and has sworn revenge. If he meet the children——"

Juan's handsome countenance contracted with passion.

"He would never dare to harm them ; but I had better go and look for them," he answered, as he re-entered the cottage and seized his gun.

"Hush ! listen," cried the elder man ; "what is that ?" As he spoke they heard the sound of two voices borne upon the evening air. They were singing a hymn to the Virgin—one very common amongst the mountains ; and the distance softened and harmonized the sound.

"There they are," cried Juan.

The cottage of Pedro Perez was situated in one of the smallest and most difficult passes of the Pyrenees ; he himself was a member of the

resguardos, or custom-house officers; his duties were small, as was also his pay, for few travellers ever passed the *Sancta Maria*, as Pedro had devoutly christened his cottage.

It was a post of some little responsibility; for though the pass was difficult it was some distance from the nearest guard station, and therefore open attacks were more to be dreaded than secret smuggling; but Pedro placed great faith in the position of his house, which, situated at the head of the pass, commanded a long extent of road on both the French and Spanish sides of the mountain.

Perez, however, and his son Juan were the only defenders of the house, but they were both of them brave and gallant men, and if report spoke truly when it said Carlos Quisedos, head of the *resguardos*, was animated by a somewhat envious motive in leaving so lonely a post to the care of the father and son, his conduct brought its own punishment, for Pedro and Juan were respected by their comrades and feared by the smugglers.

The two children who were clambering up the French side of the mountain were the younger son and only daughter of Pedro, aged respectively eleven and thirteen years. As they came within sight of the house the boy, who had been leaning heavily on his sister's shoulder, drew himself up, saying,

"There, Elena, father will be surprised to see me leaning on you; I can walk quite well alone."

But his actions belied his words, for while he spoke he tottered and fell heavily to the ground: the father, who had hastened from the cottage to meet the children, raised him in his arms, and said to the little girl,

"Elena, how is this? what has happened?"

Before his sister could answer Pedro opened his eyes and began to talk volubly; his father however bade him be silent; and it was not till the whole party was assembled in the room of the cottage, which served as kitchen and parlour, that Elena could explain the cause of their delay.

Her story however was interrupted by constant exclamations from the younger Pedro, who, exhausted by the exertion, grew so pale that the father forbade any conversation until after their evening meal.

It had now grown dark, and Elena, lighting the dim oil-lamp, prepared the supper; whilst her father examined the boy's foot, he

pronounced the hurt to be merely a sprained ankle, and declared that with patience and quiet it would soon be well.

"It's not the pain I mind," cried Pedro, as they concluded their frugal supper; "'tis nothing now I can keep quiet—but my hunting-knife, my new hunting-knife, father, that you gave me only a week ago."

"And what has happened to that?" asked Pedro the elder.

"Lost, quite lost;" and, spite of the courage on which he prided himself, the boy's eyes were filled with tears.

"But how did it happen? Elena, you are the eldest."

Thus encouraged, Elena related how in their wanderings they had passed the house of the Vasquez, a family well-known as connected with smugglers; that one of the men having, half in jest, half in earnest, threatened them, they had set off running.

At this juncture Pedro could contain himself no longer, and burst in with,

"If I had been alone, I would have died rather than run away, but as Elena was there——"

"Anyhow, Pedro," said his father, a trifle gravely, "I suppose you would not have begun a struggle with a grown man?"

"I should be afraid of no one, if only I had my hunting-knife once again."

"How did you lose it?"

"Well, you see, as Elena said, we made great haste, almost ran in order to get away from Vasquez, and we lost our way."

"Lost your way?—why I thought you knew every path as well as I do," said his brother.

"So I do; but we thought that by scrambling down one of the precipices we might find a near way home. I went down first, and stupidly I slipped and fell, hurting my ankle, and losing my knife, worse luck!"

"Poor little Elena," said Juan, smoothing his sister's dark curls. "Weren't you frightened?"

"Yes, indeed I was; but Pedro was so brave, he never cried."

"Of course not," said the boy, contemptuously. "I'm not a girl, nor a baby; but I was surprised to see the way Elena came down the hill; she's usually brave enough, but she ran down the side, and that was rough enough, or I shouldn't have fallen, as if she were on a smooth road. But she wouldn't go back to look for the hunting-knife."

Elena looked pained, but did not attempt to excuse herself.

"And she was quite right, too," said her father, approvingly. "How would you have got here to-day if she had wasted her time searching for a knife? Indeed, I cannot think how you reached home at all with your foot in that state."

"Elena helped me; nearly carried me," said Pedro.

"She must be very tired," said her elder brother, kindly.

"I don't mind it," Elena answered; "I don't feel it much."

"I think you'd better go to bed, at all events," said her father; and after the usual good-nights they all retired to sleep.

It was early the next morning, before the sun had risen, that Pedro was aroused by a loud knocking at the door, and on opening it found that his visitor was one of the men from the nearest station, who brought a message that Pedro and Juan were both to repair there as soon as possible, as secret information had been given to Quisedos of an attack to be made by the smugglers on that post.

Juan was highly excited on being told of the pleasure in store for him, and his younger brother exclaimed enviously, "Ah! if only my ankle was well I might go with you; as it is——"

"As it is," said his father, as he and Juan set out after a hasty meal, "you must stop at home and take care of the cottage and your sister."

The two children, left alone, occupied themselves in a characteristic manner; Elena employing herself in household duties, and Pedro, whose accident compelled him to keep quiet, singing a song of the mountains, expressive of an intense contempt for everything but hunting and fighting. But he soon stopped, and his sister was startled by hearing him heave a deep sigh—a very uncommon sound in their little cottage.

"Why, Pedro, what's the matter?"

"I'm sure it's clouding over," was the reply, in the most mournful of tones.

"Well, why should you sigh so? the rain won't harm us."

"No, but my knife; it will be quite rusted if it lie out of doors in such a storm as I see coming up. Juan promised to go and fetch it for me, but it will be no use to-morrow."

Elena looked distressed. She fully sympathised with her brother in his misfortune, but she could suggest no remedy.

After a short silence Pedro went on, "Do you remember where I fell, Elena?"

The little girl answered in the affirmative, and Pedro continued,

"The road is sure to be safe to-day, for all the men will have gone off to the attack they're going to make on the S. Martial; if only I could walk I'd go myself."

"Do you think I could go, Pedro?" Elena spoke timidly, for in her heart she was really afraid that her brother should accept her offer. She had suffered a great deal in their alarm of yesterday, but she could see no other plan.

"Oh, would you?" cried the boy, impetuously; "how good of you! If I only might have my hunting-knife!—but you're sure you wouldn't be afraid?"

Elena could not bear to disappoint him, so she answered, firmly, "Not the least, and I needn't be long gone, either."

"And, after all," Pedro went on, more trying to convince himself than his sister, "there's really no danger, and I should be so happy if you could find it."

That decided Elena; assuring him she wasn't the least afraid, she sprang out of doors, and soon lost sight of the cottage. But her step soon lost its lightness and buoyancy. The descent was difficult and rough, but it was not that which troubled the poor child; she remembered that, in order to find the knife, she must pass the hut of Vasquez, whose threats of the day before had so alarmed her. With a murmured prayer for courage and protection, she rushed past it, expecting every moment to hear a harsh voice summoning her to stop; but no one interrupted her way, and when, having gained a safe distance, she ventured to look back, she saw, to her surprise, no smoke issuing from the chimney, while the hut seemed completely deserted.

Once safely past the most dangerous part of her expedition, Elena went on more calmly, and by the time she had found the knife she was amused at her own fears. Carelessly humming a tune, she was clambering back to the path, when her blood was frozen by hearing a harsh voice—"Halt! the ascent is still steeper further on, and the mules are already tired."

Quivering with excitement, she crouched down amidst the undergrowth, hardly daring to breathe.

"We had better hasten on," said a second voice. "Some one may

see us, and if the resguardos only know we are coming, two may hold the Sancta Maria against ten of us."

"Fool!" answered the first under his breath; then, as he saw the other's face grow fierce, he added more mildly, "the cottage is uninhabited; we have Quisedos's word for it; and if he were to play us false he would see no more of the gold pieces he loves so dearly. There is no one there but two children; we need not hurry ourselves."

"But, nevertheless," retorted the other, "I say we had best waste no time; once past the Sancta Maria we can rest as long as we will."

"Of what are you afraid?" said a third, whose voice made Elena crouch still more closely in her hiding-place, for she recognised it to be that of Vasquez; "the house or the children?—the first will soon be in ashes, and the second——"

"You would not harm them?" said the other. "The saints will never protect us if we touch the children."

"Blood for blood!" was the reply: "be it whose it may, I have sworn to avenge my brother's death, and——"

"Well, well," interrupted one who seemed the leader of the party; "be it as you will about the babies; but in the meantime unload the mules a little, the beasts are tired."

On hearing the men actively employed Elena ventured to look forth from her hiding-place, and the sight she beheld made her heart beat so loudly and violently that she fancied the smugglers must hear its pulsations.

Ten or twelve desperate-looking men, armed to the teeth, were relieving the mules of the heavier part of their burden, and the little girl saw with horror that the leader and several of the party were relations of that Vasquez whose threats had caused her and Pedro's precipitous flight on the previous day. She saw these latter were whispering among themselves, and when she had sunk back into her hiding-place, for she dared only give a momentary glance at the scene, two of them passed so near her that she distinctly heard their words and their threats of vengeance on the accursed Perez.

All thoughts of her own danger had died away, and in its place arose the memory of Pedro's lonely situation and certain fate. Without passing through the band of smugglers she could not reach him, and even if she were to see him and warn him, escape was impossible, as his ankle rendered him incapable of flight.

And then like a flash of lightning came the idea that, if she could only warn Juan and her father, Pedro might be saved ; the smugglers were evidently preparing for a long halt, so there was a possibility that she might be in time.

The nearest way to the post where the *resguardos* were assembled was by a path overgrown with briars leading up steep hills and down almost impassable precipices ; but there was no thoughts of the dangers or difficulties of the way in her mind as she cautiously slid down the hill and, once out of sight of the smugglers, sped on her road. One hope animated her, gave her speed and courage—if she were only in time, Pedro might still be saved.

PART II.

Pedro meantime, all unconscious of the danger which was so near him, after watching his sister disappear down the hill, found time hang rather heavy on his hands.

He was so unused to any confinement, that he soon grew tired of the forced quiet and began to limp about ; but the movement caused his ankle so much pain that he quickly reseated himself, and at last dropped off into a gentle slumber.

How long he slept he did not know ; but he was roused from a dream of a deadly struggle with Vasquez, where his hunting knife would slip through his fingers, by a knocking at the door. He hastily roused himself and called out " come in : " the door was opened, and a pretty, girlish face framed in soft dark hair peeped in.

A tiny shade of disappointment marred the sweetness of its expression as its owner saw the empty room and heard Pedro's speech.

" Ah ! Urbana, how good of you to come and see me ! " he cried. " Juan and father are gone to the S. Martial."

" Oh, yes, I know," said the girl, as she entered and closed the door after her ; " my father was called off there too, so as I guessed all the *contrabandista* would assemble there, I knew the road would be safe for me to come and see Elena."

" I'm sorry Juan is out," was Pedro's reply.

" Oh ! that does not make the least difference," said Urbana, with a toss of the head. " I did not come to see him ; but where is Elena ?"

" Gone to look for my hunting-knife."

" And why haven't you gone yourself ? You're very lazy, Pedro."

But on hearing the cause of his detention in the house she sympathized duly with his misfortunes, and offered to rearrange the bandage on his foot. Pedro, whose ankle was growing very painful, readily consented, and time past so quickly whilst Urbana chatted to him, that he quite forgot Elena's absence till his hunger reminded him the dinner-hour had come and gone.

"Where can she be?" he asked uneasily; "she must be all right; I don't see what could happen to her, do you?"

"Shall I run down the pass and see if she is coming?" asked Urbana kindly.

"Will you do it?" asked Pedro. "I wish I could move."

Once more left alone he became a prey to somewhat reproachful thoughts. Poor Elena might have fallen and hurt herself, and no one could go to help her till Juan and his father returned; and how angry they would be with him, Pedro, for having allowed his sister to go on such an errand alone. To do the boy justice, however, he thought little of the blame he would incur compared with his sister's danger.

Urbana was not long gone, and when she rushed into the cottage, closing and barring the door behind her, Pedro was horrified at her white face and quivering lips.

"Pedro, they are coming!"

The boy, forgetful of his ankle, of everything but his companion's awe-struck expression, sprang to his feet.

"They—who?"

With lips that trembled so as almost to prevent her speaking, Urbana related how on looking down the pass she had seen a train of mules ascending, accompanied by a party of men, who from their dress and appearance she judged to be contrabandista.

"And listen!" she shrieked rather than said; "can you not hear them?"

Pedro listened, and distinctly perceived the sound of the mules' feet on the rough road.

In a moment all the pettier selfishness which had marred the boy's character died out, and with a generous earnestness, he besought Urbana to fly—there was still time for her to escape.

"And leave you? No!" answered the girl. "Besides," she added, pointing to the window looking down the French side of the pass, where the party of smugglers were already in sight, "it is too late."

The cottage of Pedro Perez was, as I have said, admirably fitted for the purposes of defence; one side being protected by the mountain which rose behind it as precipitous and impassable as a wall, while a window at each end commanded the approaches from both the French and Spanish sides. Two men, well armed and supplied with ammunition, might have defended the pass against ten times the number of assailants, but what could one boy and girl do?

There was little time for thought, but an idea flashed across Pedro's mind.

"Quick, Urbana, give me the blunderbuss!"

Urbana obeyed, and handed him a rusty old gun, long unused.

"That will do," and as he spoke he thrust it through the window, and sheltering himself behind the wall, cried in as manly a voice as he could assume,

"I'll shoot the first who approaches."

The threat and the sight of the gleaming muzzle arrested the progress of the caravan. It halted, and the men began to converse together. After a short interval the leader cried out,

"You'd better yield quietly; if you do, we'll do you no harm; but if not, we'll burn the house down over your heads."

Urbana looked appealingly at Pedro, and with a touching faith said,

"As you will, Pedro."

"I suppose we must trust them;" but the words died on his lips, for he soon saw the smugglers meant to leave them no alternative; for one, in whom Pedro easily recognised Vasquez, with an oath that he would not be balked by a boy, advanced cautiously and with a laugh of triumph, seizing the gun, twisted it out of Pedro's hand.

"It's all over, Urbana," said Pedro, turning to the praying girl.

But at that moment a pistol shot rang through the air, and Vasquez fell dead by the window, just as Juan, followed by a party of *resguardos*, sprang into the midst of the smugglers. The *contrabandista*, startled by the sudden attack, dispersed in all directions, and fled precipitately; so in a few minutes their adversaries were masters of the field, and of the valuable goods with which the mules were laden.

But Pedro was too concerned with thoughts of Elena and her fate to feel the elation which at any other time would have filled him at the sight of a combat, and the knowledge of his father's victory, and his

heart failed him at the thought of the explanation he must make of his sister's absence as Urbana drew aside the bolts and opened the door.

But Pedro felt a sensation between tears and laughter as Elena, weary, footsore and pale, but still alive and loving as ever, sprang into the room and flung her arms round his neck.

The little girl was quite exhausted by her exertions.

When she had found her father, and he had in spite of his leader's objections formed a party to go to the relief of his son, Perez had desired her to remain at the guard-station till next day. But she, anxious to see her favourite brother, and trembling for his safety, had followed the party, and now clung sobbing to Pedro, while she endeavoured vainly to tell him how glad, how very glad she was to see him safe.

Pedro's heart, intensely relieved at his sister's return, could not feel the same complete joy, for he knew that his conduct had been anything but blameless; but Perez probably thought the boy had suffered enough, for when he entered the room he spoke no word of reproach, only that evening when Elena bade him good-night, he stooped down and kissed her forehead:

"God bless and keep my brave daughter!"

Few words, and not very high praise; but from his lips Elena treasured them as more precious than any others she ever heard in her life.

* * * * *

My story ought to end here, but I cannot resist telling how Perez, when the treachery of Quisedos was reported at head-quarters, was promoted to the rank of leader, which post was rendered vacant by the dismissal of that functionary, though time does not permit me to dwell on the wedding of Urbana and Juan, who on his father's promotion was appointed to the Sancta Maria.


"And after all," cries Pedro, who still retains his old impetuosity, if he has lost some of the thoughtlessness of yore, "you all of you blamed me; but if Elena hadn't gone to look for the hunting-knife, we should never have known of the contrabandista's attack, and you would never have gained your promotion, and she and I would have been murdered."

A speech which, like many other statements really false, has a dangerous appearance of truth.

“LUCK-PETER.”

By Hans Christian Andersen.

IV.

 ANY a thought passed through little Peter's head ; and one Sunday when he had his best clothes on, without saying a word about it to his mother or grandmother, not even to Mademoiselle Frands, who otherwise always gave good advice, he went straight up to the conductor of the orchestra. He believed that the man was the most powerful, apart from the ballet. He went boldly in, and said, “I am at the dancing-school, but there is so much chicanery there I would rather change to acting or singing, whichever you like.”

“Have you a voice?” asked the conductor, as he looked quite kindly at him. “I fancy I know you ; where have I seen you before ? was it not you whose back cracked ?” and then he laughed ; but Peter turned as red as crimson ; he was surely no longer “Luck-Peter,” although grandmother had called him so. He looked down at his own feet, and wished that he was outside again.

“Sing me a song,” said the conductor. “Come, cheer up, my boy !” He took him by the chin, and Peter looked up into his kind eyes and sang a song which he had heard at the theatre in the opera “Robert”—“Have pity on me.”

“That is difficult, but it is very well !” said the conductor. “You have a good voice, if it only does not crack in the back ;” and he laughed, and called his wife. She too must hear Peter sing ; and he stooped down and said something in a foreign language. At that moment the singing-master at the theatre came in—it was to him that Peter should have gone, in order to become a singer. Now the singing-master came of his own accord—casually, as they say ; he also heard “Have pity on me ;” but he did not laugh, and looked by no means so kind as the conductor and his wife. However, it was settled that Peter should have singing-lessons.

“Now he is on the right track,” said Mademoiselle Frands. “One gets on better with the voice than with the legs ; if I had had a voice, I should have become a great singer, and might now have been a baroness.”

"Or Mrs. Bookbinder," said the mother; "if you had become rich, you would still have taken the bookbinder."

This allusion we do not understand, but Mademoiselle Frands understood it.

Peter had to sing to her, and to sing to the merchant's family, when they heard about his new stage prospects. He was called in one evening when they had company below. And he sang several songs, amongst them, "Have pity on me."

All the company clapped their hands, and Felix with them; he had heard him sing it before; in the stable he had sung the whole ballet of "Samson," and that was the most beautiful of all.

"One can't sing a ballet," said the lady.

"Indeed but Peter could," said Felix; and so he was asked for that.

He sang and talked, he drummed and trumpeted—it was childish play, but there were snatches of familiar airs which did not suit badly the drift of the ballet. The whole company thought it delightful, and laughed and applauded, each one louder than his neighbour. The merchant's wife gave Peter a large piece of cake and a silver dollar. How happy the boy was until he discovered, somewhat in the background, a gentleman who looked seriously at him. There was something stern and angry in the man's black eyes; on no account did he laugh, and did not say a single friendly word. This gentleman was the singing-master at the theatre.

The next forenoon Peter had to go to him, and there stood the man just as stern and severe.

"What was the matter with you yesterday?" said he, "could you not understand that you were playing the fool? Never do it again, and do not go about singing at houses, either indoors or without. Now you may go; to-day I do not sing with you."

Peter went away utterly disheartened. He had fallen out with his master. Nevertheless his master, more than at any time before, was well-disposed towards him; there lay perhaps a musical genius in the little fellow. In all the mad stuff he had adapted and put together there was still some meaning—something out of the common. The boy had a faculty for music, and his voice was ringing, and wide in compass; if it continued so, the little fellow's fortune was made.

Now the singing-lessons began; Peter was industrious, Peter was quick. Yet how much there was to learn, how much to know! The

mother toiled and moiled to come creditably through, in order that her son might go neat and well-dressed, and not look too poor compared with the people he now went amongst.



He was always singing and carolling so much, that there was no need for them to keep a canary-bird, said his mother. Each Sunday he would sing a psalm with grandmother; it was beautiful to hear his

clear voice lift itself up with hers. "It is much nicer than hearing him sing wildly." For so she said he sang, when like a little bird he trilled out with his voice, and allowed the notes which came of their own accord to sound at random. What notes there were in that little throat, what sound in that little breast! Yes, he could imitate a whole orchestra. There were both flute and bassoon in his voice, with violin and bugle. He sang as birds sing; but the human voice is the most beautiful, even that of a little human being, when he can sing like Peter.

But in the winter time, just when he was to go to the minister to be prepared for confirmation, he caught cold; the little bird in his chest said pip, and his voice cracked like the vampire's back.

"However it is no matter," considered his mother and grandmother; "now he does not sing, and can the better think seriously about his catechism."

His voice was beginning to break, the singing master said; Peter must now not sing at all.—How long was that to last?—A year—perhaps two. Perhaps his voice would never come back. That was a terrible anxiety.

"Think only about your confirmation for the present," said mother and grandmother. "Practise yourself in music," said the singing master, "but hold your tongue."

He thought about his catechism, and he kept studying his music. Within him it rang and sang; he wrote whole melodies in score, songs without words. At last he wrote words.

"Why, you are a poet, little Peter!" said the merchant's wife, to whom he took the text and music. The merchant also was presented with a piece without words; Felix, too, yes, even Mademoiselle Frands, and it was put into her scrap-book, wherein were verses and music by two once young lieutenants, now old majors on half-pay. The book had been given by "a friend," who had bound it himself.

And Peter was confirmed at Easter. Felix made him a present of a silver watch—it was the first watch that Peter had had. He thought himself quite a man with it; there was no need to ask any one what o'clock it was. Felix came up to the attic, congratulated him, and presented the watch. He himself was not to be confirmed till the autumn. They took one another by the hand, these two children of the house, both the same age, born on the same day, and in the same home;

and Felix had some of the cake which had been baked in the attic in honour of the occasion.

"It is a day of joy, with thoughts of seriousness," said grandmother.

"Yes, great seriousness," said the mother.

"If his father could have been alive to see Peter confirmed!"

Next Sunday they must all three go to the Lord's table.

When they came back from church there was an invitation from the singing-master for Peter to go to him; and Peter went.

Glad tidings awaited him, and yet serious ones. He was to give up singing altogether for a year; his voice must lie fallow like a field, as a farmer would say; but in the meantime he was to learn something. Not, however, in town, where every evening he rushed to the theatre without being able to help himself; he was to go thirty miles from home, to board and lodge with a tutor, who had still a few young men "en pension," as it is called; here he was to learn language and general knowledge, which at some time or other might be of use to him. The whole was to cost three hundred rix-dollars for the year's course, and it was defrayed by "a benefactor who did not wish to be known." "It is the merchant," said mother and grandmother.

The day of departure came; many tears were shed, kisses and blessing were given; and so Peter travelled by railway thirty miles out into the wide world.

It was Whitsuntide, the sun was shining, and the woods stood fresh and green. The train went through them; fields and villages succeeded one another; gentlemen's houses peeped out here and there; cattle stood in the pastures. Now there came a station, now another, and town succeeded town. At every stop there was a crowd of people to welcome or say good-bye; there was loud talking inside the carriages and out. There sat Peter listening to the loquacious chatter of a widow lady in black. She talked about her child who had died; and about her lodger—a student with such a number of books. And in the midst of all this talk Peter came to the station, where he was to remain in order to become as clever as the student with the number of books.

V.

Herr Gabriel, the much respected man of learning in whose house Peter was to study, was at the railway-station himself to meet him. Herr

Gabriel was a thin skeleton-like man, with large shining eyes, which were so extremely prominent that when he sneezed one felt afraid of their flying out of his head. He was accompanied by three of his own little boys. The eldest had a way of stumbling over his own legs, and the two others walked close up under Peter's feet, in order to look at him sufficiently near. Besides these, two big boys accompanied them, the eldest about fourteen years old, white-skinned, freckled, and all over spots.

"Young Madsen, a three years' student, when he does study. Primus, the minister's son." This was the younger one—he looked like a wheat-stalk. "Both boarders, studying with me," said Herr Gabriel. "The small baggage," he called his own children.

"Kate, take the new pupil's trunk in the wheelbarrow. There is some dinner for you at home."

"Stuffed turkey," said the two gentlemen boarders; "stuffed turkey," said the "small baggage;" and number one again stumbled over his own legs.

"Cæsar, mind your feet!" exclaimed Herr Gabriel; and so they went into the town, and out of it again. There stood a large, half tumble-down timber-built house, with a jasmine-covered porch out by the roadside; here was Madame Gabriel with more "small baggage," two little girls.

"The new pupil," said Herr Gabriel.

"Heartily welcome," said Madame Gabriel, a youthful, plump-looking woman, red and white, with two flat side curls and a good deal of pomatum on her hair. "My goodness, how tall you are!" she said to Peter; "you are quite grown up! I fancied that you were like Primus or young Madsen."

They went indoors. On the table were lying an open novel and a piece of bread and butter; one might fancy that the latter was put for a book-mark—it was lying across the open page.

"Now I must act the housewife;" and so, with all the five children and the two boarders, she showed Peter over the kitchen, out into the passage, and into a little room with windows looking into the garden. This was now his study and sleeping apartment; it was next to Madame Gabriel's, where she slept with all the five children.

"Here you shall be just as if you were at home. We have a theatre, too, in the town. The apothecary is director of an 'amateur

company,' and we have travelling actors. But now you shall have your turkey." And she took Peter into the parlour again, where some damp clothes were drying upon a line.

"That does not matter," said she; "it is simple cleanliness; and surely you are used enough to them."

So Peter sat down to his roast turkey, while the children of the house, not the two boarders, for they had taken themselves off, gave a dramatic representation for the gratification of themselves and the stranger.

There had lately been some strolling players in the town who had given Schiller's "Robbers." The two eldest boys were absolutely full of it, and at home they straightway played the whole piece, with all the parts; though of these they only remembered the sentence, "Dreams come from the stomach." But they all said them, each as he wanted them, in divers tones of voice. There stood Amelia, with eyes turned up to heaven, and dreamy look: "Dreams come from the stomach," said she, and buried her face in her hands. Carl Moor came in with heroic stride and manly voice—"Dreams come from the stomach;" and thereupon the whole flock of children rushed in—girls and boys, all were robbers—and slew one another, with the cry, "Dreams come from the stomach."

That was Schiller's "Robbers." This representation and "stuffed turkey" celebrated Peter's first introduction to Herr Gabriel's house. He now betook himself to his little chamber, the window of which, with its panes lit brightly by the sun, looked out into the garden. He sat down and looked out. There was Herr Gabriel absorbed in reading a book. He approached and looked in; his eyes seemed fixed upon Peter, who bowed respectfully. Herr Gabriel opened his mouth as wide as he could, stretched out his tongue, and let it wag from side to side, right in face of the astounded Peter, who was at a loss to understand why he experienced such treatment. Herr Gabriel then went away, but he came back to the front of the window, and again put his tongue out of his mouth.

Why did he do it? He was not thinking of Peter, nor that the panes were transparent; he only noticed that from the outside he could see his own reflection, and as he was suffering from indigestion, he wished to look at his tongue; but of this Peter was not aware.

Early in the evening Herr Gabriel went to his room, while Peter

sat in his. It got late in the evening. He heard the scolding of women in Madame Gabriel's bedroom.

"I shall go up and tell Gabriel how impudent you are."

"We'll go up to Gabriel too, and tell him what Madame is!"

"I've got the spasms," cried she.

"Who wants to see the lady with the spasms? Only twopence!"

Thereupon Madame's voice sounded less loudly, but still audibly: "What must that young man in there think of our house, hearing all this folly?"

And the scolding sank; but it rose again higher and higher.

"*Punctum finalis!*" cried Madame; "go and brew some punch; harmony is better than squabbling."

And there was quiet; the door inside shut, and the maidservants went away. Madame tapped to Peter, "Young man, now you have some idea of a housewife. Thank heaven that you don't keep maids. I wish for peace, and so I allow punch. I should like to give you a glass, one sleeps so well on it; but no one dares go in and out of rooms after ten o'clock; it is my Gabriel's wish. You shall have the punch all the same. In the door there is a large hole fastened up with putty: I will push the putty out and put a funnel in: you hold your water-glass underneath, and I will pour out the punch. This is all between ourselves, even apart from my Gabriel; he must not be bothered with household matters."

And so Peter got the punch, and there was peace in Madame Gabriel's room; peace and quietness in the whole house. Peter lay down, thought of mother and grandmother, said his evening prayers, and went to sleep.

What one dreams the first night that one sleeps in a strange house is important, grandmother had said. Peter dreamt that he took the amber heart which he still wore, and set it in a flower-pot; and it grew into a high tree through the ceiling and the roof, and it produced hearts of silver and gold thousandfold. And therewith the flower-pot burst, and the amber heart was no longer there: it had become earth and mould in the earth—it was gone, altogether gone.

So Peter awoke; he still had the amber heart, and it was warm on his own warm heart.

VI.

Early in the morning began the first hour of instruction under Herr Gabriel. They read French.

At breakfast only the boarders, the children, and Madame were present. She then took her second cup of coffee; the first she always drank in bed: "it is so wholesome when one has a tendency to spasms." She asked Peter what he had been reading that morning.

"French," he answered.

"That is a valuable language," she said; "the language of diplomacy and the court. I did not learn it when I was a child, but when one lives with a clever man, one acquires some of his knowledge, just as if one had it with one's mother's milk. In this way I know all the necessary sentences."

There was one foreign word, a proper name, which the lady had acquired by her marriage with a learned man. She had been christened Mett , after a rich aunt, whose heir she was to be; she got the name, but not the inheritance. Herr Gabriel rechristened Mett  into Meta, in Latin "a goal." On all the articles of her dowry, woollen or linen, were sewn the letters M. G.—Meta Gabriel; but young Madsen had some juvenile wit, and in the letters M. G. he read the character "Marked Good;" so he had added, in ink, a large note of interrogation on all the tablecloths, towels, and sheets.

"And do you not like Madame?" asked Peter, when young Madsen explained his joke; "she is so kind, and Herr Gabriel is so learned."

"She is a humbug," said young Madsen, "and Herr Gabriel is a brute! If I were only a corporal, and he a recruit—ugh!—would not I come down upon him!" and there seemed to be something blood-thirsty in the whole of young Madsen's expression; his lips became thinner than they otherwise were, and his whole face seemed to become one single freckle.

This was horrible language to hear spoken; it gave Peter a turn; and yet there was clearly something right in young Madsen's notion.

"It is a shameful thing of parents and teachers, that a human being should lose his best years, the fair season of youth, in learning grammar, names, and dates, which no one cares about, instead of enjoying his freedom, breathing freely, and sauntering along with his gun on his back, like a good sportsman. No—one must be shut indoors, sit on a

bench, and stare sleepily at a book ; that's what Herr Gabriel wants ; and so one is called a stupid, and gets the character 'Moderate.' Yes, one's parents receive a letter about it ! That's why Herr Gabriel is a brute !"

"He gives boxes on the ears, too," added little Primus, who seemed to agree with young Madsen. It was not pleasant for Peter to hear.

But Peter did not get his ears boxed ; he was so grown-up, as Madame said. He was not called stupid, for he was not so ; he was to have lessons alone. He soon advanced beyond Madsen and Primus.

"He has talent," said Herr Gabriel. "And one can see that he has been to a dancing-school," said Madame.

"We must have him in our theatricals," said the apothecary, who lived more for the private theatre of the town than for the dispensary. The malicious applied to him the old worn-out witticism that he had certainly been bitten by a mad player, for he was completely theatre-mad.

"That young student is born for an actor," said the apothecary ; "in two years he could take Romeo. I really believe, if he was well got up, and had a little moustache, he might well appear in the winter."

The apothecary's daughter—"great dramatic talent," said her father—"real beauty," said her mother—should be Juliet, Madame Gabriel must be the nurse ; and the apothecary, who was both director and manager, would undertake the rôle of the apothecary—it was short, but very important.

The whole depended on Herr Gabriel's permission for Peter to act Romeo.

They must endeavour to manage it through Madame Gabriel ; to know how to win her over ; and that the apothecary knew.

"You are born for a nurse," said he, believing that he was saying something flattering. "It is peculiarly the healthiest part in the piece," added he ; "it is the humorous part ; without it the melancholy of the piece would be insupportable. No one but you, Madame Gabriel, has the vivacity and life which ought to sparkle in it."

That was quite true, she knew ; but her husband would certainly never allow the young student to give up the scrap of time which must be devoted to his appearing as Romeo. In the meantime she promised to "work it," as she called it. The apothecary immediately began to

study his part, and even to think about the costume. He wished to be a perfect skeleton—poverty and misery themselves—and yet a fine man—a difficult task; but Madame Gabriel had a much more difficult one in "working" her husband over to their side. He could not, he said, answer to Peter's guardian, who paid for his education and lodging, for allowing him to act in tragedies.

We must not, however, conceal the fact that Peter had the most intense desire to do so. "But it will not be," said he.

"He's giving way," said Madame; "only let me work." She would have willingly given him punch, but Herr Gabriel did not care for it; married people are often different. We say it without any reflection on Madame.

"One glass, and no more," she suggested; "it elevates the mind, and makes man joyful; and that's what we ought to be—it is Heaven's will."

Peter was to be Romeo; it was worked through by Madame.

The trial reading was held at the apothecary's house. He provided chocolate and "witlings," otherwise small biscuits. They were sold at the baker's twelve for a halfpenny, and they were so minute and so numerous that it became a joke to call them "witlings."

"It is an easy thing to play the fool," said Herr Gabriel; so he himself gave nicknames to one or two of them. The apothecary's house he called "Noah's Ark, with the clean and the unclean," and that simply on account of the affection with which domestic animals were treated in the family. The young lady had her own cat, "Graciosa," with a beautiful soft coat; it lay in the window, on her lap, on her workbox, or walked about over the dinner-table. Her mother had a hen-house, a duck-yard, parrots, and canary birds; but the little boy could make more noise than all together. Two dogs, Flick and Flock, went about indoors; they were by no means as fragrant as *potpourri* vases, but they used to lie on the sofa, or on their mistress' bed.

The reading began, and was interrupted only for a moment by the dogs slobbering over Madame Gabriel's new gown; but it was done out of pure friendliness, and it did not stain. The cat, too, caused a little disturbance; it *would* give a paw to Juliet's representative, or sit on her head, and fan with its tail. Juliet's tender speeches were divided equally between the cat and Romeo.

Every word that Peter had to say was simply what he wanted to,

and must say to the apothecary's daughter. How sweet and charming she was! a child of nature, who, as Madame Gabriel expressed it, went with her part. Peter got quite excited over it.

Surely it was instinct, or something better, on the part of the cat. It set itself on Peter's shoulder, and, as it were, typified the sympathy between Romeo and Juliet.

At every succeeding rehearsal the mutual consciousness became clearer and more complete, the cat more familiar, the boy and the canary birds more noisy; Flick and Flock ran in and out.

The evening of representation came. Peter was completely Romeo; he saluted Juliet as a matter of course.

"Perfectly natural," said Madame Gabriel.

"Impudence," said Councillor Herr Svensden, the richest citizen, and the fattest man in the town. The perspiration rained down him with the warmth of the house and his own internal warmth. Peter found no mercy in his eyes. "Such a puppy!" said he; "a lanky whelp that one might crack in two, and make two whelps of."

Much admiration and one enemy! he came off well. Yes, Peter was a Luck-Peter.

Tired and overcome by the evening's exertion and applause, he went home to his little room. It was past midnight. Madame Gabriel knocked at the wall.

"Romeo! here's some punch." And the funnel was put through the door, while Peter held the glass underneath.

"Good night, Madame Gabriel."

But Peter could not sleep; all that he had said, and especially what Juliet had said, buzzed through his head; and when at last he fell asleep he dreamed about a wedding—a wedding with Mademoiselle Frands.

Wonderful what one can dream!



APRIL.



APRIL is a glorious time,
When the woods are ringing
With the rapturous melodies

Of the wild bird's singing:
April is a lovely time,
When the trees are budding,
And violet and primrose
All the lawn are studding.

April is a happy time,
When the winter's sorrow
Melts like troubled dream of night
Into glad to-morrow:
April is a hopeful time,
With its fields reviving,
And the forces of the year
On and upwards striving

April is a peaceful time,
With its evening shadows
Dropt like soothing kisses down
On the sleeping meadows:
April is a solemn time,
With its Sabbath mornings
Tinged with cloud and sunshine soft,
Full of low sweet warnings.

April! Thou wilt come and go.
O that thou mayst find me
With God's spring upon my heart,
Sin's cold frost behind me!

M. M. M.

IRISH MOSS, "CARRAGEEN," OR "CARRIGEEN."



HERE I fancy I overhear some of my young readers give a shout of delight, for even among those who have had the patience to go through our accounts of *Protococcus*, *Nostoc*, and *Porphyra*, there will be many who vote seaweeds very uninteresting, and had rather that we wrote on anything else, and to such the title of the present paper will be quite a relief. Moss instead of seaweeds! And Irish moss too! What visions do not the words bring before one of soft hill-sides in the soft climate of West Ireland, lakes backed by mountains in the distance, and a feeling of velvet beneath the feet! Yes, no doubt Irish moss is very lovely, and you wish of all things to hear what it is like.

Ah! my dear young friends, you have shouted too soon then, for instead of taking you to the peaceful inland scene the name conjures up, I must lead you once more to the wild sea-shore, and point to the hard rocks, if I am to show you what Irish moss is like, for there only can it be seen. It, too, being (in spite of its name) a seaweed, and an eatable one.

How it came to be called a moss is not easy to say, only that several other submarine growths have shared the same fate, and figure in old herbals as *Muscus marinus*, and some are called so still in common parlance. Of course, all such misnomers arise in the first instance from ignorance and want of investigation; but habit keeps up such errors long after they have been discovered and pointed out. When shall even any of us cease to call Iceland moss, moss, although our books tell us unmistakably that it is a lichen? And as, singularly enough, Irish moss has sometimes been sold in the shops as a substitute for the Iceland lichen (*both*, by a great piece of good luck, being good for coughs), the similarity of name has been quite useful to the shop people, as seeming to warrant a similarity of nature.

The other word which appears in our title, "Carrageen," is, we venture to assert, although books do not tell us so precisely, the common Irish name by which this seaweed has always been known; and it has led to the invention of a chemical term, *Carrageenin*, by

which is meant "the nourishing principle," which exists in "a peculiar compound" found in several kinds of seaweed, but which was first extracted from *Chondrus crispus*.

This "peculiar compound" is the gelatine into which *Chondrus crispus*, and all plants of a similar nature, melt down when boiled or even steeped in water. Dr. Pereira, who devised the name *Carrageenin*, explains his reasons as follows: "Carrageenin, the mucilaginous constituent of carrageen moss, is termed by some writers *vegetable jelly*, or *vegetable mucilage*, by others *pectin*. It appears to me to be a peculiar modification of mucilage, and I shall therefore call it *Carrageenin*" (*Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics*, p. 12). The etymology of the word we must leave to Irish scholars, who can perhaps tell us whether either *carraich*, a rock, or *carran*, a weed, have anything to do with it. There seems some uncertainty about the spelling of this word, the vowels *a* and *i* being used indifferently.

The scientific name of Irish moss is *Chondrus crispus*, and it does not belong to the simple structured *Algæ*, like our three old friends, but to the group called *Rhodosperms*, which are more complicated internally, and remarkable for bearing two different kinds of fruit. In substance *Chondrus crispus* is half fleshy, half gristly (*carnoso cartilaginous*), even horny when dry. It grows in tufts on the rocks, and in rock pools, to the height of about six or eight inches. It rises on a short stalk from a tiny disc-like root; is very narrow at the base, but widens upwards to a quarter or half an inch; flat throughout; then divides in a forked manner several times, so that the frond becomes by degrees fan-shaped. Its colour is a livid purple, or purplish brown; but this varies so much in different places of growth, and as it is more or less faded, that no precise definition can be given. If you look at it in the pools, you will see what are called *iridescent* tints, i.e., it gives out gleams of changing colour, something like mother-of-pearl, but the moment it is taken out of the water these disappear, leaving it its natural hue—dull dark purple.

It is difficult, without a figure, to explain its structure, but thus much will be intelligible, namely, that the cells of which *Chondrus* (in common with all *Algæ*) is composed are so minute as to be invisible except under the microscope, and so closely packed together that they make quite a firm material to handle. They are of two sorts, the innermost forming infinitesimally slender jointed threads, lying lengthwise from top to bottom of the frond, and running into each other (*anastomising*),

so as to form a compact network; the outer ones being round and bead-like filled with colouring matter, and set on at the surface in fringe-like rows, that is, the reverse way from the others; only the threads of the fringe are not loose, but held tight together by a perfectly firm gelatine, so that what with this and the dense packing of the cells of both sorts, Irish moss is a pretty tough substance, and about as unlike a moss as anything can well be imagined. Its surname of *crispus* (curled) is given it on account of its occasionally twisted appearance. Its generic name, *chondrus*, is from a Greek word signifying cartilage, in other words, *gristle*: its colour is due to the outermost cell-threads (*cortical* cells they are called, from their surrounding the plant as bark does a tree), but is very fleeting, and fades completely upon exposure to sunlight. What is sold in the shops seems generally to have been bleached in this manner, for it is for the most part pale straw colour, like so much horn. It is the gelatine, that is, the "carrageenin," of this plant that makes it valuable as an article of food. This value was first discovered in Ireland, where it soon became so popular as to be supposed to be even a remedy in consumptive cases (we suspect from its undoubtedly nourishing qualities), the consequence of which was that the peasantry who gathered it could sell it for half a crown a pound, it being then thought to be the peculiar growth of certain few places, chiefly on the west; but as soon as it was known to be plentiful all round the island the price of course fell in proportion, and it is now so cheap that it can be bought with advantage by farmers as food for cattle; pigs are said (by people who have tried the experiment) to thrive particularly well upon it.

It boils down to a stiff stock, like that of isinglass, from which can of course be made all kinds of blancmanges and jellies; but there is one difficulty as regards its popularity as food for human beings;—do what you will with it in the way of stewing, boiling, and flavouring, you cannot get quite rid of a certain bitter salt smack, which few people like as a matter of taste. When given in coughs it is further diluted in water and mixed with lemon juice, and thus forms a nice emollient drink of the barley-water type, and it is perhaps better used this way than any other. It was a pity, however, as Dr. Harvey writes feelingly in his sea-side book, that it was not made use of during the time of the great famine in Ireland, for no really hungry man would quarrel with the strong jelly or blancmange which can be

made from it, on account of the slightly brackish soupçon we have alluded to ; and as food for children and invalids it would have been invaluable.

We have now to add, that in spite of its two names, Irish moss and Carrageen, it is not in the least peculiar to Ireland, but abounds on our own coasts almost wherever there is a rock to be found, and its geographical distribution extends to the northern shores of America, and those of Europe generally. In conclusion, we will mention that there is a foreign seaweed of similar good qualities, but superior to *Chondrus*, inasmuch as the jelly it gives out is almost flavourless, this is "Ceylon moss" (*Gracilaria lichenoides*) ; and Dr. Harvey tells of a Swan River species (*Gigartina speciosa*), the gelatine of which is perhaps every bit as fine. Then there is "Corsican moss" (*Gracilaria helminthochorton*), long esteemed and registered as a medicine ; and there are the two Chinese *Gracilarias tenax* and *spinosa*, both of them fine cements and varnishes, as the ingenious people on whose shores they grow long since discovered.

Two generations ago, when Mr. Turner wrote his magnificent work on *Algæ*, he could say that about 27,000 lbs. of *G. tenax* were annually brought into and sold at Canton. From the account given by Sir Joseph Banks it seems to combine the several merits of glue, gum, and varnish ; and recent travellers consider *G. spinosa* not a whit behind the other in value, nay, it is even largely consumed also as an article of food.

Reading of the many and curious purposes to which these "vile *Algæ*" are applied in China, the question suggests itself, are we half as well acquainted as we ought to be with the properties of the seaweeds on our own shores ?—as the Chinese would soon be if they were living in this island of ours ? Mrs. Griffiths, of Torquay, the *facile princeps*, as she is called, of English algologists, tried our own rather scarce *Gracilaria compressa* both as a pickle and preserve, and in both ways found it excellent.

.. EDITOR.

SCENES AND SKETCHES FROM THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

FOURTH EVENING (*continued*).



HAVE already observed, that it is not my intention to write a history of the Thirty Years' War. I therefore do not pretend to follow the great King closely on his brilliant and rapid career, in which, by the strength of his own genius, he forced his way through the heart of Germany, from Leipsic to the Danube, and even to Munich itself. Some historians say that he ought to have marched straight to Vienna; others, that no step could have been so rash. Oxenstiern, however, after deliberating upon the subject from September to December, and finally telling his Majesty that he would rather have joined him at Vienna than at Mentz, was entirely brought round to Gustavus' view of the question in the course of a single conversation. It would certainly seem to have been the most tempting game to seize the empire and plant himself on Ferdinand's throne, while the Elector of Bavaria and Tilly were re-organizing their army, and overrunning Protestant Germany, which Gustavus had come to protect.

However this may be, the court of Vienna had begun to be alarmed: the wits of the cabinet left off calling Gustavus a King of Snow, who would melt when he came southward; and Ferdinand began to wonder sometimes whether Albert of Friedland and Mecklenburg was perfectly happy in his retirement, and, in short, to feel a sudden and a very kindly interest in his proceedings.

Meanwhile, Gustavus Adolphus was leading his victorious army from city to city, his brave troops undiscouraged by the superadded hardships of snow and frost and all the discomforts of a severe winter, hardships for which they cared all the less that their sovereign shared all most cheerfully with them. Christmas he kept full royally at Mentz, in company with the unfortunate King of Bohemia.

This city was taken by storm on the 13th of December, Gustavus riding in on the 14th, his thirty-seventh birthday.

Hepburn, the hero of the assault, rode by his side; and then the Scotch brigade took up their quarters, to refresh and recruit during

the bitter month of January. A wounded Swedish officer was also quartered with them, the brave Colonel Axel Lilly. This unfortunate individual came by his wound in a singular way. During the siege he had crept over to Hepburn's post one night, for society's sake. He and Hepburn and Munro sat by the watch-fire as comfortably as possible, and as indifferent to the gleaming snow and pitchy sky as they were to the whistling of the cannon-balls which constantly passed over their heads. Axel now and then ducked his head as one came inconveniently near, and laughingly observed, "I wonder what would be thought if anything were to happen to me, for I have no sort of business here." He had hardly said the words, when a cannon-ball came crashing into the middle of the social party, and carried off Axel's leg below the knee. He was very much taken care of and immensely pitied, and heaped with favours and honours and sinecures by the King, till old Munro grew jealous, and grumbled in a suppressed manner like a discontented bear.

Axel remained for the present on sick leave to be nursed by Hepburn, who had a peculiar talent for recommending himself to the sick and wounded.

And now every day brought tidings to the court of Vienna of another Protestant victory: from the Elbe to the Rhine, from the Rhine to the Danube, town after town yielded to the Swedish arms; while, at the same time, Bohemia surrendered almost without a struggle to the Saxons under Arnheim. The passage of the Danube was made at Donauworth, after a night of tremendous fighting; for the place being strong in itself, was gallantly defended by Duke Rodolph of Saxe Lauenburg, and as gallantly stormed by our countrymen under Hepburn, who led the attack. At day-break, Hepburn was sent for by the King, and being led through the encumbered streets to a handsome house, one of the largest in the town and the least injured, was shown into a room where he found assembled—Gustavus, Frederic the exiled King of Bohemia, Bernard of Weimar, and several others. It would have made a good subject for one of Cattermole's drawings, and one can picture the scene: the old-fashioned stone hall, with the wintry dawn peeping in through the small lattice panes; the square, massive table; the lofty chimney-piece, with its antique carvings; the newly-lighted fire of pine logs, glowing and flickering on the scattered pieces of armour which the princes, seated round in the careless attitudes of wearied men, have just

unbuckled, while they refresh themselves with those tall flagons of cool Rhenish after the fatigues of the night.

Hepburn was thanked, in the presence of these personages, by his royal master, and went away extremely gratified to occupy the only remaining post of danger.

Gustavus stood on the banks of the rapid Lech, the army of the Imperialists strongly entrenched occupying the other side; contrary to the advice of his most experienced generals, he was determined to cross the river and risk all on the fate of a battle, and though, from the nature of the ground, the enterprise was beyond measure perilous, Gustavus felt hardly doubtful of the result.

Meanwhile, Tilly anxiously watched his proceedings, and discussed with his generals the question whether his gallant adversary would attempt the passage. They all agreed it was extremely unlikely; but Tilly was too well acquainted with the character of the Lion of the North not to have his misgivings. The event justified his fears.

The first measure on the part of the King was to throw a bridge across the river, an operation which was effected in two days, while a thick blue smoke, which rose from the Swedish quarters, prevented the Imperialists from discovering the work till it was half finished. Under cover of a battery of seventy-two cannons, the Swedes forced the passage, though the enemy on their side were not idle, and their artillery numbered nearly a hundred pieces. But that of Gustavus, posted by himself at the imminent peril of his own life, stood higher than that of Tilly, and made dreadful havoc in his ranks. In vain was the desperate courage of the gallant old Tilly; a ball carried away his knee, and fainting with acute pain he was carried from the field and conveyed to Ingolstadt in a litter. Altringer took his place, but he was also dangerously wounded, and the troops, entirely discouraged by the loss of their leaders, gave way; Maximilian, their Elector, indeed was present, but he had kept in the background, and being convinced that the fortunes of the day were irretrievable, he led the shattered remains of his army back to Ingolstadt.

It was a touching scene, the death-bed of old John of Tserclas; that devoted fidelity to his master, which had been pretty nearly his only good quality through life, seemed to occupy his dying thoughts. As Maximilian of Bavaria stood sorrowfully by his bed-side, Tilly, in spite of his agonizing sufferings, rallied his remaining energies to

express to that prince all the depth of his attachment, and with his dying breath earnestly entreated him to entrench himself in Ratisbon, and never surrender it to the Swedes.

SCENE XI.

Munich! open wide your gates, the Lion of the North is approaching.

Augsburg, Neuburg, and Nuremburg were indeed at the conqueror's feet, and in the morning dawn Gustavus rode into the capital of Bavaria, the stronghold of the Catholic faith. He passed through the great square where that noble statue, by Torvaldsen, of the Elector Maximilian now stands, to remind every one how he made no attempt to defend his capital then; and in a short time, Gustavus and his ally the King of Bohemia were established in the electoral palace.

The King appointed the two regiments of Munro and Spynie to act as his body-guard while he remained at Munich. This was considered a great honour, but rather a troublesome one, for they were on guard night and day, the officers having their meals sent to them from the King's table. One afternoon Hepburn came in to see how his companions were getting on, and Gassion, Leonard Torstensohn, and one or two others dropped in soon after.

"Well, Munro, you have better quarters here than you had when we were besieging Ingolstadt," said Hepburn, glancing round the handsome guard-room.

"Ay, indeed," responded Munro. "I lost twelve men by one shot, when we were cooling our heels before that place."

"Worse than our adventure before Mentz. By the way, does any one know how Lilly is going on?"

"Pretty well, I should think," answered Munro, with a sort of grunt; "his Majesty gave him several times the value of that precious limb."

"That reminds me," said Hepburn, "I want to know the particulars of the accident that happened to the King before Ingolstadt. Who was present?"

"Gassion ought to relate them best," suggested Torstensohn; "he picked him up."

"How did it happen, Gassion?"

"Why," said Gassion, "his Majesty rode out on that white Persian

mare of his, to make some observations on a particular part of the defences. You know what a coat the mare has—shines like silver. Of course he would get too near to the enemy's batteries, according to his usual custom, and a cannon ball struck his palfrey on the flank—poor little beast!—so close to the King's leg that it actually grazed the skin. Naturally the King and his steed rolled over and over in a mass of blood and dust and confusion, and I thought he was killed; that is to say, as soon as I had time to think, for the wind of the shot knocked me over too. I can assure you that was an unpleasant moment in my life. I scrambled on my feet as soon as I could and ran to him; but he had recovered from the stunning effect of the fall, and said to me when I came up, 'How was it possible for the enemy to hit me? I thought I was out of cannon shot.' He was much vexed about his beautiful mare, which was a great favourite."

"I only wish he could be persuaded not to expose his life so recklessly; but he is convinced that it is his duty always to be at the post of danger."

"What a horrible fright those Munich gentlemen were in; did you see them, Hepburn, fall down on their knees to the King, and beg him to be merciful?"

"Of course I did, for I was close to the King. His Majesty was seriously displeased, I can tell you; he desired them to rise instantly, and kneel only to the King of kings. He never can bear that kind of servile adulation."

"I was so amused," said Gassion, "at a conversation between the King and one of the officials, who was showing his Majesty through the apartments of the palace. You were present, were you not, Hepburn?"

"I don't recollect, however, Gassion, to what you allude."

"Why, the King asked who was the architect; the custodian replied that it was the Elector himself, upon which his Majesty expressed a wish to engage so clever an architect in his service, saying he would send him to Stockholm. He said this with that droll look in his eye that we all know; but the custodian composedly replied that the Elector architect would take good care to decline the offer. The King was quite pleased with the effect of his small joke."

"Oh, Gassion, I want to know where you went to the other day with the King. You looked rather bored."

"Bored? I only wish you had been there instead of me. I never was so bored in my life. His Majesty went to see the Jesuits' College, and it was just after he had been to hear mass; so he must needs enter into a long discussion with the Jesuits, about transubstantiation and consubstantiation, and other deep questions of theology. If you had been there, Hepburn, you might have helped the priests perhaps, for I assure you they had much the worst of it."

"The Jesuits knew better than to let it be otherwise," replied Hepburn, with a smile—while biting his lip—for our Scotchman was a Roman Catholic and a very sincere one.

"Meanwhile," said another voice, "have you heard, gentlemen, what has happened in Bohemia?"

The voice was that of Gustaf Horne, who had just entered the room, and every one clamoured to hear the news.

Gustaf smiled. "We shall have plenty of work in our hands from that quarter soon;" then refusing to satisfy their noisy curiosity any further, he took Hepburn's arm and led him away.

In order to understand Horne's communication, we must leave the Swedish camp for a while, and pay a visit to an old acquaintance.

HENRIK. An old acquaintance. Who is that?

HILDA. I know: it is Wallenstein.

HENRIK. Oh yes, of course.

OTHO. I shall be glad to return to Duke Albert; he is rather a friend of mine.

HENRIK. I say, Rochester, you pass over the Swedes' progress through Germany very quickly.

ROCHESTER. My dear boy, if I were to describe minutely the siege of every place, my sketches would grow tedious.

ROBERT. What lots of English and Scotch Gustavus had in his army. I wish I had been one of them, in spite of what Menteith says.

HENRIK. Who is Menteith, and what says he?

ROCHESTER. Don't you remember—in the Legend of Montrose? He is the young cavalier, you know, who is so provoked at Dugald Dalgetty eternally boasting of having served under Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North.

HENRIK. Ah, yes! I remember now. I read it in German, Menteith is the chivalrous hero who fights all for patriotism and

loyalty, and abhors mercenary soldiers, like our friends, Munro and Hepburn.

OTHO. It is certainly rather curious how perpetually the Scotch were fighting in the quarrels of other nations.

HILDA. As bad as the Swiss.

ROCHESTER. Oh, no! they were not so mercenary as the Swiss. The Swiss had not the slightest scruples in breaking their engagements to one party if larger pay were offered by the other, so that they have been known to desert on the eve of a battle. The Scotch, on the contrary, were very faithful.

OTHO. There were the Scotch guards of Louis XI., for instance.

ROCHESTER. Yes, *Messieurs les Gardes Ecossais* were always a privileged corps. Louis XIII. appears to have had a Scotch guard also commanded by the Marquis of Douglas, I rather think; and if you remember, Otho, the Scottish Jacobite exiles, after the Revolution of 1688, formed themselves into a Scotch regiment composed entirely of gentlemen, who fought most gallantly in the service of Louis XIV., and were nearly all cut to pieces in his continental wars. They won small thanks and little pay, but much glory.

OTHO. Oh, yes. I remember, Aytoun speaks of them; they were commanded by Lord Ogilvie, who wrote that pretty ballad that Mamma sings, and which begins:

“ It was a’ for our rightful King
We left fair Scotia’s strand.”

HILDA. Oh, I know it. It is such a favourite of mine. Do you remember the last verse?

“ When day is gane and night is come
And a’ are boun to sleep,
I’ll think on him that’s far awa’
The livelang night and weep,
My dear,
The livelang night and weep.”

ROCHESTER. Yes, the Scotch generally had scathe and woe by their connection with France. You know it is said that the Queen of France sent a turquoise ring to James IV., and charged him to break a lance for her sake. He fought the battle of Flodden in consequence.

ROLLO. Do you know, Rochester, I don’t believe that Gustavus’s Scotch troops were better than the Swedes.

ROCHESTER. Quite right to stick up for your country, Rollo; but I am afraid the Scotch were finer troops, and could stand a charge of cavalry better. However, for your comfort, Rollo, Gustavus himself complained that they were dreadfully lazy at any engineering work, and that they were too proud to work in the trenches.

HILDA. Do you know, brothers and cousins, that it is past eight o'clock, and that we must go downstairs?

OTHO. We have no reading, you know, next Saturday, because it is Oscar's birthday, and the children all sit up an hour later in consequence.

ROLLO. Ah, yes, and we are going to have a magic-lantern after tea, which Oscar and Theresa and me have never seen.

ROBERT (Sententiously). And never will see if you don't talk better English, Rollo. Theresa and I, you should say.


OTHO. So you will have plenty of time to prepare against Saturday week, Rochie.

And Otho taking his brother's arm, they followed the children downstairs.

(To be continued.)

LEAVES FROM A DIARY "UNDER THE RED CROSS."

IN THE PRUSSIAN LINES.

 THOUGH safely landed at Saarbrück, I found I had many difficulties to overcome before I could actually get on to Metz, or rather to the Prussian lines of investment round that fortress. In war time a good deal of suspicion is afloat, and an Englishman, though he may be a neutral, is not acceptable unless he comes with a definite purpose and mission. However, I determined not to be thwarted, and on the principle of "nothing venture nothing have," prepared to start on the evening of the second day of my arrival at Saarbrück. Packing up a fraction of my small stock of luggage, and leaving the remainder at the hotel, I got to the station about six in the evening, and found a long train partially filled with troops and passengers of all kinds, which I was told would go as far as Remilly that night. Just when I was deciding upon which carriage I should

get into, I heard some one shout at me in the noisy crowd, and saw the welcome face of a fellow-passenger of the truck that had brought me to Saarbrück, and the owner of a certain raw ham that came in so usefully on that occasion. He had a friend with him, and both wore the red cross of the ambulance. They very kindly allowed me to join them, as they were going to the front themselves, and promised me every assistance they could give. We found an empty *French* first-class carriage, and into this we got. The selection afterwards proved a very good one, for we were destined to sleep the night in it. Before the train left the station we luckily discovered that we had taken no bread with us; and on reckoning up what there was to eat and drink in the hamper my two friends had with them, half a foot of German sausage and six bottles of port wine were produced. In my ignorance I had brought nothing, imagining I could get food anywhere. A sutler's stall in the station enabled me to buy some bread and to fill a small flask with some very bad brandy. Nothing else promisingly eatable was to be had. I must now give some description of my fellow-travellers, whose eccentricities are worthy of note. They had come all the way from Friesland in a van with stores for the army. At the mercy of slowly-running luggage trains, their journey had occupied nearly a fortnight. Having discharged their cargo, they were now going on what they termed a little pleasure-trip to the front. Both were very fat, but one was a good deal bigger than the other. Both again wore slippers, and one had no collar to his shirt. Had it not been for their red-cross badges, one would have supposed them anything but what they were. However, they were very kind to me, and the sausage and port wine were, according to their account, most valuable acquisitions in now poor devastated France. I will quote again from my diary.

"We start. Through Forbach, St. Avold, Herny, names well known in the history of this war. A lovely evening, and despite the ruined appearance of many of the villages we pass, it is hard to believe we are in a land of war. At some places we see groups of peasants in their blouses, and I am told these sometimes fire at the train. This accounts for the sentinels all down the line and the beacons they are beginning to light. Last night a soldier bayoneted a peasant for throwing a stone at the train.

"9:30 P.M. I have had nothing since one o'clock, and feel hungry,

so propose we shall have some supper. It is not likely we shall reach Remilly for two hours yet, so slowly do we go. My friends have been eating at the sausage continually, and it is now quite reduced. My share proves to be about the size of a five-shilling piece. The crust, or rather sediment, of the port wine being broken, I find the liquid anything but agreeable. They have a French knapsack with them, which they found on the Spichenen heights, and in it are some pairs of white cotton gaiters, which, to my amusement, the fattest of the two put on over his slippers. It is quite dark now, and we only get glimpses of ourselves as we pass the beacons, by which stand the Prussian sentinels guarding the line. Remilly! 'All out,' is the order, and we find ourselves on the platform of a miserable little station. *Nowhere to sleep.* This is pleasant news when you are tired. Every hole and corner in the village is filled. We wait at the station. What a sight the place is! Here under a long shed lie wounded men, waiting for a train to take them back to Germany. Round watch-fires peasants and suttlers are sleeping, while sentries are passing up and down. All round are bivouacs of cavalry and infantry, and long lines of carts and ammunition-waggons. By-and-by the platform clears of people, and a rather imperious officer, who has been very particular in having the train emptied of its occupants, has at last retreated into what was once the station-master's room, but now, I suppose, his quarters, and we are alone. Very stealthily we go to our carriage door, but find it locked. The guard, however, comes, and for a trifle we are only too glad to pay lets us in, on the condition we do not show ourselves at the window nor talk loud. Now begins 'a night of it.' The fattest of the two friends spreads his length upon the floor, while I and the other one take the opposite sides of the carriage. For ventilation, I let down the far window that looks away from the station, and after a subdued talk to each other we make an attempt to go to sleep. All is silent but the tramp of the sentry on the platform and the distant neighing of horses in the bivouacs, with occasional bursts of German airs, chorussed by the soldiers round their fires. A strange sleep comes over me, in which everything is confused. I am not really asleep, though I dream. There are footsteps on the far side of the carriage. I look out and see figures there. The guard told us to shut the window furthest from the station for safety. The French peasants are very fierce and brutal. They killed some soldiers the other day

with hatchets while they were washing. I shut the window now. How my Friesland friends do snore!"

There is nothing more difficult than vividly to describe scenes which at the time were full both of interest and adventure, when all is over. In my second visit to Remilly, when I wore the ambulance badge, and came with stores for the sick and wounded, and was, so to speak, part and parcel of the great war machine, my first impressions had lost their charm of novelty. My readers must remember that I am chronicling facts and daily occurrences in their naked truth, and not attempting to dress them up either with language or imagination. I am writing for the purpose of showing how, without any papers beyond an English passport, without knowledge of any language besides my own, without introductions of any kind, I visited some of the terrible scenes of this European war. There are various ways of doing such things, and one instance in particular I will mention. One day at Saarbrück I was accosted outside my hotel by a smart Englishman who carried a neatly-rolled umbrella in his hand, and looked for all the world as if he had just *descended* from Bond Street or Piccadilly. I was surprised at the apparition, but doubly so when he told me he was travelling with two ladies and their maids; that they had *done* Sedan, and now were anxious to *do* Metz, previous to *doing* Strasbourg, then undergoing active bombardment! I am sure all those who have been out at this lamentable war will corroborate me when I say that there is nothing more ill-timed and ungraceful, not to say unchristian, than this turning of miserable spectacles into tourists' trips. Not to speak of the manifold difficulties, what charm can such miseries have for those who come merely to gaze at them, and then pass by on the other side? I have seen many ladies, English ladies, out at the war, but then they were there on a mission of mercy and goodness almost too great to express. None but those who have experienced them know the horrors and hardships of nursing wounded men in such places as Remilly, or Avancy, or Courcelles. However, there must be some fascination, as I believe there is for women in a bull fight in certain countries, or these English tourists I mention would not have asked me to help them to get from Saarbrück to Metz. I declined all responsibility, but I believe by the assistance of a German officer they eventually managed to get near enough to see the smoke of the guns, and to tramp in search of curiosities over some of the battle-fields. So

strangely different are tastes! To return, however, to my own story, which I cannot better depict than by again referring to my diary.

"Saturday, 5 A.M. I awake to find myself at Remilly. My friends and I get bundled out by the guard, and, nothing loth, we leave our cramped bedroom. We make our way through the station to the little village, already active with military life. The principal house is occupied apparently by the commandant, and is a pretty place, with nicely laid-out grounds. Every cottage and stable is full to the brim with soldiers and civilians of all kinds. Nearly all the population has fled. We find what was once a café, but now is little better than a filthy hovel. In a miserable kitchen a French woman is brewing what she calls coffee over the fire, and stirring it with an iron spoon. A black loaf lies on the dirty table and a mass of some greasy-looking stuff, evidently intended for butter. There are two tin basins, which we share with others who have come in for a morning meal. I take advantage of a pump in the place, and enjoy a wash after a fashion, a luxury my Friesland friends do not seem to care about. Both coffee and bread are vile. A few sous settle the bill, and we take our way towards the church, which is only a poor building. A regiment is drilling in one of the streets, and very smart the men look, considering they are camped in the open. No tents, only a few branches piled together, under which to sleep. I could not help comparing our luxurious bed with theirs. We visit the bivouacs, and the men are very civil to the 'Engländer,' and one or two speak to me in broken English. I give them some cigars, and in return they bring me hot coffee of much better quality than what I got in the café. In an open shed lie a number of wounded men, and I witness a really painful sight. Rain is falling, and with their clothes off some are having wounds dressed, while the cold drops patter down upon them. Everyone, however, is kind, and all is done that can be under the difficult circumstances. We can hear at this place the distant sound of cannon from Metz. My friends and I now go to the commandant, to try and get leave for me to go on with them nearer to the front. No persuasion, however, is of avail. As the officer says, he knows nothing about me, and unless I am attached to the ambulance, or carry papers, I may be a spy or anything dangerous, and his duty is to insist on my return to Saarbrück. About eight o'clock a train is going, so with many regrets

I turn my back upon the Prussian lines—to return, however, a few days later under different circumstances."

I found Dr. Sandwith, C.B., who represented the National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded, actively engaged in the hospitals, and organizing, with the co-operation of the members of the Order of St. John and civil functionaries, a thorough system of cleansing throughout the town. Saarbrück has some fine buildings, such as the gymnasium, riding-school, etc.; and these with others were full to the brim of wounded and sick. There were tents, too, erected in the hospital-yard for bad typhus cases; and as the weather was warm and fine, they proved capital places in which to establish such patients. But better draining and scavenging were needed, and Dr. Sandwith's suggestions met with universal approval. By this time I had got over my nervousness at seeing wounds and other sad sights, and it was with great delight I found I could in a small degree assist Dr. Sandwith in some of his labours. A telegram from London placed 1,000*l.* of the National Society's funds to the credit of their Saarbrück agent, and with this we were able to purchase many comforts for the wounded, and help the members of the Order of St. John, at the head of whom was Prince Hohenlohe, with contributions to carry on their charitable works. I undertook the post of honorary secretary to Dr. Sandwith; a position which I afterwards found included many duties, such as cooking, making the beds, and 'washing up the things.' After giving as much as was necessary for the time, and doing all he could to alleviate the distress, Dr. Sandwith determined to make a tour of the hospitals within the lines, and for this purpose bought a large stock of what I may term goods, to give as they were found to be needed. These goods consisted of such articles as the following:—Blankets, warm under-clothing, slippers of soft cloth, brandy, cigars, chocolate, pens, ink, and paper, medicines, wine, etc., making in all a good-sized van of articles. We stored these in the *Johanniter Dépôt* at the railway station, which was the receptacle of the gifts sent from Germany and other countries for the sick and wounded. I have purposely avoided all hospital details, and make no mention from my diary of the daily events occurring during my stay at Saarbrück; but some notice of other incidents may perhaps be found interesting, so I will quote a little at this point.

"Friday. Up before six. We visit the hospitals and take the drawers to the French officer, who seems better to-day. The French-

man near him is dying, I feel sure. There is plenty to be done in the way of packing up our stores, and getting some eatables for ourselves in preparation of our start to-morrow. Dr. Sandwith has got my name put down as an ambulance volunteer, and they have given me the red cross and cards of legitimation. There will be no more trouble now in the lines. I write in the *Johanniter Dépôt* at the station. It is a curious sight. Here in a large room are hundreds of cases, hampers, and boxes, all gifts from various places. There are cases of bread, wine, dry fruits, books, medicine, clothes, charpie, and every sort of store. Here come sisters of mercy, priests, doctors, and others from the different hospitals for things they want. Monsieur Dubois de Luchet, and other gentlemen connected with the Order of St. John, are handing these things on receipt of a paper stating what is required. Everything is entered in a ledger, and the utmost care and pains taken by those gentlemen who volunteer their services. A train containing prisoners is expected to pass, so I go to the platform. In one of the waiting-rooms, which has been rather knocked about by Napoleon's shells, sit Prince Hohenlohe, Baron Ompteda, and others, who organize the whole distribution of money and gifts for the wounded in this district. They have a kitchen in the station, and soup and meat are given to the wounded as the trains pass through. The train of French prisoners has come, and a wonderful sight it is. There are forty-four trucks, and they contain thirty prisoners and two sentries a-piece. There is a van of Turcos. One poor fellow came to the door and waved his tin bottle, evidently wanting some water to drink, and appealed in bad French to a small knot of people, who stood looking as they would do at a show of wild beasts, and taking no notice. I walked up and held out my hand for the bottle, which the Turco readily gave, and I went off to the suttler's stall, and filled it with brandy-and-water. He was very grateful, and made signs for me to come into the van, which I did. There are brutal stories about them, and I believe them to be true. They were civil enough, however, to me, and a further gift of some cigars made them my friends for ever. All the prisoners looked more or less sickly and dejected. They were covered with dirt and dust. Poor fellows, may they reach their German prison without either fever or dysentery! As the train moved away I could not help comparing the sight to a long cattle train, only they were human beings, and not animals. Dr. Sandwith and I go in the evening

to the Hotel Hagen, where we meet many of the Johanniter, and we smoke and drink punch. They all wish us well on our journey, and they have arranged a railway-truck to be ready for us and our stores. Monsieur Dubois de Luchet has ordered straw to be put in for our beds, and has presented us with two lanterns. It is a rainy night, and as we walked to our hotel we saw about five hundred troop horses pass on their way to the front. I pity the animals in time of war. We are to start very early, though I daresay we shall not be punctual, everything on the line is so confused. We go by military train. The following is the copy of a letter found in the pocket-book of a French military doctor on the battle-field of Sedan. Curiously, after writing it and replacing it in his breast-pocket, a ball struck him, going through the book and letter into his heart. Those who found him sent the sad token to his wife, and the medals he was decorated with.

(Translation.)

“ ‘Sedan, September 1st.

“ ‘In the midst of the battle, surrounded by balls, I address to you my adieux. The balls and bullets which have spared me for four hours will not do so much longer. Farewell, my well-beloved wife! I hope that some kind soul will send you this adieu. I have behaved myself bravely, and I die for not having wished to abandon my wounded.

“ ‘H. V.’

“ ‘Such are the incidents of war, and each day adds to their number. Certainly a heavy reckoning lies at the door of him who lit this European flame, which neither the sounds of victory can repay nor treaties of peace can quench.”

LL.B.

(To be continued.)

PARABOLIC.



N old man, bowed down with infirmity, became at last bed-ridden. His friends condoled with him: one sat by his bedside and wept.

“Rejoice rather,” said the sick man; “while I was up, my eyes were bent on the earth: now I am down, they are turned to Heaven.”

EDITOR.

THE LAIRD AND THE MAN OF PEACE.

IN the Highlands of Scotland there once lived a Laird of Brockburn, who would not believe in fairies. Although his sixth cousin on the mother's side, as he returned one night from a wedding, had seen the Men of Peace hunting on the sides of Ben Muich Dhui, dressed in green, and with silver-mounted bridles to their horses; and though Rory the fiddler having gone to play at a christening did never come home, but crossing a hill near Brockburn in a mist was seduced into a *Shian*, or fairy turret, where, as all decent bodies well believe, he is playing still—in spite, I say, of the wise saws and experience of all his neighbours, Brockburn remained obstinately incredulous.

Not that he bore any ill-will to the Good People, or spoke uncivilly of them; indeed he always disavowed any feeling of disrespect towards them if they existed, saying that he was a man of peace himself, and anxious to live peaceably with whatever neighbours he had, but that till he had seen one of the *Daoine Shi* he could not believe in them.

Now one dark night, between Hallowmas and Yule, it chanced that the Laird being out on the hills looking for some cattle, got parted from his men, and was overtaken by a mist, in which, familiar as the country was to him, he lost his way. He had just taken a pull from his whiskey bottle to keep his courage up and the cold out, when a voice beside him said, "Gie us a wee drappie, man," and turning round he saw what in the darkness seemed to be a boy standing at his elbow, and holding out his hand for the bottle. The Laird good-humouredly handed it to him, on which the little creature took a draught that would have become the oldest toper in Scotland.

"Wow, laddie," said the Laird, "but ye tak a big pu' for sic a wee bairn."

"Dinna be fleyed about your bottle, man," said the stranger, in piping but patronizing tones; "it's nae toom."

And when the Laird put the flask to his lips, to see if a drop had really escaped the deep draught of his companion, he found that it was as full as before. Brockburn pushed back his bonnet, and scratched his head; then he took another taste to make sure of the fact, and satisfied

himself that the whiskey was not diminished. He had his own thoughts on the matter, but he only said,

"Ye'll have lost your way, like mysel', maybe?"

"No sic a fool, maybe," said the other; "I'll guide ye safe, man, never fear."

"Then ye're either Clootie himsel', or ane o' the *Daviné Shi*!" cried the Laird.

"I'm nae Clootie, I'm a Man o' Peace," was the reply. "Dinna misca' your betters, Brockburn; what for will ye no credit our existence, man?"

"Seein's believin'," said the Laird, stubbornly; "but the mist's ower thick for seein' the nicht, ye ken."

"Turn roun' to your left, man, and ye'll see," said the Dwarf, and catching Brockburn by the arm, he twisted him swiftly round three times, when a sudden blaze of light poured through the mist, and revealed a crag of the mountain well known to the Laird, and which he now saw to be a kind of turret, or tower.

Lights shone gaily through the crevices or windows of the *Shian*, and sounds of revelry came forth, among which fiddling was conspicuous. The tune played at that moment was "*Delvyn-side*."

Blinded by the light, and amazed at what he saw, the Laird staggered, and was silent.

"Keep your feet, man,—keep your feet!" said the Dwarf, laughing. "I doubt ye're fou, Brockburn!"

"I'm nae fou," said the Laird, slowly, his bottle grasped in one hand, his "rung" in the other, and his bonnet set back from his face, which was deadly pale. "But—man—*d'ye think you'll be Rory?*"

"Ask no questions, and ye'll be tellt no lees," said the Dwarf. Then stepping up to the door of the *Shian*, he stood so that the light from within fell full upon him, and the astonished Laird saw a tiny but well-proportioned man, with delicate features, and golden hair flowing over his shoulders. He wore a cloak of green cloth, lined with gowans, and had silver shoes; his beautiful face quivered with amusement, and he cried triumphantly, "*D'ye see me?—d'ye see me noo, Brockburn?*"

"Ay, ay," said the Laird; "and seein's believin'."

"Then roun' wi' ye!" shouted the Man of Peace; and once more seizing the Laird by the arm, he turned him swiftly round—this time,

to the right—and at the third turn the light vanished, and Brockburn and the Man of Peace were once more alone together in the mist.

"Well, Brockburn," said the Man of Peace, "I'll alloo ye're candid, and yer whiskey's guid, forebye. I'm no ill disposit to ye, and yese got safe hame, man."

As he spoke he stooped down, and picking up half-a-dozen big stones from the mountain-side, he gave them to the Laird, saying, "Gif the guidwife speers about the bit stanes; say ye got them in a compliment."

Brockburn put them into his pocket, briefly saying, "I'm obleeged to ye;" but as he followed the Man of Peace down the hill-side, he found the obligation so heavy, that from time to time he threw a stone away, unobserved, as he hoped, by his companion. When the first stone fell, the Man of Peace looked sharply round, saying,

"What's yon?"

"It'll jest be me striking my rung upon the ground," said the Laird.

"Ye're jest wud," said the Man of Peace, and Brockburn felt sure that he knew the truth, and was displeased. But as they went on the stones were so heavy, and bumped the Laird's side so hard, that he threw away a second, dropping it as gently as he could. But the sound of its fall did not escape the ears of the Man of Peace, who cried as before,

"What's yon?"

"It's jest a nasty host that I have," said the Laird.

"Man, you're daft," said the Dwarf, contemptuously; "that's what ails ye."

The Laird now resolved to be prudent, but the inconvenience of his burden was so great, that after a while he resolved to risk the displeasure of the Man of Peace once more, and gently slipped a third stone to the ground.

"Third time's lucky," he thought. But the proverb failed him, for the Dwarf turned as before, shouting:

"What's yon?"

"It'll be my new brogues that ye hear bumpin' upo' the muckle stanes," said the Laird.

"Ye're fou, Brockburn, I tellt ye so. Ye're fou!" growled the Man of Peace, angrily, and the Laird dared not drop any more of the Dwarf's gifts. After a while his companion's good humour seemed to

return, and as they beguiled the journey with frequent applications to the whiskey bottle, the Man of Peace became talkative and generous, and the Scotchman sententious and obstinate.

"I mind your great-grandfather weel, Brockburn. He was a hamely man. I found his sheep for him one nicht on this verra hill-side. Mair by token, ye'll fin' your beasties at hame, and the men forebye."

But after another sip the Dwarf became more liberal-spirited still.

"Yese no have to say that ye've been with the *Daoiné Shi* and are no the better fer't," he said. "I'm thinking I'll grant ye three wushes, Brockburn. But tak tent; that is, if ye can, for I'm some feared ye've had mair whuskey than's a'thegither gude for your discretion."

On this followed a discussion as to the Laird's sobriety, and the power of *Daoiné Shi* to grant wishes. On the latter point the Laird obstinately repeated that "seein's believin'," and reserved his own faith for personal proof.

"The proof of the pudding's in the eating o't," said the Man of Peace. "Wush away, Brockburn, and mak the nut as hard to crack as ye like."

The Laird took a "wee drappie" more from the inexhaustible bottle to refresh his brain, but as it had more direct effect upon his legs he sat down, saying:

"I'm thinking, man, that if ye could bring hame to me, in place of bringing me hame, I'd misdoubt your powers nae mair. It's a far cry to Loch Aue, man, ye ken, and it's a weary long road to Brockburn."

"Is this your wush?" asked the Man of Peace.

"That's my wush," said the Laird, striking his rung upon the ground.

The words had scarcely passed his lips when the whole homestead of Brockburn, house and farm buildings, was planted upon the bleak hill-side. Sobered by astonishment, the Laird now began to bewail the rash wish which had removed his homestead from the sheltered and fertile valley where it originally stood to the barren side of a bleak mountain. The Man of Peace, however, would not take any hints as to undoing his work of his own accord. All he said was,

"If ye wush it away, so it'll be. But then ye'll only have one wush left. Ye've sma' discretion the nicht, Brockburn, I'm feared."

"To leave the steading in sic a spot is no to be thought on," sighed the Laird, as he spent his second wish in undoing his first. But he cannily added the provision,

"And ye may tak me wi' it."

The words were no sooner spoken than the homestead was back in its place, and the Laird himself was lying in his own bed.



Brockburn now thought of his third wish, and sitting up in bed, he looked anxiously but vainly round the chamber for the Man of Peace.

"Lie down, lie down," cried the guidwife from beside him. "Ye're surely out o' yer wuts, Brockburn. Would ye gang stravaging about the country again the nicht?"

"Whar is he?" cried the Laird.

"Wha are ye speering for?" asked his wife.

"The Man o' Peace, woman!" cried Brockburn. "I've ane o' my wushes to get, and I maun hae't."

"The man's gaen gyte!" was the guidwife's comment. "Ye've surely forgotten yersel, Brockburn. Ye never believed in the *Daoine Shi* afore."

"Sein's believin'," said the Laird. "I forgathered with a Man o' Peace the nicht on the hill, and I wush I just saw him again."

As the Laird spoke the window of the chamber was lit up from without, and the Man of Peace appeared sitting on the window-ledge in his gowan-lined cloak, his feet hanging down into the room, the silver shoes glittering as they dangled.

"I'm here, Brockburn!" he cried. "But eh, man! Ye've had your last wush."

And even as the stupified Laird gazed, the light slowly died away, and the Man of Peace vanished also.

On the following morning the Laird was rudely awakened by his spouse from the nap in which she had indulged him "to sleep it off." The good wife had long been stirring herself, and in emptying the pockets of her good man's coat she had found three huge cairngorums of exquisite tint and lustre. Brockburn thus discovered the value of the gifts, half of which he had thrown away.

But no subsequent visits to the hill-side led to their recovery. Many a time did the Laird bring home a heavy pocketful of stones, at the thrifty gudwife's bidding, but they only proved to be the common stones of the mountain-side. The *Shian* could never be distinguished from any other crag, and the *Daoine Shi* were visible no more.

Yet it is said that the Laird of Brockburn prospered and throve thereafter, in acre, stall, and steading, as those seldom prosper who have not the good word of the People of Peace.

NOTE.—*Daoine Shi* (pronounced *Dheener Shee*), (Gaelic), means the Men of Peace. *Shian* is the Gaelic name for fairy dwellings, which in the daytime are not by human eyes to be distinguished from the mountain crags.

The meaning of the Scotch words in the above, least commonly known, is as follows : *to be fleyed*, to be afraid; *toom*, empty; *fou*, drunk; *forebye*, moreover; *to spear*, to ask; *got in a compliment*, got as a present; *rung*, stick; *wud*, mad; *hoat*, cough; *brogues*, shoes; *tak tent*, take care; "*It's a far cry to Lochau*," a proverb; *stravaging* wandering about, vagabonding; *gaen gyte*, going mad.

BOOK NOTICE.



GEOGRAPHY with History of the British Islands, Part I. England and Wales, by Thomas Haughton. (George Philips and Son, 32 Fleet Street, London.) This is an unpretending little manual, but contains a good deal of information, put in the admirable way now in vogue, for it combines a little history with its geographical facts and names. The part which pleases us so much is the account of the different counties. We are told not only the products of each, and principal trade carried on in them, but what great battles have been fought there, between whom, and with what result. We are bound to hint, however, that the compiler has not completed his task in this first attempt. When he revises his pages he must add the battle of *Naseby* to Northamptonshire, and that of *Worcester* to Worcestershire. We demur also to his giving us the old tradition of the destruc-

tion of thirty miles of churches and towns in the New Forest by William I., and the erroneous statement that Mary Queen of Scots spent seventeen years imprisoned at Chatsworth. She was a prisoner for eighteen years altogether—nearly fourteen of which were passed at Sheffield, under the care of the Shrewsburys. When she visited Chatsworth, it was only in short absences, which amounted in all to less than a year. We have pointed out these inaccuracies, not to find fault, but to show the compiler that to make his work as really useful as the plan can be made, indefatigable research and a careful choice of authorities are necessary. A geographical account of the principal railways of England is added, and there is also a page and a half of the meanings of words most commonly used in the composition of the names of English towns.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.



M. M. We hope you will be amused to hear that the "proofs" offered to be transmitted to you, not asked for, were the proof sheets of your MS., which we thought you might like to correct. The story bore truth on the face of it; Aunt Judy is sorry for the trouble K. M. M. has had. She thanks her heartily for the second part of her letter.

"P. C. M." wishes to know whom General Charles Edward Stuart, who died at Dunkeld in 1854, was? His tomb is shown in the ruined cathedral of Dunkeld as the last of the Stuarts, but this

must surely be incorrect. P. C. M. also inquires for the true version of the well-known anecdote of a puzzle sent by King Charles II. to the Royal Society.

Aunt Judy does not think P. C. M.'s version of the puzzle is correct, and fancies that it was a *ship*, not a basin of water, about which he made his absurd inquiry; she cannot, however, find any authentic account of the anecdote, so must hope that some of her readers can furnish one. (She is truly sorry that, by some inadvertence, P. C. M.'s first letter was mislaid, and not attended to with the rest of the monthly questions. She trusts

this quite unintentional neglect will be excused.)

"F. W. M." The letters AEI form a Greek word, signifying "always, for ever;" and on lockets, &c., would imply *constancy*. We answered this inquiry before.

"Lou." "A Flat Iron for a Farthing" cannot be bought separately at present. After it has run its course in the magazine, we hope to see it appear in a worthy volume, as "Melchior's Dream," "Mrs. Overthway's Remembrances," and "The Brownies" have done.

"Mary" asks, *what a snake made of postage stamps is?* And what can we say but that it is a snake made of postage stamps? As to its use, is it not use enough to fetch ten shillings at a bazaar? We can only add, it is a very handsome snake; and ask, in the words of the poet,

"Go, look in any glass, and say
What moral is in being fair.
Oh, to what uses shall we put
The wildweed-flower that simply blows?
And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?"

And liberal applications lie
In Art, like Nature, dearest friend;
So 'twere to cramp its use, if I
Should hook it to some useful end."

The receipt, how to make the snake, has (we find from several correspondents) appeared twice in the "Queen," February 19th, 1870, and afterwards in November 19th of the same year. For the benefit of those who have not the paper at hand, we give a copy of the receipt as forwarded to us from Mrs. E. C. :—

"The stamps are cut from the envelopes square, and all strung together to the length of a yard; this forms a thick prismatic rope (prismatic, owing to the various tints of paper). Add, when a proper length (about a yard, using 3800 stamps), a head of a serpent made of card, covered with black silk, with two circles for eyes made of red cloth and a

crystal bead in the centre, and a forked tongue protruding, also made of red cloth. Cut the stamps towards the tail gradually smaller; to the tail is attached a double piece of ribbon, to wriggle the serpent about."

For one part of the *diminuendo* of the tail, the new halfpenny stamps will prove very useful. This will answer E. M. F. Morrison and several other correspondents. We are happy to tell her also, that we have a story in stock by the author of the "Bunniewinks."

"Lillias" asks for information about the church of St. Ours, Loches, which she says is sculptured all over with little representations of bears. She wishes to know if there is any story or legend which would account for this. Aunt Judy opens this question to her readers, merely remarking that it is a strange thing the church should be named after a bear, and a bear be made a saint of. In what calendar does he appear?

Kind little Mary Seagrave is thanked for her sweet violets.

"Mrs. E. C." The one thing which suggests itself as bazaar work for people living at the sea, is to collect, lay out, and dry the beautiful specimens of the weeds on the shore. The process is soon learnt, and they always sell well when really in good order. A casual visitor has but a poor chance, but a resident can watch and obtain each plant in its prime condition and season.

"Clef."—A correspondent sends us an extract from an article on singing (but she does not say where it appeared, or by whom it was written), which states the almost incredible fact that Signora Guari sang, in Mozart's presence at Parma, some passages which ran as high as *C double alt*, i.e., an octave higher than what is usually called the "high C." The extract records that Mozart took down some of the passages she executed, lest his account should be deemed incredible. If Clef

would like the whole extract, with one of the passages written down, Aunt Judy will forward it to her on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope.

"A Fifth Impertinent Child." Certainly not!

"He Ke." "Why was the first St. Peter's at Rome built with its altar at the west end?" Surely owing to some local building difficulty. Your suggestion as to Gray's *Elegy* is wrong. A *lined* patchwork quilt will be acceptable to the Cot patient. Aunt Judy declines the old postage stamps with thanks.

"W. M. James" asks, "What was the subject of that cartoon by Tintoretto which was carved by Gibbons, sold to Sir G. Viner, and finally placed among the collection of the Duke of Chandos?"

"S. P. Ringwood" gives a good instance of the *use* of the line, "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," but it does not prove its origin.

Report of the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot," at the Hospital for Sick Children, 49 Great Ormond Street, London.

"The supporters of the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot' will be glad to hear that George F—, who was referred to in the last two numbers of the magazine, continues to improve in health, and was well enough to be carried out into the garden of the Hospital almost daily during the recent fine weather; it is not improbable, that before the next account of the 'Cot' is given, he will have been recommended by the medical officers for a month's stay at the Convalescent branch, Highgate; the expectation of being transferred to Cromwell House, with its ample playground and the garden surrounded by 'patrician trees,' is always pleasant to the children. In the early part of March, George was agreeably surprised by a gift sent in a note from an unknown friend; it was with eager expectation that the small oblong card-box was opened, and found

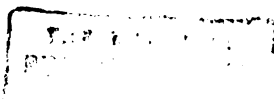
to contain a bright new shilling, through which a hole had been made, and by it attached to a crimson ribbon, which, when unfolded, was long enough to tie round the patient's neck. The kind donor and Aunt Judy's readers will readily imagine the pleasure afforded to George, and the admiration it excited among his companions around the 'Cot.'

"In answer to inquiries concerning the case of Frederick Z—, who suffered from the accidental blow of a poker, it is with much pleasure that the young friends are informed of his progress toward complete recovery; when admitted to the Hospital his life was thought to be in danger, and the amputation of the limb considered necessary, as the only chance of recovery, the poker having entered his leg to a considerable depth. Providentially the means used were successful, and the amputation unnecessary; he will shortly leave the Hospital sound and well. Some of the visitors to 'Aunt Judy's Cot' were also anxious to see Frederick Z— (or, as one of a party of young friends called him, 'the poker boy'), and were pleased to find him cheerful and strong."

Contributions to the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot," received to March 15th, 1871.

	£.	s.	d.
G. A. F. (February and March, monthly)	0	4	0
Miss Gertrude Atkinson, 19 Woodhouse Square, Leeds (annual)	1	1	0
Susan and Harriet (two months, monthly)	0	2	0
Janie, Mary, and Edward (annual)	0	10	0
Kate Sarah, 1s., Jesse Marian, 1s. 6d., William Byerley, 4d. (half-yearly)	0	2	10
"Mother and Daughter," Penrith (annual)	0	10	0
Helen, collected (monthly)	0	16	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
M. A. F. (monthly)	0	0	6	C. H., Blandford	0	3	0
"From a Schoolroom Money-box," Wincanton	0	6	6	Maggie, Janie, and Ina, Lyne- dale, Skye	0	2	0
Anonymous, Eccles	0	5	0	M. S. A., J. M. A., C. E. A., G. E. A., children's savings	3	0	9
Lancashire Witch, 6d., Erin- go-bragh, 6d.	0	1	0	Tally, Richmond	0	1	0
Misses J. M. and H. O. W., Cannes	0	9	0	"The savings of a sick child lately taken to her rest," E. J. M.	0	6	6
Little Nina, collected	1	10	6	Mrs. Spriggins, Northumber- land	0	1	0
Grace, Putney, collected	0	16	0	"From Beaumaris"	0	5	0
G. S. Loyd, 16 Grosvenor Place, collected	0	15	0	"Gleanings from Headingley"	0	3	0
Minnie Latham, Hobart Town, Tasmania, collected	1	5	0	"From a reader of 'Aunt Judy's Magazine,'" towards the fund for providing an- other cot	0	1	0
Jig and Button, 2s., Mamma, 1s.	0	3	0	Florence Holmes, Bensham Cottage, Gateshead, col- lected	0	5	8
C. C., a mite for Aunt Judy's Cot	0	3	6	Dick, with best wishes	0	3	0
Mrs. Kitton, Bracondale, Nor- wood	1	0	0	Jim, with best wishes	0	3	0
A. C. W., Beechfield, Croydon	0	4	0	"Edith, towards Aunt Judy's fund for providing another Cot"	0	0	6
"Two Welsh Ponies," Mont- gomeryshire	0	2	0	Master and Miss Biddulph, to buy toys, 5s.; also, two picture-books and illu- minated texts for George P—	0	5	0
"A Lincolnshire Giantess," 2s., "Diana," 2s.	0	4	0	Alice and Agatha Broadwood, The Moor Park, Ludlow, a scrap book, some dolls, and a red jacket.			
F. E. G. Banister, 10 St. Leonard's Terrace, Chelsea	0	3	9	"February 17th," per Bristol railway, a parcel of books.			
"In grateful remembrance," February, 1871	0	5	0	Anonymous, a beautiful scrap book.			
Mrs. A. M. Smyth, 4s., Fanny, 1s., Bygrove House	0	5	0	Addison, a parcel of useful clothing.			
Maggie Gilmour, collected	0	7	9	Anonymous, a parcel of old toys.			
Ted M—	0	1	0	Mrs. M—, two picture books.			
Ronald, Lucknow, India	0	5	0	Dick and Jim, two volumes of "Sunshine."			
Mrs. H. Senior	0	2	0				
John Thomas, Edith, George, Kate, and Elsie Frith, Union Street, Sheffield	0	0	9				
A Lenten Offering from four little children and their governess, Sunderland	0	5	6				
Flo, Milnrow Vicarage, Roch- dale	0	2	6				
"Beaver"	0	2	6				
Gertrude, 6d., Mary, 6d., Ed- gar, 4d.	0	1	4				






A FLAT IRON FOR A FARTHING.

A FLAT IRON FOR A FARTHING; OR, SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN ONLY SON.

CHAPTER XIV.

RUBENS AND I "DROP IN" AT THE RECTORY. GARDENS AND GARDENERS.

MY FATHER COMES FOR ME.

 ONE fine morning, when my father was busy with the farm bailiff, and Mrs. Bundle was "sorting" some clothes, I took my best hat from the wardrobe, deliberately, and with some difficulty put on a clean frill, fastened my boots, and calling Rubens after me, set forth from the hall unnoticed by any of the family.

Rubens jumped up at me in an inquiring fashion as we went along. He could not imagine where we were going. I knew quite well. I was making for the Rectory, the road to which I knew. I had often thought I should like to go and see Mr. Andrewes, and Mrs. Bundle's remarks to the housekeeper had suggested to me the idea of calling upon him. We were near neighbours, though we did not live in a town. I resolved to "drop in" at the Rectory.

It was a lovely morning, and Rubens and I quite enjoyed our walk. He became so much excited, that it was with difficulty that I withheld him from chasing the ducks on the pond in Mr. Andrewes' farm-yard, as we went through it. (The parson had a little farm attached to his Rectory.) Then I with difficulty unlatched the heavy gate leading into the drive, and fastened it again with the scrupulous care of a country squire's son. The grounds were exquisitely kept. Mr. Andrewes was a first-rate gardener and a fair farmer. That neatness, without which the brightest flowers will not "show themselves" (as gardeners say), did full justice to every luxuriant shrub, and set off the pale, delicately-beautiful border of snowdrops and crocuses which edged the road, and the clumps of daffodil, polyanthus, and primrose flowers dotted hither and thither. I was not surprised to hear the chorus of birds above my head, for it was one of the parson's "oddities" that he would have no birds shot on his premises.

When I came into the flower-garden, there was more exquisite neat-

ness, and more bright spring flowers, thinly scattered in comparison with summer blossoms, but shining brightly against the rich dark mould. And on the turf were scattered gardening-tools, and busy among the tools and flower-beds were two men—the Rev. Reginald Andrewes and his gardener. It took me several seconds to distinguish master from man. They were both in straw hats and shirt sleeves, but I recognised the parson by his trousers. His hat was the older of the two, and not by any means “canonical.” Having found him, I went up to the bed where he was busy, and sat down on the grass near him, without speaking. (I was accustomed to respect my father’s “busy” moments, and yet to be with him.) Rubens followed my example, and sat down in silence also. He had smelt the parson before, and wagged his tail faintly as he saw him. But he reserved his opinion of the gardener, and seemed rather disposed to growl when he touched the wheelbarrow.

“Bless me!” said Mr. Andrewes, who was startled, as he well might be, by my appearance. “Why, my dear boy, how are you?”

“Very well, thank you,” said I, getting up and offering my hand; “I’ve dropped in.”

“Dear me!” said Mr. Andrewes; “I mean I’m very glad to see you! Won’t you come in? You mustn’t sit on the grass.”

“What a pretty garden you have!” I said, as we walked slowly towards the house. Mr. Andrewes turned round.

“Well, pretty well. It amuses me, you know,” he said, with the mock humility of a real horticulturist. And he looked round his garden with an unmistakable glance of pride and affection. “Have you a garden, Reginald?” he inquired.

“Yes,” I said. “At least, I’ve two beds and a border. The beds are shaped like an R and a D. But I haven’t touched them since I was ill. The gardener tidied them up when I was at Oakford, and I think he has dug up all my plants. At least I couldn’t find the Bachelor’s Buttons, nor the London Pride, nor the Pansies, and I saw the Lavender-bush on the rubbish heap.”

“So they do—so they always do!” said the parson, excitedly. “The only way is to keep in the garden with them, and let nothing go into the wheelbarrow but what you see.—Jones! you may go to your dinner.—I watch Jones like a dragon, but he sweeps up a tap root now and then, all the same. And yet he’s better than most of

them. Some flowers are especially apt to take leave of one's beds and borders," Mr. Andrewes went on. He was talking to himself rather than to me, by this time. "Fraxinellas, double-grey primroses, ay, and the pink and white ones too. And hepaticas, red, blue, and white."

"What are hepaticas like?" I asked.

"Let me show you," said Mr. Andrewes, crossing the garden. "Look here! there are the pretty little things. I have seen them growing wild in Canada—single ones, that is. The leaves are of a dull green, and when they fade, the whole plant is hardly to be distinguished from Mother Earth—at least, not by a gardener's eye. If you will promise me not to let the gardener meddle with them, unless you are there to look after him, I will give you plants for your beds and borders, my boy."

"Oh, thank you," I said; "I like gardening very much. I should like to garden like you. I've got a spade, and a hoe, and a fork, and I had a rake, but it's lost. But I know Papa will give me another; and I can tidy my own beds, so the gardener need not touch them; and if there was a wheelbarrow small enough for me to wheel, I could take my weeds away myself, you know."

And I chattered on about my garden, for, like other children, I was apt to "take up" things very warmly, in imitation of other people; and Mr. Andrewes had already fired my imagination with dreams of a little garden in perfect order and beauty, and tended by my own hands alone. And as I talked of my garden, the parson talked of his, and so we wandered from border to border, finding each other very good company, Rubens walking demurely at our heels. A great many of Mr. Andrewes' remarks, though I am sure they were very instructive, were beyond my powers of understanding; but as he closed each lecture on the various flowers by a promise of a root, a cutting, a sucker, a seedling, or a bulb, as the case might be, I was an attentive and well-satisfied listener. I was much admiring some daffodils, and Mr. Andrewes at once began to pick a bunch of them for me.

"Isn't it a pity to pick them?" I said, politely.

"My dear Regie," said Mr. Andrewes, "if ever you see anybody with a good garden full of flowers who grudges picking them for his friends, you may be quite sure he has not learned half of what his flowers can teach him. Flowers are generous enough. The more you take

from them the more they give. And yet I have seen people with beds glowing with geraniums, and trees laden with roses, who grudged to pluck them, not knowing that they would bloom all the better and more luxuriantly for being culled."

"Do daffodils flower better when the flowers are picked off?" I asked, having my full share of the childish propensity for asking awkward and candid questions. Mr. Andrewes laughed.

"Well, no. I must confess they are not quite like geraniums in this respect. And spring flowers are so few and so precious, one may be excused for not quite cutting them like summer flowers. But it wouldn't do only to be generous when it cost one nothing. Eh, Regie?"

I laughed, and said "No," which was what I was expected to say, and thanked the parson for the daffodils. He pulled out his watch.

"My dear boy, it's luncheon time. Will you come in and have something to eat with me?"

I hesitated; Mrs. Bundle had not spoken of any meal in connection with the ceremony of "dropping in," but, on the other hand, I should certainly like to lunch at the Rectory, I thought. And, indeed, I was hungry.

"Oh, you must come," said Mr. Andrewes, leading me away without waiting for an answer. "I'm sure you must be hungry, and the dog too. What's his name, eh?"

"Rubens," said I.

"Does he paint?" Mr. Andrewes inquired. But as I knew nothing of Painter Peter Paul Rubens or his works, I was only puzzled, and said he knew a good many tricks which I had taught him.

"We'll see if he can beg for chicken bones," said the parson, hospitably; and indoors we went. Mr. Andrewes said grace, though not in the words to which I was accustomed, and we sat down together, Rubens lying by my chair. I endeavoured to conduct myself with the strictest propriety, and I believe succeeded, except for the trifling mischance of spilling some bread-sauce on to my jacket. Mr. Andrewes saw this, however, and wanted to fasten a table-napkin round me, to which I objected.

"Too like a pinafore, eh?" said he, with a sly laugh.

"I don't think I ought to wear pinafores now," I said, in a grave and injured tone. "Leo Damer doesn't, and he's not much older than

I am. But I think," I added, candidly, "he rather does as he likes, because he's got nobody to look after him."

The parson laughed, and then gave a heavy sigh.

"I wish my mother could come back, and tie a pinafore round my neck!" he exclaimed, abruptly. Then I believe he suddenly remembered that I had lost my mother, and was vexed with himself for his hasty speech. I saw nothing inconsiderate in the remark, however, and only said,

"Is your mother dead?"

"Yes, my boy. Many years ago," said Mr. Andrewes.

"Did your father marry anybody else?" I inquired.

"My father died before my mother."

"Dear me," said I; "how very sad! Leo's father and mother died together. They were drowned in his father's yacht." I was in the middle of a history of my friend Leo, and of my visit to London, when a bell pealed loudly through the house.

"Somebody's in a hurry," said Mr. Andrewes; "that's the front-door bell."

In three minutes the dining-room door was opened, and the servant announced "Mr. Dacre." It would be untrue to say that I did not feel a little guilty when my father walked into the room. And yet I had not really thought there was "any harm" in my expedition. I think I was chiefly annoyed by the ignominious end of it. It was trying, after "dropping in" and "taking luncheon" like a grown-up gentleman, to be fetched home as a lost child.

"What could make you run away like this, Regie?" said my poor, bewildered parent. "Mrs. Bundle is nearly mad with fright. It was very naughty of you. What were you thinking of?"

"I thought I would drop in," I explained. And in the pause resulting from my father's astonishment at my absurd and old-fashioned demeanour, I proceeded with Nurse Bundle's definition as well as I could recollect it in my confusion, and speak it for impending tears. "So I came, and Rubens came, and Mr. Andrewes was in the garden, and we sat down, to change the weather, and pass time like, and Mr. Andrewes was in the garden, and he gave me some flowers, and Mr. Andrewes asked me in, and I came in, and he gave me some luncheon, and he asked Rubens to have some bones, and ——"

"'Change the weather and pass time like,'" muttered my father. "Servants' language! oh, dear!"

In my vexation with things in general, and with the strong feeling within me that I was in the wrong, I seized upon the first grievance that occurred to me as an excuse for fretfulness, and once more quoted Nurse Bundle.

"It's so very quiet at home," I whimpered, with tears in my eyes, which had really no sort of connection with the dullness of the Hall, or with anything whatever but offended pride and vexation on my part.

Ah! How many a stab one gives in childhood to one's parents' tenderest feelings! I did not mean to be ungrateful, and I had no measure of the pain my father felt at this hint of the insufficiency of all he did for my comfort and pleasure at home. Mr. Andrewes knew better, and said, hastily,

"Just the love of novelty, Mr. Dacre. We have been children ourselves."

My father sighed, and sitting down, drew me towards him with one hand, stroking Rubens with the other, in acknowledgment of his greeting and wagging tail. Then I saw that he was hurt. Indeed, I fancied tears were in his eyes as he said,

"So poor Papa and home are too dull—too quiet, eh, Regie? And yet Papa does all he can for his boy."

My fit of ill-temper was gone in a moment, and I flung my arms round my father's neck—Rubens taking flying leaps to join in the embrace, after a fashion common with dogs, and decidedly dangerous to eyes, nose, and ears. And as I kissed my father, and was kissed by Rubens, I gave a candid account of my expedition. "No, dear Papa. It wasn't that. Only Nurse said country places were quiet, and in towns people dropped in, and passed time, and changed the weather, and if she was in Oakford she would drop in and see her sister. And so I said it would be very nice. And so I thought this morning that Rubens and I would drop in and see Mr. Andrewes. And so we did; and we didn't tell because we wanted to come alone, for fun."

With this explanation the fullest harmony was restored; and my father sat down whilst Mr. Andrewes and I finished our luncheon and Rubens had his, and I gave an account of the garden in terms glowing enough to satisfy the pride of the warmest horticulturist, and my father promised a new rake, and drank a glass of sherry to the success of my "gardening without a gardener."

But as we were going away I overheard him saying to Mr. Andrewes,

"All the same, a boy can't be with a nurse for ever. She's everything that's good, except good English. And he is not a baby now. One forgets how time passes. I must see about a tutor."

CHAPTER XV.

NURSE BUNDLE IS MAGNANIMOUS. MR. GRAY. AN EXPLANATION
WITH MY FATHER.

NATURALLY enough, I did my best to give Nurse Bundle a faithful account of my attempt to realize her idea of "dropping in," with all that came of it. My garden projects, the arrival of my father, and all that he said and did on the occasion. From my childish and confused account, I fancy that Nurse Bundle made out pretty correctly the state of the case. Being a "grown-up person," she probably guessed, without difficulty, the meaning of my father's concluding remarks. I think a good, faithful, tender-hearted nurse, such as she was, must suffer with some of a mother's feelings, when it is first decided that "her boy" is beyond petticoat government. Nurse Bundle cried so bitterly over this matter, that my most chivalrous feelings were roused, and I vowed that "Papa shouldn't say things to vex my dear Nursey." But Mrs. Bundle was very loyal.

"My dear," said she, wiping her eyes with her apron, "depend upon it, whatever your Papa settles on is right. He knows what's suitable for a young gentleman; and it's only likely as a young gentleman born and bred should outgrow to be beyond what an old woman like me can do for him. Though there's no tutors nor none of them will ever love you better than poor Nurse Bundle, my deary. And there's no one ever has loved you better, my dear, nor ever will—always excepting your dear mamma, dead and gone."

All this stirred my feelings to the uttermost, and I wept too, and vowed unconquerable fidelity to Nurse Bundle, and (despite her remonstrances) unconquerable aversion from the tutor that was to be. I furthermore renewed my proposals of marriage to Mrs. Bundle, —the wedding to take place "when I should be old enough."

This set her off into fits of laughing; and having regained her good spirits, she declared that "she wouldn't have, no, not a young squire

himself, unless he were eddicated accordingly;" and this, it was evident, could only be brought about through the good offices of a tutor. And to the prospective tutor (though he was to be her rival) she was magnanimously favourable, whilst I, for my part, warmly opposed the very thought of him. Neither her magnanimity nor my unreasonable objections however were put to the test just then.

Several days had passed since I and Rubens "dropped in" at the Rectory, and I was one morning labouring diligently at my garden, when I saw Mr. Andrewes, in his canonical coat and shoes, coming along the drive, carrying something in his hand which puzzled me. As he came nearer, however, I perceived that it was a small wheelbarrow, gaily painted red within and green without. At a respectful distance behind him walked Jones, carrying a garden-basket full of plants on his head.

Both the wheelbarrow and the plants were for me—a present from the good-natured parson. He was helping me to plant the flower-roots, and giving me a lecture on the sparing use of the wheelbarrow, when my father joined us, and I heard him say to Mr. Andrewes, "I should like a word with you, when you are at liberty."

I do not know what made me think that they were talking about me. I did, however, and watched them anxiously, as they passed up and down the drive in close consultation. At last I heard Mr. Andrewes say—

"The afternoon would suit me best; say an hour after luncheon."

This remark closed the conversation, and they came back to me. But I had overheard another sentence from Mr. Andrewes' lips, which filled me with disquiet.

"I know of one that will just suit you; a capital little fellow."

So the tutor was actually decided upon. "A capital little fellow." "That means a nasty fussy little man!" I cried to myself. "I hate him."

For the rest of that day, and all the next, I worried myself with thoughts of the new tutor. On the following morning, I was standing near one of the lodges with my father, looking at some silver pheasants, when Mr. Andrewes rode by, and called to my father.

Now, living as I did, chiefly with servants, and spending much more of my leisure than was at all desirable between the stables and the housekeeper's room, my sense of honour on certain subjects was

not quite so delicate as it ought to have been. With all their many merits, uneducated people and servants have not very strict ideas, as a rule, on absolute truthfulness and honourable trustworthiness in all matters. A large part of the plans, hopes, fears, and quarrels of uneducated people are founded on what has been overheard by folk who were not intended to hear it, and on what has been told again by those to whom a matter was told in confidence. Nothing is a surer mark of good breeding and careful "up-bringing" (as the Scotch call it), than delicacy on those little points which are trusted to one's honour. But refinement in such matters is easily blunted if one lives much with people who think any little meanness fair that is not found out. I really saw no harm in trying to overhear all that I could of the conversation between my father and Mr. Andrewes, though I was aware, from their manner, that I was not meant to hear it. I lingered near my father, therefore, and pretended to be watching the pheasants, for a certain instinct made me feel that I should not like my father to see me listening. He was one of those highly, scrupulously honourable gentlemen, before whose face it was impossible to do or say anything unworthy or mean.

He spoke in low tones, so that I lost most of what he said; but the parson's voice was a peculiarly clear one, and though he lowered it, I heard a good deal.

"I saw him yesterday," was Mr. Andrewes' first remark.

("That's the tutor," thought I.)

My father's answer I lost; but I caught fragments of Mr. Andrewes' next remarks, which were full of information on this important matter.

"Quite young, good-tempered—little boy so fond of him, nothing would have induced them to part with him; but they were going abroad."

Which sounded well; but I suspected the parson of a good deal of officious advice in a long sentence, of which I only caught the words, "Can't begin too early."

I felt convinced, too, that I heard something about the "use of the whip," which put me into a fever of indignation. Just as Mr. Andrewes was riding off, my father asked some question, to which the reply was—"Gray."

My head was so full of the tutor that I could not enjoy the stroll with my father as usual, and was not sorry to get back to Nurse

Bundle, to whom I confided all that I had heard about my future teacher.

"He's a nasty little man," said I, "not a nice tall gentleman like Papa or Mr. Andrewes. And Mr. Andrewes saw him yesterday. And Mr. Andrewes says he's young. And he says he's good-natured; but then what makes him use whips? And his name is Mr. Gray. And he says the other little boy was very fond of him, but I don't believe it," I continued, breaking down at this point into tears, "and they've gone abroad (sobs) and I wish—boohoo! boohoo!—they'd taken him!"

With some trouble Nurse Bundle found out the meaning of my rather obscure speech. Her wrath at the thought of a whip in connection with her darling was quite as great as my own. But she persisted in taking a hopeful view of Mr. Gray, and trusting loyally to my father's judgment, and succeeded in softening my grief for the time.

When I came downstairs to dessert that evening I pretended to be quite happy and comfortable, and to have nothing on my mind. But happily few children are clever at pretending what is not true, and as I was constantly thinking about "that dreadful tutor," and puzzling over the scraps of conversation I had heard to see if anything more could be made out of them, my father soon found out that something was amiss.

"What is the matter, Regie?" he asked.

"Nothing, Father," I replied, with a very poor imitation of cheerful-
and no approach to truth.

"My dear boy," said my father, frowning slightly (a thing I always dreaded), "do not say what is untrue, for any reason. If you do not want to tell me what troubles you, say, 'I'd rather not tell you, please,' like a man, and I will not persecute you about it. But don't say there is nothing the matter when your little head is quite full of something that bothers you very much. As I said, I will not press you, but as I love you, and wish to help you in every way I can, I think you had better tell me."

Now, though I had really not thought I was doing wrong in listening to the conversation I was not meant to hear, a *something* which one calls conscience made me feel ashamed of the whole matter. I had a feeling of being in the wrong, which is apt to make one vexed and fretful, and it was this, quite as much as fear of my grave father, which made the colour rush to my face, and the tears into my eyes.

"Come, Regie," he said, "out with it. Don't cry, whatever you do; that's like a baby. Have you been doing something wrong. Tell me all about it. Confession is half way to forgiveness. Don't be afraid of me. For heaven's sake, don't be afraid of me!" added my father, with impatient sadness, and the frown deepening so rapidly on his face, that my tears flowed in proportion.

(How sad are the helpless struggles of a widowed father with young children, I could not then appreciate. How seldom successful is the alternative of a second marriage, has become proverbial in excess of the truth.)

My father was more patient than many men. He did not dismiss me and my tears to the nursery in despair. With the insight and tenderness of a mother he restrained himself, and unknitting his brows, held out both his hands and said very kindly,

"Come and tell poor Papa all about it, my darling."

On which I jumped from my chair, and rushing up to him, threw my arms about his neck and sobbed out, "Oh, Papa! Papa! I don't want him."

"Don't want *whom*, my boy?"

"M-m-m-mr. Gray," I sobbed.

"And who on earth is Mr. Gray, Regie?" inquired my perplexed parent.

"The tutor—the new tutor," I explained.

"But *whose* new tutor?" cried the distracted gentleman, whose confusion seemed in no way lessened when I added,

"Mine, Papa; the one you're going to get for me." And as no gleam of intelligence yet brightened his puzzled face, I added, doubtfully, "You are going to get one, aren't you, Papa?"

"What put this idea into your head, Regie?" asked my father, after a pause.

And then I had to explain, feeling very uncomfortable as I did so, how I had overheard a few words at the Rectory, and a few words more at the lodge, and how I had patched my hearsays together and made out that a certain little man was coming to be my tutor, who had previously been tutor somewhere else, and that his name was Gray. And all this time my father did not help me out a bit by word or sign. By the time I had got to the end of my story of what I had heard, and what I had guessed, and what Nurse Bundle and I had made out, I did not need any one to tell me that to listen to what one is not

intended to hear is a thing to be ashamed of. My cheeks and ears were very red, and I felt very small indeed.

"Now, Regie," said my father, "I won't say what I think about your listening to Mr. Andrewes and me, in order to find out what I did not choose to tell you. You shall tell me what you think, my boy. Do you think it is a nice thing, a gentlemanly thing, upright, and honest, and worthy of Papa's only son, to sneak about listening to what you were not meant to hear. Now don't begin to cry, Reginald," he added, rather sharply; "you have nothing to cry for, and it's either silly or ill-tempered to whimper because I show you that you've done wrong. Anybody may do wrong; and if you think that you have, why say you're sorry, like a man, and don't do so any more."

I made a strong effort to restrain my tears of shame and vexation, and said very heartily—

"I'm very sorry, Papa. I didn't think of it's being wrong."

"I quite believe that, my boy. But you see that it's not right now, don't you?"

"Oh, yes!" I exclaimed, "and I won't listen any more, Father." We made it up lovingly, Rubens flying frantically at our heads to join in the kisses and reconciliation. He had been anxiously watching us, being well aware that something was amiss.

"I don't mean to tell you what Mr. Andrewes and I *were* talking about," said my father, "because I did not wish you to hear. But I will tell you that you made a very bad guess at the secret. We were not talking of a tutor, or dreaming of one, and you have vexed yourself for nothing. However, I think it serves you right for listening. But we won't talk of that any more."

I do not think Nurse Bundle was disposed to blame me as much as I now blamed myself; but she was invariably loyal to my father's decisions, and never magnified her own indulgence in the nursery by pitying me if I got into scrapes in the drawing-room.

"My dear," said she, "your Pa's a gentleman, every inch of him. You listen to him, and obey and do as he does, and you'll grow up just such another, and be a pride and a blessing to all about you."

But we both rejoiced that at any rate our fears were unfounded in reference to the much-dreaded Mr. Gray.

(To be continued.)

A VOICE FROM HOME.

(*On the death of a musical Sister, one of whose favourite duets was,
 "All that's bright must fade."*)



HE bright indeed hath faded,
 The sweet hath passed away,
 And darkness hath o'ershadowed
 The sunshine of our day;
 Like drooping flower she perished,
 Like setting star declined,
 And those she loved and cherished
 Are left in tears behind.

Our joy in pain has ended,
 The ties are broken thro',
 From earliest childhood blended
 With all we thought and knew.
 We lived in light and gladness,
 We've seen the light depart,
 And trembling fear and sadness
 Have fallen on our heart.

Oh, flower too quickly faded,
 How lovely was your day!
 Oh, star too soon o'ershaded,
 How beautiful your ray!
 Oh, ties too rudely parted,
 How dear the joys ye brought!
 Oh, youth the tender-hearted,
 With what blest visions fraught!

Yes, tho' our hearts are clinging
 To joys too bright to last,
 To "flowers that droop in springing"
 Beneath the world's cold blast,
 And tho' so quickly broken
 The ties of household love,
 They come to us a token
 From better worlds above:

For if on earth is given
 Such deep, tho' transient bliss,
 What will it be in Heaven,
 Where all unchanging is?
 Lord! be Thy promise ever
 In Faith and Hope believed,
 For heart of man hath never
 That happiness conceived.

EDITOR.

LEAVES FROM A DIARY "UNDER THE RED CROSS."

IN THE PRUSSIAN LINES.



NOTWITHSTANDING the rain overnight, it was a fine fresh morning when at seven o'clock Dr. Sandwith and I arrived at the Johanniter Depôt, alongside of which our "horse van" was moored. Our stores were piled at one end, and a huge mass of straw filled the other, to serve us for bedding and furniture generally.

"I write this as, attached to a long military train, we are slowly wending our way towards Courcelles, the nearest point we can get to Metz, for after that the rails are torn up. We have taken with us eatables in the shape of a ham, some pots of 'pâté de fois gras,' and a host of Seltzer water, for the springs round Metz are dangerous to drink, from the filth that has leaked into them, and dysentery is very prevalent. Our van has two windows, but they have no glass, only iron bars. We travel with one whole side of our van open, which affords us a good view of the country we go through. The soldiers are very amusing. Some pop in and ride a bit of the way with us, taking a 'drink,' if we will give it them, and a cigar too. I should say our pace is about six miles an hour, but as Courcelles is not more than thirty miles or so distant, we hope to get there before night. Now and then the train pulls up on the line, where no station exists, and everybody turns out for a chat. The men climb the embankment, and cut branches, which they deck the carriages with. On our van, which has evidently taken troops to the front before, are rude sketches of Napoleon in a cocked hat drawn in chalk, and 'Nach Paris' is written up on all sides. At Saint Avold, or *Sanct*, as the Germans have already converted the name on the platform, we are parted from the troops who remain here. It is late in the afternoon, and we commence an attack on the ham and pâté. It feels very much like a picnic, only that this is veritable daily bread, and not the imaginary meal usually made under more romantic circumstances. Now begins a trial in real earnest. Since we are the occupants of a horse van, the railway people treat us as such. Attaching us to an

engine, they race us up and down the line, bump us into trucks, thrust us into sidings, till it is impossible to stand upright. Extended on the straw in no very amiable mood, we try to forget our grievances in yarns about home, absent friends, &c., till the sun goes down and the cold of the evening compels us to close our van door and the wooden shutters of the windows. By the light of our lantern we are able to distinguish each other, and we laugh heartily as we contemplate our position. There is no doubt but that we shall be at this shunting business most of the night, and certainly no train will run before morning. Thanks to some thoughtful one at home, I discover two pillow-cases packed in Dr. Sandwith's luggage, and after stuffing these with straw, and 'making the beds,' we proceed to turn in. My last recollection is a violent bump, which rolls me against my friend, a quick ejaculation from him (whether condemnatory or otherwise, I cannot say), and then a gentle gliding motion, as though we were borne away.

"Sunday morning, Remilly. We did move then, after all. The place is alive with troops, and some very nice officers come and chat with us as we sit at breakfast. One is an Englishman, who is in the cuirassiers. I go and see some French peasants, who are to be shot for killing an officer, who was in a train they attacked. They seem very much dejected, and sit crouched on straw in a shed guarded by a Prussian sentry." As there was a Johanniter Dépôt at Remilly, and nothing was wanted very urgently at the hospitals, we gave none of our stores away, but reserved them for those villages further in the lines of investment. An officer showed me a letter he was posting of rather bulky appearance, and with great pride informed me it was for his fiancée, far away in the fatherland, and it contained a *Lorraine* rose. I hoped he himself might live to return. "We find we have to pass most of the day at Remilly, but they permit us to leave our van, which again undergoes another process of shunting. Late in the afternoon we reach Courcelles. It is a strange sight, and the recent rains have not beautified it. Bivouacs, fields of mud and water, on either side of the line—everywhere dirt and filth abounding. Sheds are erected in the station, which are used as waiting-rooms for the dysentery and typhus cases, and these are well filled. Close to the rails for hundreds of yards are stored in the open, under no covering, sacks of flour, beans, oats sprouting through the sacks, coffee, salt, barley, biscuits,

and tons of rotting loaves, which men are engaged in burying! It is truly a most miserable spectacle. From the church tower flies the Red Cross flag, in token that it is now converted into a hospital. The place we are told is full of wounded, and there are plenty of thieves. I am left in charge of the stores, with my revolver, while Dr. Sandwith goes off in quest of quarters for us. Meanwhile, the noises of the camp sound on all sides of me, while away over the hill the great red sun goes down, and I can hear the distant booming of guns from Metz. We find there is no such thing as a bed to be got, so we must again occupy our van for the night. We get a sentry to guard the stores, and we then separate, each to try and procure some dinner. This is really necessary." However agreeable the picnic system is for one or two meals, when it is prolonged through a couple of days it becomes nauseating. It was pâté for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, coupled with incessant ham, and washed down with Seltzer water. I wended my way to the hospital near the station, and in one of the downstairs rooms found a kitchen, in which some nuns were busily engaged in cooking, &c., and priests were assisting them. These ladies, I afterwards learnt, were of very high family, and came from the convent of —. Luckily, a doctor who was by understood English, and he explained to them for me that I wanted something to eat and drink. They kindly gave me a chair by the fire, and promised me some soup and beef. The soup was of a simple nature, being sago boiled to a jelly-like consistency, without a trace of animal matter in the whole affair. However, it was warming, and a change after pâté. The beef, too, was rather tough, and of a queer colour. I could not exactly say if it was from horse or donkey. If cow at all, that animal with the iron tail must have grown it, so difficult was it to masticate. While thus eating another person joined me. He was a tall, fine-looking young man, and wore the Red Cross. I found he was half an Englishman, his mother being a daughter of Lord Lonsdale. Baron von Ketschendorf, my new acquaintance, like myself, was hungry, and he too could get no bed. Very readily he accepted a "truss of straw," with us in the van, and after thanking the nuns for their kindness, we made for the railway. Dr. Sandwith was asleep, but awoke on our coming in. "What luck had you?" I asked, "over dinner." "One sardine and a piece of black bread," was the reply: "And you?" I told him my good fortune, which did

not mend matters unhappily for him. Baron von Ketschendorf and I then whiled away a few more hours of the night by recounting our several adventures. He had but just returned from the front. During a sortie from Metz of the day but one previous, he and four others went under fire to bring off a colonel who was wounded. Two of those with him were killed, and he himself narrowly escaped. He took off the small cap he wore, and showed me the hole of a bullet which had passed through the crown. For three days and nights he had been in the saddle, and his clothes were stiff with the rain and mud which had dried on him.

Dr. Sandwith visited the hospitals at Courcelles, and found, despite the locality, things were not desperately wanted. Still nearer Metz we were told the dearth existed. One case, however, I will mention. In a small cottage near the station, we found two French girls crying over the bodies of their father and mother dead from dysentery. They were penniless and had no money to bury them. The gift of a kind lady in England relieved these.

"After a great deal of difficulty we manage to procure a cart, with a French peasant to drive, and a Prussian soldier to guard us, and having got our stores out of the van we start for the village of Coligny. We have to walk by the side of the two poor starved horses who labour under the heavy load. Crossing the fields where the troops have lately bivouacked, we make for the spire of a village church, which we see peeping out among the trees. On every side are the marks of fighting. Bazaine knows that there are large stores of food, etc., at Courcelles, and he frequently attempts to get at them. Under a burning sun we halt just outside the village of Coligny for luncheon, and the unconsumed pâté is again produced. More than one sickly soldier comes up for a dram of brandy and a dose of dysentery medicine. That complaint seems very rife. We find they sadly want things in the hospitals here.

"We have just come in from a walk to see the fortifications of Metz and the Cathedral, which looks very fine. No firing is going on. It is difficult to describe the scene. Can you imagine, literally, miles of carts and drivers on a white dusty road, with the poplar trees that grew on each side of it felled for military purposes? Troopers in all coloured uniforms, and officers galloping to and fro? Bivouacs everywhere, with sutlers and peasants selling their wares from wretched-

looking carts? Then a little village, once pretty, with neat houses and gardens in front of them, now half-burnt, deserted by its inhabitants, with its few remaining houses used for hospitals, its streets littered with straw, dirt, broken wheels, and carriages (in one of which I sit as I write this)? and then you can realize this picture of France in the time of war."

In the afternoon we returned to Courcelles, and we were just preparing to unload our cart when we met two Englishmen, Mr. Leech and Mr. Barton Smith, who were living at Avancy, a village some five or six miles away. Mr. Smith, like Dr. Sandwith, was connected with the National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded, and was working in the hospitals round Metz. We gladly joined them, as they were returning to Avancy that night, and we learnt from them the great need there was of stores in the hospitals of that district. Very fortunate this arrangement was, as at any rate it secured us the hope of a bed for the night. We had been trying to get that luxury in a house belonging to two French women, who with many tears and gesticulations narrated their misfortunes. As far as I could ascertain, a Prussian, their mortal enemy, had taken up his abode in every hole and corner of the house. Not a room was vacant. I could not help pitying these poor souls, who, because they had not deserted their own premises on the arrival of the enemy, were now obliged to feed and serve him without an audible grumble. The small garden outside bore the signs of ill-usage like the house itself, which was peppered with bullets. One standard rose tree, however, remained, and on this grew a solitary beautiful white rose. I begged the good ladies leave to pick it, which was readily granted, and I placed it between the leaves of my pocket-book. The remembrance of the officer and his rose came back to me, and I, too, like him, thought of my own distant fatherland. "Loading our stores on the cart of our new friends we drove away in the late evening under a lovely moon. As we pass through the villages which are within the lines, sentries occasionally stop us and demand our papers. Every now and then mounted patrols meet us and we exchange with them a German 'good-night.' Sometime in crossing the fields an open rut gives us a jerk which is trying to the nerves in a springless cart. Once we pull up, for something lies in the road before us. 'Theodore,' the French lad who drives us dismounts, and we discover it is a keg of brandy, a by no means value

less prize. In a little house in the village of Avancy we find some six or eight persons assembled at supper, all wearing uniform, but that of military doctors. Nothing could be kinder or more cordial than the welcome we receive. They give us everything they have in the shape of food and drink, and what we want still more, a comfortable bed." I don't remember ever sleeping sounder than I did that night between two of the doctors on the parlour floor of the cottage. We had plenty of rugs to cover us, and good straw beneath our limbs. There was a pleasant sensation, too, in the thought that Bazaine was only a few miles off, and might at any moment make a sortie which was far from unlikely, as our position was on the Thionville side of Metz, and in that fact lay the danger. Before sleeping I looked out at the window from which I could see the lights of Metz glimmering and "flaring like a dreary dawn" in the cloudy sky above.

Leaving Dr. Sandwith to ride off on hospital work, I wandered over to St. Barbe, another small village close at hand, which was the headquarters of General Manteuffel. Here in the church were quartered the soldiers, eating, sleeping, and smoking, and one was writing at the altar. It seemed a very curious spectacle to my English eyes. Fortunately, Mr. Leech, with whom I was, knew Count Berg, the Russian military attaché, and by his kindness we were able to go to the top of the church tower, now used as an observatory. It was a glorious day, and we could see the whole country round for miles. One curious fact struck me, namely the absence of any investing army. I expected trenches, earthworks, and other strategical contrivances. There was nothing of the kind visible. There were, again, no tents or camps, only a few bivouacs, and these mostly in rather secluded places. But we were told every wood and coppice (and many of these there undoubtedly were) teemed with troops. A telegraph, too, ran round the whole line of investment, and at a given moment a large concentration of forces could be brought to bear on the point of attack. Below us, and only just out of range, we could see the French outposts, and the figures of the men with their red trousers reminded me of the red-legged partridges of their own land. Presently there was a puff of smoke, and a small knot of Prussian cavalry were seen to gallop away from the place where they had been standing. I asked if there was much out-post firing carried on, and the cases, it was said, were generally from three to four deaths daily. It made me almost

wish that Bazaine would come out while we were on the tower. A more splendid position for seeing an engagement could not be imagined. After leaving the church we went with Count Berg to the General's quarters, General Manteuffel occupied what I could only conclude was the house of the curé of the parish. It stood close to the church, and had a nice garden in front of it. As the General had broken a small bone in his leg from a fall from his horse, we had to go into his bedroom to see him. It was on the ground-floor and opened from the sitting-room. He sat, propped up with pillows, in an easy-chair, with his bandaged leg resting on a stool before him. A table was placed across him, on which lay some maps and charts, so that he could conveniently write. Despite his accident I must say he looked in very good health, and his rather stern countenance and iron grey hair gave him the appearance of a resolute soldier. When he smiled the stern look went, and most kind he was, while apologizing for his own absence, he asked us to dine with his staff in the next room. This we accordingly did, only too thankful (at least I was) for a decent meal. Nothing seemed to be touched of the curé's property in the General's room. The prints were on the walls, the books on the shelves, and on the mantelpiece several pretty ornaments remained. The dinner, at the primitive hour of twelve, was very fair considering. No table-cloths, and only one knife, fork, and plate throughout the meal. The wine was good, and many were the glasses we had to drink with the members of the staff.

It was on the evening of this day, and perhaps owing to the dinner, after the poor food we had lately been eating, that I began with symptoms of dysentery, which gradually got worse and worse. In the hands of so many doctors there was not much to fear, but the universal opinion was that I should get away as fast as possible from the neighbourhood to a more wholesome and pure place. Once more then we started off in the cart with "Theodore" and made for Courcelles. Here the kind nuns took me into the hospital and gave me soup and medicine. Partings are always sad things, but I don't think I ever missed the face of a friend more than I did that of Dr. Sandwith when he said good-bye at this place. Lying on a bed which bore the marks of wounds on the dirty counterpane, and from which, perhaps not many hours before, the dead body of some poor fellow had been carried, surrounded too with wounded men, and still worse, tormented

with flies till I had, like them, to place a gauze veil over my face, I could not feel very lively, and especially now that I had to separate from my friend. It was no use his remaining with me, which he kindly offered to do. I was in good hands, and he had his work before him.


I remember how it rained that day, and how the flies seemed like mosquitoes. Perhaps it was the opium they gave me that caused me to wander away in my thoughts, and made me fancy I was at home again on the moors where I live. A confused murmur of voices sounded in my dream, and I awoke with what I thought was my favourite dog "Darkie" licking my hand. Dr. Abrath was holding it, and bending over me—I could see through the gauze veil—was the kindly face of the good nun.

Thanks to the care I received and the friendly services of Dr. Abrath and Mr. Leech, who remained with me, I got back to Saarbrück, and in a short time was able to continue my travels. After leaving me Dr. Sandwith went on to Pont à Mousson.

(To be continued.)

SCENES AND SKETCHES FROM THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

FIFTH EVENING.

 WHILE the events of which we have been speaking were taking place, the court of Vienna was in a state little short of distraction, and now Tilly's army, their last resource, was destroyed.

SCENE XII.

Two gentlemen were one afternoon pacing up and down an ante-room in the palace of Vienna, talking earnestly. They were Count Questenberg and the Duke of Eggenberg, whose names we have already had occasion to mention, and the latter seemed to have just returned from a journey, for he was booted and spurred.

"I never felt sanguine," Questenberg was saying, "that much would be accomplished by means of negotiation."

"There was reason to suppose it possible," answered Eggenberg;

"that by a private interview with Arnheim, Duke Albert's influence with him might have drawn Saxony from the Swedish alliance."

"Not very likely," said Questenberg. "No, no, if the Duke will undertake to raise an army again and take the command, the empire may be saved. John George knows his interest too well to desert the King of Sweden now."

"I presume the Emperor's letter to Friedland did much to shake his resolution."

"Yes, when the Emperor wrote in his own hand to entreat the Duke 'not to forsake him in his hour of adversity,' he could not well refuse."

"From what I know of our friend's character, I am not at all surprised that he dismissed entirely that clause giving the King of Hungary a command."

"He certainly was vehement in the expression of his resolution. You heard, did you not, Questenberg, what was his reply: 'Never will I accept a divided command, were God Himself to be my coadjutor. No, I must command alone or not at all.'"

The conversation was here interrupted by a summons from the Emperor, and the two nobles hastened into the Imperial presence.

"You bring me good news from Znaim, Eggenberg, I trust," said the Emperor eagerly.

"Sire," said the Duke, "his Excellency has yielded, and will come forward, as he did in 1624, with an army of fifty thousand men; he will not, however, accept the office of commander-in-chief, but promises that the army shall be forthcoming in three months."

The Emperor's countenance fell. "Only for three months, and will he not be persuaded to remain at the head of the army he promises to create?"

"It is useless, Sire, to press him further now; when the army is raised his resolution may change; and if not, there are others—Count Godfrey of Pappenheim, for instance, the King of Hungary himself."

The Emperor shook his head despondingly: "No one but Friedland can command Friedland's armies. Remember the results of the Diet of Ratisbon."

SCENE XIII.

Three months had passed away and Wallenstein stood in the midst of an army of forty thousand men, which the magic of his name alone

had called round his standard. Well might his heart swell with pride at the thought that what all the efforts of the Emperor had failed to accomplish, a single word of his had achieved. His promise was fulfilled, the army was there, and Friedland's task was done.

"You urge me in vain," he said to his brother-in-law Terzki; "as soon as the Emperor has named the commander-in-chief I return to Gitschin."

"Then," said Terzki, "this army will disappear and melt away like the former one—did they not desert by hundreds when you quitted Memmingen?"

Wallenstein shrugged his shoulders. "In my state of health how is it possible for me to lead an army? constantly crippled with gout, I am utterly unfit for the laborious office that is pressed upon me. You may think this affectation, and the Emperor, probably, will think so too, but it is the truth."

"And you have informed the Emperor of your resolution?"

"His Imperial Majesty knew it from the first. I have only repeated what I announced from the beginning."

One of the gentlemen-in-waiting at this moment entered the apartment where the brothers-in-law was sitting. "His Excellency the Duke of Eggenberg is just arrived from Vienna and solicits an audience of your Highness."

Wallenstein looked at Terzki, who smiled.

"Eggenberg again in person. You smile brother, but you will find I am proof." And he left the room to see the Duke of Eggenberg.

That evening the news spread through the camp at Znaim that Albert of Friedland had given way to the supplicating letters of the Emperor and the King of Hungary and had accepted the command. The troops received the intelligence with acclamations of joy, but few were aware of the tremendous price at which Wallenstein's concessions had been obtained. He was to be commander-in-chief, and neither the Emperor nor his son were to interfere in the slightest degree with any of the regulations of the army, or even to be present at head-quarters. All appointments, rewards, and punishments, were to rest solely with the Duke of Friedland, and all the conquests he might make were to be at his own disposal. As the reward of his services he was to have a principality of the empire bestowed upon him (in lieu we must suppose of Mecklenburg, which Gustavus Adolphus had unfortunately

conquered and restored to its legitimate owners); he added, however, that he was to be confirmed in the possession of the said duchy of Mecklenburg, from whence it is to be concluded that he had full intentions of reconquering that province. Ferdinand had no choice but to comply with these conditions, and with several more besides, and Wallenstein, his characteristic energy called into action, did not disappoint the hopes that were centred in him. True, Arnheim watched the formation of this army under his very guns without taking a step to prevent it. In vain were the exhortations and remonstrances of the indignant Gustavus; Arnheim, whose supine indifference bears very much the aspect of treachery, retreated hastily from Prague at Wallenstein's approach, and in a very few weeks the whole of Bohemia was again subject to the empire.

This done, Friedland announced his intention of marching into Saxony, to the utter consternation of the Emperor and the Elector of Bavaria. Maximilian humbled himself to implore the General to hasten to the relief of his Bavarian dominions, and a painful necessity it must have been to the Elector, who had most vehemently insisted upon Wallenstein's dismissal at the Diet of Ratisbon, and who hated him with a cordial hatred. Wallenstein, after a short resistance, yielded to the Elector's prayers, and, by slow and stately marches, advanced towards Egra. It was a glorious summer's day when the two generals met in the presence of their respective armies at Egra. A solemn bond of reconciliation was drawn up between those haughty rivals, and it would have been difficult for the keenest observer to discover in the composed countenance and the cordial expressions of gratitude of the courtly Maximilian, how keenly sensible he was of his humiliating position, while some historians say that Albert of Friedland was not so perfect in the art of dissimulation, and that his eyes were lighted up with a satisfaction he could not repress at the degradation of his implacable enemy.

SCENE XIV.

The fortifications were completed—the laborious work was finished. Well done, lords and burghers of Nuremburg! With such bulwarks to protect you, with such an army and such a leader to defend you, you may defy Wallenstein himself, though he should lead the whole Catholic force of the empire against your glorious old city.

It was the 26th of June when, from the entrenchments of the

Swedish camp, the advanced guard of the Imperial army might be descried busily engaged in taking up a position near the village of Fürth, close to Nuremberg. Many of the officers not on duty had assembled with eager curiosity to watch the enemy's manoeuvres, and not the least eager was the King himself, who was looking through his magnifying glass, surrounded by Sir John Hepburn, Gassion, Horne, and others of his favourites.

"By St. Dominic! but the Imperialist has chosen his ground well," was the exclamation of the Roman Catholic Hepburn; "look, Sire, his strongest points will evidently be the Altenberg and the Alte Feste,"

"So I see," answered Gustavus; "the very spot I should have chosen myself had I been in his place. Well, if he intends to remain there, it will be no child's play to dislodge him."

"I would give something to know what his intentions are," said Gassion to the sturdy veteran Munro, who was standing next to him.

"What is your opinion of them, Frenchman?" cried the King, who had overheard Gassion's observation.

Gassion coloured at being drawn into notice, but replied directly: "I think, Sire, that the Duke of Friedland will make a starving campaign of it."

The King looked grave upon this, and walked slowly and thoughtfully to his tent.

SCENE XV.

Yes. Gassion was right.

"Then your Excellency will not attack," said Colonel Ludovico Isolani to Wallenstein, the morning after the encampment, and as that general was watching the progress of the fortifications.

"Certainly not," was the reply; "battles enough have been fought already. It is high time to try another method."

"By cutting off their supplies," suggested Isolani respectfully.

"Yes, Colonel, and let a detachment of Croats hunt up the neighbourhood presently. We will proceed by degrees till we draw a cordon round them, but I may leave the details to you."

Isolani smiled slightly as he bowed in obedience, and replied: "My Croats will do the business, your Excellency. I don't know the fellows who are better adapted for that kind of work—witness Magdeburg."

"Silence, Colonel Isolani," returned Wallenstein, in that short peremptory tone of command which he knew so well how to assume; "the affair of Magdeburg was an atrocious massacre, and a disgrace to all concerned in it. You are a gallant officer, Isolani," he continued, laying his hand on the Colonel's shoulder; "but you are too merciless."

Isolani's reply showed that if the rebuke was unheeded, neither was it resented. "Men's tastes differ on these points, your Excellency. My opinion is that everything is allowable in war."

Wallenstein shook his head, but smiled as his fiery lieutenant retired to execute his orders.

Those wild half-savage troops, the Croats, had long enjoyed the reputation of being the greatest robbers in the Imperial army. It has been said that the love of plunder has been handed down from father to son, and that the troops of the famous Jellachich, the Ban of Croatia, had no objection in the Hungarian war of 1848 to lay violent hands on anything they happened to fancy, though there is no doubt that they have been much maligned by a certain party in England. However, I suspect that in dress and manners they are little changed from what they were in the 17th century. Mounted on their strong wiry little horses, with their long Turkish looking guns and crooked sabres, their straggling locks streaming in the wind, the Red Mantles were soon scouring the country in all directions round Nuremburg in search of provisions, and with the object of arresting any that were on their way to the Swedish camp. Gustavus Adolphus had a great aversion to these barbarians, as he called them, for the cruelty which they invariably showed towards their enemies shocked and disgusted him, whose gentleness and humanity were so remarkable. But it must not be supposed that these gentry were allowed to pursue their amusements unmolested by the Swedes, and constant skirmishes took place between them and the Swedish light cavalry.


Meanwhile, it was almost as well for Gustavus that Wallenstein declined to attack his strongly fortified camp, for while the Imperialists numbered sixty thousand, Gustavus had barely twenty thousand men, and the delay was rather useful than not, for reinforcements kept pouring in, and his army increased from day to day, so that the Swedes soon hoped to punish the Croats for their audacity.

(To be continued.)

“LUCK-PETER.”

By Hans Christian Andersen.

VII.

 OW, get that play out of your head,” said Herr Gabriel next morning. “And then let us stick to study.”

Peter had almost thought with young Madsen, “this is the way one must spend one’s precious youth, shut indoors and sitting over a book;” but as he sat at the book, so much that was useful and good shone from it into his thoughts, that Peter found himself quite absorbed in it. He learnt about the great men of the earth and their achievements—how many had been poor men’s children!—the hero Themistocles, a potter’s son; Shakspeare, a poor weaver’s boy, who as a youth held horses at the door of the theatre, where he afterwards became the most mighty man in poetic art, for all countries and for all time. He learnt about the song-contest at the Wartburg,* where the poets contended as to who could produce the most beautiful poem—a strife like the contest of the old Greek poets at the great popular games. About all this Herr Gabriel talked with singular pleasure. Sophocles, in extreme old age, had written one of his finest tragedies, and won the victor’s prize from all the rest; his heart broke with joy in this glory and good fortune. Oh, how blessed to die in the midst of the gladness of his triumph; what fortune could be better!

Thoughts and dreams filled our little friend, but he had no one to whom to express them. It could not be understood by young Madsen, nor by Primus, still less by Madame Gabriel. She was either all good humour, or the anxious mother sitting dissolved in tears. Her two little girls would look at her with astonishment; neither they nor Peter could discover why she was in such great anxiety and affliction. “Poor children!” she would say, “a mother is continually thinking of

* The Wartburg, a castle near Eisenach in Weimar, was anciently the residence of the Landgraves of Thuringia. Here in the early part of the thirteenth century the Minnesingers—the Troubadours or Love-poets of Germany—held their meetings. The banqueting hall in which this *Sängerkrieg*, or Minstrels’ contest, was held may still be seen.

The Wartburg is still better known as the refuge to which Luther was forcibly carried off by his friend the Elector of Saxony, and where a large portion of his translation of the Bible was written.—*Trans.*

their future. The boys take care of themselves well enough. Cæsar falls down, but he gets up again; the two elder ones splash in the water, but they will have to go to sea, and will make good enough matches; but my little girls! what will their future be? They will get to an age when the heart is susceptible, and then I am sure that you, whom everybody loves, are not at all after Gabriel's notions; he will give them to some one they cannot bear, and then they will be so unhappy! I think of this like a mother, and that is the cause of my anxiety and grief. You poor children! you will be so wretched." She wept.

The little girls looked at her, Peter looked at her in sorrowful mood. He did not know what to answer, so he took himself off to his little room, sat down by the old pinao, from which came tunes and fancies as they flowed through his heart.

By times in the morning he went to his studies with a clear head, and did his duty, as, in consequence, it was done towards him. He was a conscientious, right-minded youth. In his diary was set down what he had read and learnt every day, how late in the night he had sat at the piano and played, always in a low tone, that he might not wake Madame Gabriel. There was never set down, except on Sundays, the day of rest, "Thought about Juliet;" "Was at the apothecary's;" "Passed the apothecary's house;" "Wrote to mother and grandmother." Peter was Romeo, and still a good son.

"Extremely industrious," said Herr Gabriel. "Take example in time, young Madsen; you will be sent away."

"Brute," said young Madsen to himself.

Primus, the Dean's son, suffered from lethargy.

"It is an ailment," said the Dean's wife. "It must not be treated with severity."

The Deanery was only two miles off. They were wealthy and fashionable people.

"That man will die a bishop," said Madame Gabriel. "He has good connexions at the court, and the Dean's wife is a well-born lady. She is quite learned in heraldry and armorial bearings."

It was Whitsuntide. A year had gone since Peter entered Herr Gabriel's house. He had gained in knowledge, but his voice had not come back: would it ever come?

The Gabriels were invited to a large morning reception, and a ball in the evening, at the Deanery. Many guests were coming from the

town and from the country houses about ; the apothecary's family was invited ; Romeo would see Juliet, possibly dance the first dance with her.

The Deanery was a substantial house, covered with white plaster, and with no manure-heap in the court-yard ; there was a green dove-cot, round which a string of ivy crept. The Dean's wife was a tall, stout lady, "glaukòpis Athene," Herr Gabriel called her ; "the blue-eyed," not "the ox-eyed," as Juno was called, thought Peter. There was something distinguishingly mild about her ; a tendency in it to become sickly ; she must have had a constitutional sleepiness like Primus. She was dressed in a corn-flower silk robe, wore large curls, which on the right side were raised up by a big medallion portrait of her great-grandmother, a general's wife, and on the left by an equally large cluster of grapes in white porcelain.

The Dean had a ruddy, plump face, with shining teeth made for biting into a hot joint. His conversation consisted always of anecdotes ; he could talk to every one, but no one had ever carried on a conversation with him.

The Councillor was there too, and amongst the strangers from the country houses was seen Felix, the merchant's son. He had been confirmed, and was now, as to clothes and manners, a most elegant young gentleman. He was a millionaire, they said. Madame Gabriel had not courage to speak to him.

Peter was glad to see Felix, who came up to him in a very friendly manner, and said that he must greet him for his parents. They read all the letters that Peter wrote home to his mother and grandmother.

The ball commenced. The apothecary's daughter was to dance the first dance with the Councillor : it was a promise that she had been obliged to give her mother and the Councillor. The second dance was promised to Peter, but Felix came and took her without more than a friendly nod.

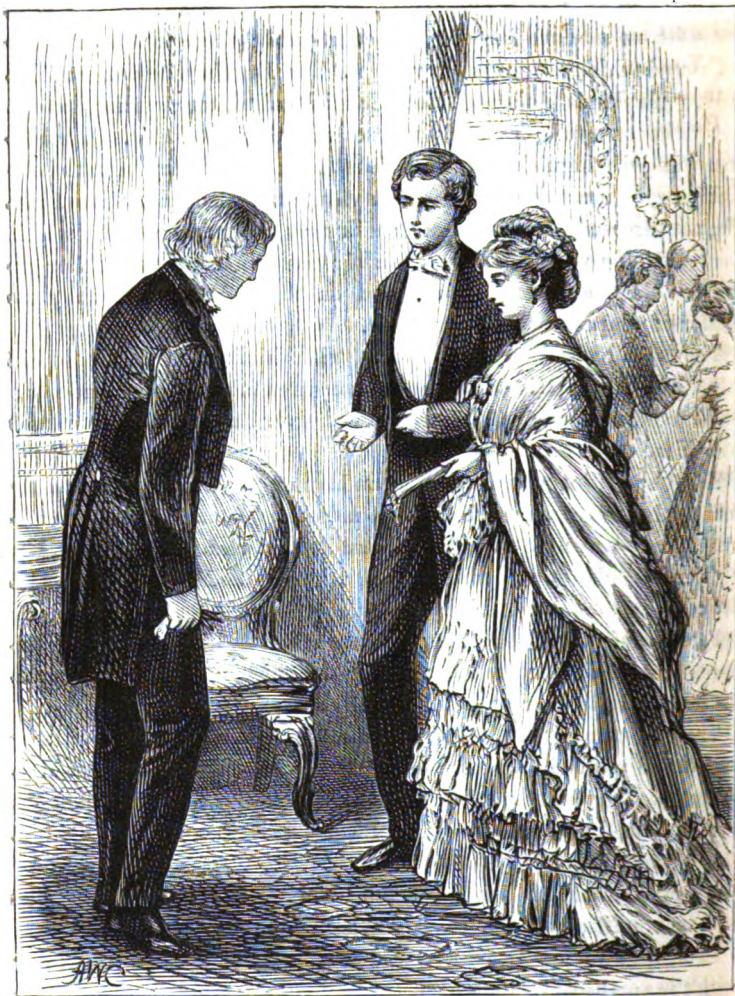
"You allow me to dance this one dance ? the young lady is willing only on condition that you allow it."

Peter put on a polite look, and said nothing, while Felix danced with the apothecary's daughter, the belle of the whole ball. He danced the next dance with her, too.

"You will allow me the dance before supper, I hope ?" asked Peter, with a white face.

"Yes, the dance before supper," she answered, with the sweetest smile.

"You surely will not take my partner from me," said Felix, who was



standing close by. "That's not friendship—we two old friends from the same town! You say that you are so glad to see me! Then you must, too, allow me the pleasure of taking the young lady into supper."

And he took Peter round the waist, and playfully put his face close to his.

"Granted! isn't it so? granted."

"No!" said Peter; his eyes flashed angrily. Felix merrily raised his arms and stuck out his elbows, as if he were a frog about to leap.

"You are perfectly right, young gentleman. I would say the same if the supper dance had been promised to me, young gentleman."

He took himself off with an elegant bow for the young lady. But not long after, as Peter was standing in a corner, pulling at his tie, Felix came and took him round the neck, and with the most ingratiating look, said:

"Prove yourself without an equal! My mother, and your mother, and old grandmother, will all say that it is like you! I am going away to-morrow morning, and I shall plague myself to death if I do not take the young lady into supper. My own friend, my best friend!"

So Peter, as his best friend, could not resist; he himself took Felix to the young beauty.

It was broad daylight when the guests, the next morning, drove away from the Deanery. The Gabriels were in one carriage, and they were all sleeping, except Peter and Madame.

She talked about the young merchant, the rich man's son, who was actually Peter's friend. She had heard him say, "Your health, my friend;" "Mother and grandmother." "There was something so easy—so well-bred about him," she said. "One saw directly that he was a child of wealth, or a lord's son. We others could not assume it; one must bend oneself."

Peter did not say anything; he was gloomy the whole day. In the evening, at bedtime, and in bed, it drove sleep away. Something kept saying within him, "One bends oneself, one accommodates oneself." That he had done; submitted himself to the child of riches, "because one has been born poor, placed at the mercy of, and in dependence on, these wealthy born ones. Are they then better than us? And why were they created better than us?"

Then arose something evil within him, something grandmother would have been grieved about. He thought of her: "Poor grandmother, you, too, have been placed so poorly." And he felt anger at the thought, but at the same time a sense of his herein sinning against the good God.

He grieved over having lost childlike innocence of thought, while in that very grief he possessed it fully and completely. Luck-Peter!

The week after there came a letter from grandmother. She wrote as she could, capital letters and small ones mixed up together, all her heart's affection, in whatever there was, small or great, which concerned Peter:

"MY OWN SWEET BLESSED BOY,

"I think of you, and I long to see you, and your mother does too—she is going on well; she is washing. And the merchant's Felix came to see us yesterday, with messages from you. You have been to the Dean's ball, and you were so good-natured. That you will always be, and make your old grandmother happy, and your hard-working mother. She sends you the news about Mademoiselle Frands."

Then followed a postscript from Peter's mother.

"Mademoiselle Frands is to be married, the old creature! Bookbinder Hof has been made bookbinder to her Majesty, after petitioning for it—with a large board, 'Hof, Court-Bookbinder.' And she becomes Madame Hof. It is old love which does not get rusty, my sweet boy.

"YOUR MOTHER.

"Second postscript.—Grandmother has knitted for you six pair of socks, which you shall have when there is an opportunity. I have put with them a pork-pie, that you are so fond of. I know that you never get pork at Herr Gabriel, since his wife is afraid of what is so difficult to spell—*trichinas*. You must not trust to them, but only eat

"YOUR OWN MOTHER."

Peter read the letter, and read till he was happy. Felix was so good; how unjust he had been to him! They had parted at the Dean's without bidding each other good-bye.

VIII.

In a quiet life one day glides into the next, month after month goes quickly by. Peter was already in the second year of his residence with Herr Gabriel, who, with strict seriousness and deter-

mination—Madame called it obstinacy—insisted that he should not appear on the stage again.

He himself had received from the singing-master, who month by month paid the amount due for his instruction and keep, a serious admonition not to think of the stage so long as he was provided for there ; and he obeyed. But his thoughts would fly all the more often to the theatre in the capital ; they would play about over the stage where he should have appeared as a great singer. But now his voice was gone ; it did not come again, and over this he was sometimes deeply grieved. Who could console him ? Neither Herr Gabriel nor Madame ; but still our Lord could. Comfort can be sent in many ways. Peter received it as he slept ; was he not Luck-Peter ?

One night he dreamt that it was Whitsuntide ; that he was out in the beautiful green wood, where the sun shone in between the foliage, and where the whole ground was crowded with anemones and primroses. Just at this moment the cuckoo begins—cuckoo ! "How many years shall I live," asked Peter ; for this one always asks of the cuckoo, the first time in the year that one hears its note ! And the cuckoo answered, "Cuckoo !" but not a word more ; and there was silence.

"Shall I only live one year more !" said Peter ; "that is really too little. Be so kind as to go on." And so the cuckoo began again : "Cuckoo ! cuckoo !" yes, it went on without end. And as it still continued, Peter began to cuckoo with it, and as naturally as if he were a cuckoo himself, but his note was stronger and more clear. All the singing-birds twittered in company, and Peter sang in imitation of them, but much more beautifully ; he had all his clear child's voice back again, and revelled in the song. So glad in heart was he that he woke up, but with the assurance that the power of sound was still within him, that the voice was still there, and that a bright Whitsun morning would yet dawn in all its freshness ; and happy in this assurance he slept again.

But neither the next day, nor week, nor month, did he feel any signs of the voice returning.

Any news he could gain about the theatre in the capital was truly food for his soul ; it was his mental bread. Even crumbs are bread, and he thankfully received the crumbs—the least report.

Some flax dealers were neighbours of the Gabriels. The lady, a very estimable family woman, lively and smiling, but without any knowledge

of or taste for the drama, had been to the metropolis for the first time, and was in ecstasies over everything in it, even over the people. They had laughed, she affirmed, at everything she said; and that was quite likely.

"Did you go to the theatre, too?" asked Peter.

"That I did," answered the flaxmonger's wife. "How hot I was. You should have seen me sitting melting in the heat."

"But what did you see? what piece?"

"I'll tell you about it," said she. "I'll give you the whole play. I went twice. The first evening it was a talking piece. In she came, the princess: 'Ahbe, dahbe, abe, dabe;' how she could talk! Then came the men: 'Ahbe dahbe! abe dabe!' and down falls madame! Then they began again. Princess: 'Ahbe dahbe, abe dabe!' and then down goes madame. She fell down five times in the evening. The second time I was there, the whole affair was in singing 'Ahbe dahbe, abe, dabe!' and down falls madame. Beside me was sitting a very fine lady from the country; she had never been in a theatre, and fancied that it was all over; but I, who now knew all about it, said that, when I was there last, madame fell down five times. But on the singing evening she only fell three times. There now, you have both the plays exactly as I saw them."

Were they tragedies she had seen, that madame always fell down? Then he was suddenly enlightened. At the great theatre there was painted on the curtain, which was rolled down between the acts, a tall female figure, a muse, with the comic and the tragic masks. That was the lady who fell down; that had really been the play. What they said and sang was, for the flaxmonger's wife, simply "Ahbe, dahbe, abe dabe;" but it has been a great amusement for her, and so it was for Peter; and not less for Madame Gabriel, who heard this repetition of the piece. She sat with an expression of astonishment and conscious superiority of mind; for had she not, as "the Nurse," carried through Shakspeare's 'Romeo and Juliet,' as the apothecary said.

"Down goes madame," explained by Peter, became from that time a jocular figure of speech in the house every time a child, a piece of crockery, or any other article fell on to the floor.

"In this way proverbs and phrases originate," said Herr Gabriel, who turned everything to instructive account.

On New Year's Eve, as twelve o'clock was striking, the Gabriel family and the boarders were standing each with a glass of punch—the only one Herr Gabriel drank in the whole year—for punch is bad for a weak stomach. They drank a health to the new year, and counted the strokes of the clock—one, two, up to the twelfth stroke.

"Down goes madame!" said they.

The new year rolled up—rolled on. By Whitsuntide, Peter had been two years in the house.

IX.

Two years were gone, but the voice had not come back. What was our young friend's future to be?

He could always be a teacher in a school, opined Herr Gabriel; that was certainly one mode of life, but not one to marry upon; but of that Peter had no idea, however large a place the apothecary's daughter held in his heart.

"Be a tutor!" said Madame Gabriel; "a schoolmaster! and become the most tiresome grumbler on the face of the earth, like my Gabriel. Why, you are born an actor. Be the greatest player in the world, that is rather different from being a tutor."

A player! Yes, that was his aim.

He expressed this in a letter to the singing-master—expressed his desire and his hope. So eagerly he longed for the great town where his mother and grandmother lived, whom he had not seen for two long years. It was only thirty miles off; by hurrying he might reach it in six hours. Why, then, had they not seen one another? That is easily said. Peter, at his departure, had been made to promise to remain where he was, and not to think of leave of absence. His mother was fully employed with washing and ironing, in spite of which she had many a time thought of taking this long journey, though it would cost a good sum of money; but still it never came to pass. As for grandmother, she had a horror of the railway; it was tempting God. Nothing should induce her to go by steam. She was an old woman, too; no more travelling for her till she travelled up to the Lord.

So she said in May, but in June the old lady journeyed all alone the thirty long miles, to a strange town and to strange people, to see Peter. It was an important occasion, the most anxious that could befall mother and grandmother.

The cuckoo had called without stopping, when Peter the second time asked it "How many years shall I live?" His health and his state of mind were good; sunbeams seemed to light up the future. He had received an indulgent letter from his fatherly friend, the singing master. Peter was to come back; they would see what could be done for him, what path he should pursue, now his singing voice was gone.

"Come out as Romeo," said Madame Gabriel. "You are old enough now for a lover's part, and have got a beard on your chin. You have no need to be painted."

"Be Romeo," said the apothecary and the apothecary's daughter.

Many thoughts rushed through his head and heart. But

"None can tell what the morrow brings."

He sat down in the garden which overlooked a meadow. It was evening, and the moon was shining. His cheeks burnt and his blood was boiling; the air brought a delicious coolness. Away over the marsh the mist hovered, rising and sinking so as to make him think of the elfin maidens' dance. It brought to his mind the old song about Knight Oluf, who rode out to bid guests to his wedding, but was stopped by the elf girls, who lured him into their dance and play, which brought about his death.* It was a popular ballad and old poem: the moonshine and the mist over the marsh shaped out pictures for it. Soon half-dreaming, Peter sat and looked at it. The bushes seemed to have in shape something human—something beastlike; they stood immovable, while the mist, on the contrary, raised itself like a veil swelling with the wind. Something similar had Peter seen in the ballet at the theatre, where elf-maids were represented whirling and hovering with veils of gauze; but here how much more beautiful and wonderful! So large a scene the theatre could not give; no such high and clear an air, nor such beaming moonlight had it.

Strangest in the mist a woman's form shone distinctly, and this one became three, and the three became many hovering maidens, dancing hand-in-hand. The breeze bore them towards the hedge where Peter stood; they nodded to him, they spoke—it was like the sound of silver bells: they danced into the garden round him; they held him within their circle.

* Various references to this old Danish legend will be found in Keightley's 'Fairy Mythology,' pp. 82-87.—*Trans.*

Without thinking about it, he danced with them, but not their dance; he whirled round as in the never-to-be-forgotten vampire-dance; but that he thought not of, for he himself no longer thought at all, but was completely overwhelmed with the brightness which he saw around him.

The marsh became a lake, deep, and dark blue, with water-lilies which shone in all imaginable colours. Dancing across the water they bore him away on their veils to the other shore, where the giant's hill had put away its greensward covering, and raised itself up as a castle in the clouds; but the clouds were of marble, leafy trees of gold and precious stones twisted themselves amongst the massive marble blocks, each flower itself was a brightly-coloured bird, which sang with a human voice. It was like a chorus of thousands and thousands of joyous children. Was it heaven or was it the elfin hillock?

The walls of the castle moved, they glided towards one another, they shut around him. He was inside, the world of humankind lay without. Then he felt an anguish, a horror as he had never felt before. No outward way was there to be found; but from the floor high up to the lofty ceiling, from all the walls, beautiful young girls were smiling on him. Lifelike as they were, he could not but think—were they only painted? He would have spoken to them, but his tongue had not a word. His power of speech was altogether gone, and not a sound came from his lips. Then he threw himself upon the ground, wretched as he had never been before.

One of the elf-girls approached him. She certainly wished him well, after her fashion. She had assumed the shape he had most wish to see. She was like the apothecary's daughter—he almost trusted that it was she; but he quickly saw that she was hollow at the back, simply and solely a beautiful mask, open behind and with nothing within.

"One hour here is a hundred years outside," she said. "You have already been here a whole hour. All whom you know and love outside are dead. Stay with us! Yes, stay you must, or the walls will crush you till blood streams from your forehead."

And the walls moved, and the air within became like a glowing oven. He found his voice. "Lord! Lord! hast Thou forsaken me?" cried he, in the deepest agony of heart.

There stood his grandmother beside him. She took him in her arms, she kissed his brow, she kissed his lips.

"My own sweet little friend!" said she, "our Lord forsakes you not; He forsakes not one of us, not even the greatest sinner. To God be glory and honour to all eternity."

And she took out her psalm-book—the same out of which she and Peter had many a Sunday sung together. How her voice rang! how her words sounded! All the elf-maids laid their heads to rest; they needed it. Peter sang with grandmother, as he used to sing every Sunday. How strong and firm his voice—till then so feeble—had suddenly become!

The walls of the castle moved—became clouds and mist. Grandmother went with him from the hill, through the thick grass, where the glow-worms glistened, and the moon shone; but his feet were so weak he could not move them, he sank down on the grass; it was like the softest bed. He rested well and awoke with the singing of a psalm.

Grandmother sat by him, sat by the bed in the little room in Herr Gabriel's house. The fever was over, health and life had returned.

He had been sick unto death. Down in the garden they had found him that evening in a swoon. A high fever followed. The doctor thought that he would not get through it, that he must die, and so he had written to his mother. She and grandmother longed to go to him, but both could not go away, and so the old grandmother took a journey by railway.

"I did it for Peter's sake," said she. "I did it in God's name, else I must have believed that I was flying on a broomstick with the devil, on St. John's eve."

(*To be continued.*)

TO A VIOLET.

From the German of Fallersleben.



VIOLET, hidden by the way,
Springing grass above thee gay,
Violet, wake, rejoice with me!

Yet the sun shall come to thee.

He shall come with beams benign,
To thy very heart he'll shine;
All thy tears shall dried up be.
Violet, wake, rejoice with me!

M. M. M.

GRACE'S ESSAY.

CHAPTER I.



SAY, Dick, where are you? shouted Harry Norton as he ran down the garden path, and jumped the sunk fence into the field.

Thereupon a girl's head peeped out from between the boughs, near the top of one of a clump of old thorn trees, and a voice exclaimed,

"Oh, Harry, what fun! Do make haste. I did so hope you'd come to-day. I've found the loveliest new seat up here."

Her fondness for sitting in trees had gained for Grace Norton from her brothers the nickname of Dicky-bird, which had since been shortened into Dick, still more appropriately, since, as Jack, the eldest brother, said, "She was very like a boy, and much too heavy for a bird."

Grace approved of the title, since it saved her from the many small witticisms which before this brilliant invention she had had to endure as to her own name. "Graceless Gracie," was the last, and the one she most resented; so she had felt quite grateful to Harry, when he exclaimed, as she was indignantly remonstrating with Jack for printing G. G. on her journal in large letters,

"Let's call her Dicky-bird. She lives in that nest of hers in the thorns."

Harry was her favourite brother, just fourteen, a year older than herself; and it was her constant rejoicing that his school was within half a mile of his father's house. On half-holidays, when boys over twelve were allowed to go where they liked, within certain hours and bounds, if there was nothing exciting in the way of cricket or football match, Harry used generally to run home, so that these were bright days for Gracie.

Harry swung himself up beside her, and graciously expressed his approval of the new seat. There was even a bough placed most conveniently for a back, though perhaps it was a little greener than might have been desired for the sake of Gracie's frock; and there was also a short branch which did beautifully to hang her hat upon, when she

had broken off the little twig which unfortunately first ran through the straw and made a hole.

"What have you got there? Those old fairy tales! What a rum girl you are to read those now!"

"Jack says it is the best book I've got, and I agree with him," returned Dick, with dignity, and aware that Jack's opinion could not be disputed. "I only wish there was a fairy to give me three wishes, only I want such a lot of things, I never could get them into three."

"What would you ask for?"

"Oh, the scholarship for you, and the loveliest pony for us both to ride, and always to look nice and neat like Henta, and a great big interleaved Bible with notes for mamma—I do want that very much—and to distinguish himself very much and the Victoria Cross for Jack, and for you and I both to go to Scotland, and for Scott and Byron, and the 'Tales of a Grandfather,' and to spell by instinct."

"What a lot! But they would be very much wasted some of them; you don't want a fairy to help you to spell."

"Yes I do. You don't know what it is. The sounds all mix up in my head, and Miss Dawson always asks me something if Jack or any one is there, and I know he is laughing at me, and then I can't remember anything. The B's and P's always will sound the same, and Miss Dawson thinks I won't try, and that I could do it if I would. I'd rather learn Magnall's Questions and Goldsmith right through by heart than do dictation. I got a bad mark to-day for spelling 'tumbling' with a p. Don't laugh, Harry, it's very unkind;" but at the same time she burst into a half-crying laugh herself. "I know I'm very stupid, and I believe there's a hole in my head that lets out the sounds."

"Couldn't you tell Miss Dawson," Harry suggested, "and get her not to ask you before Jack?"

"I couldn't bear her to know I care," Gracie exclaimed. "If you tell any one what I say, Harry, I'll never forgive you."

"All right," Harry returned. He was Grace's only confidant, and too much used to these, to him, incomprehensible agonies of shy reserve to pay much attention to them. "You'd never get on at school, Dick. Wasn't it a chouse? Miller kicked a hole in the panel of one of the doors, and made old Ramsden think it was me. I got into no end of a row, and such a licking."

"What a horrid shame! What a brute Miller is! Weren't you in a great rage, Harry?"

"Rather. I didn't care much. All the fellows know, that's one comfort, and Rennington said Miller was a sneak, and I was a young brick. I'd rather be called a brick by Rennington than anything," went on Harry, reflectively, Rennington being his boy-hero.

"How did you get through that hard bit of Greek?" Gracie inquired.

"Oh, very well. Do you know, Dicksie, I think I'm nearly sure of the scholarship. All the fellows say I shall get it. Peyton is the only one who will run me close. He's an awful swell at mathematics; but I think I'm better in Latin and Greek, and I know I'm long chalks before him in history and that sort of thing."

"Oh, you must get it, Harry; I don't know what I shall do if you don't."

"I shall get it if I can, you may be sure of that. Let's come down. I must see the others before I go. What a mess you are in!" he continued, when they had dropped on to the ground, looking critically at his sister; "you've got a great green stripe all down your back, and what queer stuff your frock is made of!"

"It's program," Dick returned. "Mamma got it because she said it couldn't tear. I am sure it is ugly enough. It's very hard if I mayn't make a mess of myself in it."

They found all the younger members of the family assembled in what was still called the nursery, which had been given up to them entirely, as soon as Nelly, the last of the babies, was old enough to be promoted to the schoolroom. There was Jack, despotic sovereign over all the rest of the party, stretched at full length upon the old sofa that stood in the window, watching Millicent as she sewed the buttons on his gloves. Milly was nearly seventeen, and looking forward to coming out. Tom, the next brother, was away at Harrow. Then there was Henrietta, a cousin of the Nortons, and just the same age as Grace, with whom she was being educated. She was as neat in her dress and graceful in figure as poor Gracie was the reverse, and now sat at the big table busily illuminating a large scroll. Minna and Nelly, the two little ones, were playing dolls in a corner. They jumped up as Harry appeared at the door, and darted upon him, eager for a romp.

"Do take care, children!" Henrietta exclaimed, as they dashed round her end of the table, with a swing which nearly spoiled her crimson letter.

"Oh, Harry, you are knocking over all my things!" Dick exclaimed, rushing forward to save a great untidy pile of books, exercises, and loose papers on a chair in the corner. Away went the pile, however, before she could reach it, the loose sheets floating away to the sofa.

"Order in the house," Jack decreed, peremptorily. "Harry, don't make such a row. What have we here?" he went on, capturing a piece of paper scribbled all over in Dick's queer hieroglyphics. "The Dicky-bird's composition. By Jove! what a confusion!"

He held it up, resisting all poor Dick's efforts to repossess herself of it. "'Napoleon was' scratched out. Then we start fresh. 'In connsidering' (how many n's do you put in considering?) 'the affect wich,' without an h."

Henta laughed, and Milly said, "Don't tease her, Jack."

"Oh, Jack, don't! you oughtn't to look at it. It is only a first scribble. Do give it me!" Gracie exclaimed, almost crying, while Jack, somewhat relenting at her intense distress, still, however, held her tight with one hand as he said,

"Well, we won't laugh at her. You ought to be very glad your elder brother should look over your work. What's this? Here's a clear sentence. 'The course of events brought out the talents of those who might otherwise have lived and died unknown, whilst, on the other hand, their powerful energies reacted upon the times as their talents found room to display themselves; so that they moulded the age which produced them.' The young person has an idea," and he proceeded to look at her all over with affected astonishment. "There, take it, my daughter. Look after your spelling, and you will be a credit to the family yet."

"Miss Dawson says Gracie writes very well indeed. Her themes are a great deal better than I could write," gentle Milly said; while Grace, equally sensitive to praise or blame, found this mixture of them utterly confounding, and was glad to hide herself by thrusting her head and half her body into the cupboard in which she put away her books.

"I think Miss Dawson means to give us a prize for an essay,"

Henrietta said. "I heard her saying something to Aunt Millicent about it. It is to be quite a long one."

Henrietta was fond of sitting in the drawing-room with her elders, and as she was a quiet and discreet little person, she thus often was the first to obtain small pieces of information. Gracie emerged from her hiding-place again at once. "Oh, Henta, what is it to be about?"

"I don't know. I don't think anything is settled."

"I wish we might have something to describe—a storm, or something of that sort," Gracie said.

"That wouldn't be fair at all. I hate those vague things where you don't know what to say. It ought to be natural history, or something we both know about equally," Henta returned.

"I back Dick," Harry announced.

"No," Jack said; "Henta will get it. Dick will write a very good beginning, and then she will make some tremendous blunder, or start some eccentric idea that will horrify Miss Dawson, whereas Henta's will be a model of neat writing and good sentiments."

Neither of the cousins looked as if they approved of this description.

"Of course an essay with great mistakes in it is not a good one," Henta said, in rather an offended tone, though, with some generosity, she refrained from adding before them all, what she confided to Milly afterwards, that Miss Dawson had said she should make a point of good writing and spelling. "And, indeed, Milly, Grace is enough to provoke any one; she might be a little careful."

CHAPTER II.

GRACIE was thoroughly excited. In the next day or two she found so much to think about and hope for, that she could hardly give any reasonable attention to her lessons. There was Harry's examination, which was to take place in two weeks; not only her head was full of it, but she had really an active share in some of his preparations. She had always followed his studies in history at home, and now assisted in hunting up and thinking over all the people and times about which they fancied he was likely to be questioned. Every spare moment of Grace's was given to the work. She made lists of kings and dates, and invented eccentric *memoria technica* for Harry to remember them by. She read up the dry details about villainage and the relation between

the poor people, the traders, and the barons, and explained them to Harry in her own way in very modern English, which, however, he said was much easier to remember than the words of the history, besides that he was saved the trouble of reading for himself.

Moreover the prize for the essay was really to be given. They were to have a fortnight to write it in, and it was to be done in their leisure time besides their other lessons. If Miss Dawson had known how fully Grace's spare moments were taken up in helping Harry, she would have waited till after the examination before giving them the essay to write. But it was one of the bad results of poor Gracie's reserve about her own doings, that she often lost a great deal of help and sympathy, or that her wishes were disregarded, just because nobody knew of them. So now, neither her brothers, nor sisters, nor Miss Dawson, had any idea how busy she was in Harry's service. They saw that he was always calling her to be with him when he came home, but that was nothing new.

Gracie, however, was not much troubled at first by all her work. She liked the feeling of having a great deal to do. It excited her, and made her feel, as she said, "as if something was happening," which was her idea of what was most delightful in the world.

"I don't call this anything happening," Henta said. "When we go to Aunt Ellen's and have little dances and parties—that's something happening."

"I am sure you want to get the prize as much as I do," Gracie said; "only you won't say so."

"I never said I didn't want it," Henta returned. "But I can think about other things as well. And now I am going to learn my French, and I am sure you had better practise."

So Gracie turned round on the music-stool and went on with her exercises with a sigh, playing the notes mechanically, as she tried to think what she could say about "Instinct," which was the subject Miss Dawson had chosen for them.

"How shall I get time for it all?" she thought. "I must get up very early to-morrow, and go to the tree-seat and begin to write, and, oh, dear! I promised Harry I would make him a list of the Saxon kings. I have just done this horrid hour's practice, and perhaps I should have time before schoolroom-tea;" and she was going to jump up when Miss Dawson came in.

"Grace, I have heard you practising from my room, and you have made the same mistake in your exercise over and over again. I cannot allow you to leave it like that. Play it through to me," and poor Gracie played it through, making in her vexation a good many more mistakes than before.

"You had better practise for another half-hour," Miss Dawson said.

"Oh, Miss Dawson, I have got so much to do," poor Gracie pleaded.

"I cannot help it, my dear. Herr Schirren would be very much annoyed at such an unprepared lesson," and Miss Dawson was departing, when her foot caught in the braid of Gracie's frock. "What, another tear! Really, Grace, you must mend this yourself this evening. Jane complains that all her time is taken up with mending your things."

"I thought I was safe with this program," Gracie said, with a groan when Miss Dawson had gone; "and now the braid comes off."

"It won't take you long," Henrietta said, consolingly, but unable to keep down a strong sense of self-satisfaction at the feeling that her own school work was all nicely finished, as she put away her French and sat comfortably down to work at the slippers she was making for her uncle.

"I must work this evening," Gracie thought, "instead of going into the drawing-room." But while they were at tea a message came from Mrs. Norton that she wished both Gracie and Henta to come down that evening, as Miss Millet, an old friend, who was dining there, wanted to see them. Henta delighted in seeing any visitor; but it did seem very hard to Gracie. "I know Miss Millet will want me to play too," she said; and playing before people was a sore trouble to her.

Henta sat down quietly and easily when the dreaded moment came, and played her piece nicely through, but Gracie shrank back, and would not go to the piano at first, and then, instead of thinking of her music, was wishing she was not so awkward and could play better. So of course she made mistakes, and that made her more nervous, and then she lost her place and hurried to the end, making a most curious jump in the music. Miss Millet only said, "Thank you!" when she had done, but her papa called her to him, and said,

"You must learn your music more perfectly. I daresay you are shy; but if you knew it properly, you would be able to play it whether you are frightened or not."

This was very dreadful. Gracie would like to have cried if she had not been so big; but she gulped down the tears with a great effort, and went and sat in a corner, feeling very wretched. She was very glad when bed-time came, when she hoped to be able to sew on her unlucky braid.

"Are you going to mend that wretched frock?" Henta said, peeping through the open door between their two little rooms. "Miss Dawson will be sure to come and send you to bed."

"Horrid thing!" Gracie said, "I must mend it."

"Here, I'll work at the other end," said Henta, good-naturedly, and Gracie brightened up a little; but unfortunately the girls began to talk, and Miss Dawson did come in and tell them to get into bed before the frock was finished. Gracie went, feeling very much injured. "I am sure," she thought, "Harry's examination and my essay are more important than this wretched frock."

Things, however, looked more cheerful in the morning. Gracie woke early, and just found time for the Saxon kings after her braid was finished.

It was Harry's day at home. "That's all right," he said, when they were settled in the tree, and Grace had presented him with her work. "I'll look the beggars up. Have you done much of the essay?" he asked, presently.

"Not a bit," Gracie said. "I think it's a horrid subject. The moment I begin to think about it, I get so puzzled. I can't make out what instinct is."

"That's because you will think about things so much," Harry said; "you needn't bother your head about that."

"Yes; but I must, Harry. I thought instinct was doing things right without knowing why."

"I expect Rover knows why, when he jumps for a bit of biscuit," Harry said. "No, Dick; instinct is doing a thing naturally, without having to find out the way."

"Then I'm quite sure animals don't do everything by instinct. I was watching an ant yesterday coming down the stem of a rough tree with a straw in her mouth. First of all, she tried the hollows of the bark, and then the straw stuck. She pulled and pulled, and when she found she could not get it along, she went and asked another ant to come and help. The other ant tried, but she could not get on in the hollow

part; but she was a very cunning ant, so she went back a little bit and got upon the rough part of the bark that stuck out, so that she was mounted on a hill as it were; and there was nothing for the straw to catch in, and so she got it down. I am sure they puzzled out the way just as you did when you did carpentering and made that table."

"Well, anything animals do is instinct, any way," Harry returned, conclusively. "You can say what a jolly rum thing it is, can't you?"

And having thus settled matters, he proposed that they should go for a steeplechase across the meadow, and a wild chase they had, coming in hot and breathless and very happy, only just in time for tea.

(To be continued.)

CHILD'S SONG IN SPRING.



IFT up, lift up thy voice, O soul!
In loyal, gladsome shout!
For God thy Father lovingly
Doth compass thee about.

Hark how the birds in loving psalms
Proclaim Him to the skies!
Note how from every flower and field
The grateful perfumes rise.

Hast thou alone no note of joy,
The world's glad hymn to swell?
Dost thou alone, more blest than they,
Refuse His love to tell?

Laugh back to Him the joyousness
He scatters o'er the earth;
Live back to Him the life He gives
In holy childlike mirth.

Give love for love in deed and word,
The love thou hast, speak out;
For God thy Father lovingly
Doth compass thee about.

E. B.

THE CAPTIVITY OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.



VERY few readers of *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, whether they be old or young, know much about the periods and places of Queen Mary's captivity in England; because 'historians have given them so few details. Bolton Castle, Tutbury, Chatsworth and Fotheringhay, are names we familiarly use, in connection with this unhappy woman's long imprisonment; whilst Sheffield is seldom mentioned in the pages of history, with reference to the Royal captive; although it was in Sheffield Castle that she was detained, with occasional short recreations elsewhere, from the end of the year 1570, to September 1584.

The late Joseph Hunter, F.S.A., in his 'History of Hallamshire,' of which Sheffield is the capital (a work which the writer has enlarged and republished), has most clearly defined the times and places of Mary's long detention, under Queen Elizabeth's orders; and we offer our readers the information, which they are not likely to seek in the original folio volume.

Beautiful, accomplished, unfortunate, and, we are afraid, criminal, after escaping from Lochleven Castle, and fighting the battle of Langside, in which her army was completely routed by the forces of Regent Murray, Queen Mary hurried as a fugitive to the coast of Galloway, and crossed the sea on the same day, 17th May, 1568, in a fishing boat to Workington, in Cumberland. Immediately on landing in England, Mary sent to her cousin, the Queen, a claim for protection; and whilst residing in Carlisle Castle, to which she had proceeded, Sir Francis Knollys and Lord Scrope were sent to attend upon her; but she soon found they were rather to be her gaolers than her protectors; and she was removed by them on the 15th July, to the Castle of Bolton, in Wensley Dale, Yorkshire, which belonged to Lord Scrope, and was less accessible to intriguers, or those who might plot for Mary's escape.

Meanwhile, under Lord Burleigh's advice, the Queen was arranging for the permanent detention of Mary; and she selected the Earl of Shrewsbury, as one of the richest and most loyal and powerful of the nobility, to be responsible for her safe custody. Lord Shrewsbury owned several mansions, fitted for his royal prisoner. Sheffield Castle and Manour, Tutbury Castle, Winfield Manour, Chatsworth, all

belonged to him; and were distant in their position from those Roman Catholic adherents to Mary, who chiefly resided in the north of England.

An Order in Council, dated 20th January, 1569, caused the captive Queen's removal from Bolton to Tutbury, where she arrived on the 2nd February. Whilst here, she had an interview with White, a servant of Elizabeth, who thus writes of what occurred: "I asked hir grace sence the wether did cutt of all exercises abrode, how she passed the tyme within: She said that all the day she wrought with hir nydile, and that the divirsitie of the colors made the worke seme lesse tedious, and contynued so long at it till veray payn made hir to give over, and with that layd hir hand upon hir left syde, and complayned of an old grief newly increased there. Upon this occasion she entred into a prety disputable comparison betwene karving, painting, and working with the nydile, affirming painting in hir owne opinion for the moste comendable qualitie If I might give advise, there shulde veray few subjects in this land have accesse to, or conferens with this lady. For besyd that she is a goodly personadge, she hath withall an alluring grace, a prety Scottishe speche, and a serching witt clouded with myldnes: Fame might move, some to releve hir, and glory joyned to gayn might stir others to adventure moche for hir sake Hir heare of itself is black, and yett Mr. Knolls told me that she weares heare of sundry colors."

Queen Mary had a household of fifty persons at Tutbury. From June to September in 1569, Shrewsbury entertained his captive guest at Winfield Manour, near Derby, and then he returned with her to Tutbury. A conspiracy in the North to liberate her having been discovered, and the Duke of Norfolk's desire to marry her having become known, she was removed towards the end of this year to Coventry, which, as a fortified town, would more effectually secure her against any attempted rescue.

In January 1570, she was again carried back to Tutbury; here she remained till the early summer, when she visited Chatsworth, and perhaps Winfield Manour on the way. Whilst at Chatsworth, John Beton, related to the Cardinal of that name, died of dysentery, and was buried at Edensor; where a tablet to his memory records that he was her *prægestator*, or "food-taster," to preserve her from poison. A little before Christmas, in this same year—the designs of the Roman Catholic

party having become apparent to Burleigh, viz., that Norfolk should marry Mary, restore the old religion, and depose Elizabeth—for which the Duke was now in the Tower—Mary was consigned to Sheffield Castle, under the closest vigilance of the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, and where she, henceforth lived, with only short intervals of change, until September 1584. As Norfolk's ambition, and the conspiracy arising from it, led to Mary's first close durance; so Babington's conspiracy for the same end, that of restoring the Roman Church in England, ultimately brought this unfortunate Queen's head to the block.

Sheffield Castle was at this time a large strong fortress, enclosing about eighteen acres of land. The site of the building was a little on the town side of the present Victoria Station, and the grounds extended in the direction of the Midland Station. Sheffield was a poor place, inhabited by cutlers, off the great northern highway, and surrounded by moors. Here, with thirty attendants, chiefly French and Scotch, and a few supernumeraries, was Queen Mary permanently immured. The rules for her safe custody were very strict: none of her people might be with her after nine at night, nor leave their own apartments before six in the morning. Her men were to go unarmed, and never leave the Castle without the Earl's permission. The Queen was never to move abroad, without an hour's previous notice being given to her noble gaoler; and her exercise was confined to the leads of the Castle, or the large dining chamber; and sometimes she was permitted to walk in the court-yard; but then the Earl or Countess were always to be present and prevent any conversation except with themselves.

After eighteen months of this severe regimen, she was taken for a few days to Sheffield Manour, a fine house of the Earl, about three miles from the town. This was because her apartments had become "unklenly," and needed a thorough washing; and tradition says she nearly effected her escape. Deep melancholy, as was natural, then fell upon the unhappy Queen, and she told Shrewsbury she would give "hur boddy, hur sonne and cuntry for lybarte."

During the autumn of 1573 Mary was taken by Shrewsbury for a short visit to Buxton, on account of her health, all strangers being previously ordered to leave the place; and she also made a short stay at Chatsworth; but in November of this year she was back again within the bolts of the gloomy castle.

In 1574 she writes to her friends abroad; "I am not without danger if my victuals are not carefully watched." "I beg you procure me pigeons, red partridges, and hens from Barbary; I intend to endeavour to rear them in this country, or to feed them in cages, as I do all the small birds I can come by—a pastime for a prisoner." "Order a couple of coifs with gold and silver crowns, to be made for me at Poissy, such as have been made for me formerly." "If the Cardinal my uncle be gone to Lyons, I reckon upon his sending me a pair of beautiful small dogs, and you also might purchase me a pair; for, excepting reading and work, the only pleasure I have is in all the small animals I can procure."

On the 26th of February, 1575, the Queen's apartments were shaken by an earthquake, which greatly alarmed her.

During the next five years her existence seems to have become almost forgotten in the country, which it was Elizabeth's policy and desire to effect; and so strict was the seclusion in which she was kept that not even were the children of Lord Shrewsbury permitted to see her. In the spring, however, of 1576, she paid a short visit to Buxton for health. Four years afterwards she was again there for the waters; performing, as usual, the journey on horseback, and on this occasion she was hurt by a fall. Whilst she stayed there, no strangers were allowed to arrive or remain; she daily passed to the bath closely attended, and only for this purpose was she ever allowed to leave her room. The week's reprieve was over, and again the Castle gates at Sheffield closed upon her.

The year 1581 brought her sickness, and she became so weak as to be unable to walk, and was carried from one room to another. She was allowed this summer to breathe the fresh air of Chatsworth, and perhaps of Buxton also. She was still only thirty-eight, but she told Beal, "though she was not old in years, she found herself old in body—that her hair was turned grey, and that she soon should have another husband."

The month of June, and part of July, 1582, were spent by her at Buxton, and she never went there again.

In 1583 she was taken to the Earl's seat at Worksop, for a little change. On the 3rd of September, 1584, owing to communications from the Court through Sir Ralph Sadler, Mary left Sheffield finally for Winfield Manour, and Shrewsbury was relieved from his custody of her; Sir Ralph Sadler

being then appointed to the ungracious office of her keeper. On the 13th of January, 1585, she was transferred to Tutbury again; and soon after this Sir Amias Paulet took the charge, and is said to have been severe in his treatment. Early in the following year she went to Chartley, which she left in the following September for Fotheringhay, and in the great hall of that mansion, glad to be released from a life of long suffering, and purified in character, let us hope, by the stern discipline she had undergone, this interesting and unhappy woman laid down her neck, with all the dignity becoming a queen, to receive the headsman's death-stroke, in the midst of her sorrowing attendants.


The reason why Sheffield has been excluded from a fair place in the page of history, which has, nevertheless, been so abundant in its references to Queen Mary's romantic life—is undoubtedly this, that the whole power of the government of the day was exercised in ignoring that she was still alive, and in the country. The people knew less of her "whereabouts" and her doings than they used to know of Napoleon at St. Helena. There were no newspapers, or railways, or public communication with the town of Sheffield. Lord Shrewsbury received no guests at his Castle, which was at once both strongly fortified and obscurely situated; and except the approach of an adventurous conspirator, who sought to promote her escape or communicate with her by letter through her attendants, no one came near this outlying solitary fortress. No doubt, Queen Elizabeth, and her trustworthy subject the Earl of Shrewsbury, would have been glad if she had died; but she lived on "out of sight and out of mind," except when such daring efforts as those of Norfolk and Babington brought both her and her cause into public light again. Any inquiry into her fate would lead to the general answer, that she was spending her time in the houses of the great nobility, who saw comparatively little of each other, and would not confute such a statement; and when the dark curtain fell before her corpse at Fotheringhay, it was semi-officially printed as follows: "I call this realme her abode, and no captivitie, nor scarce a restraint, when in effect the greatest part of this realme was her prison at large (havige somme eie to her safe custodie), and the fairest pallacies of everie shire the places of her residence, wher she might hunt and hawke and use all other princelie disportes at her pleasure, and remove and change aiers and lodgings as oft as she listed, and be

allowed honorable attendance and companie, great intertayntementes and costlie diett, riche presentes, free accesse of her people to her, conference with whom she would, and libertie to give and receave whatsoever intelligence from any part of the world by her secretaries and messengers."

Such is a specimen of the statecraft of this period; and the reader must judge whether Mary's intrigues and complicity with conspirators justified the harsh treatment she received from Elizabeth; whilst respecting the false account of how the captive had spent her time, there can be but one opinion: it was a base misrepresentation, unworthy alike both of the Queen and her ministers.

ALFRED GATTY, D.D.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY.

OU should understand that these so-called adventures of mine have nothing remarkable or out of the common about them.

All I have to do is simply to record any of the every-day experiences of life in the bush in a new colony. This life seems commonplace enough to those concerned in it. It is only on looking back that it seems at all strange or eventful. To spend one's last sixpence, and not to know whence the next will come, to depend on chance for one's food, to have a bad hat and no boots, or no hat and bad boots, to have plenty of all these things, to live "in clover"—and in rags—these are the ordinary chances and changes of colonial life. With the history of such, I think I could fill a volume; and if I could only find enough readers my fortune would be made.

When I left the diggings I had about four pounds or so in my pocket, after purchasing a few necessaries for the road. I did not exactly know whither I was bent, or on what errand.

I was in the middle of a great district of sheep stations; the roads were good and easy to find, and there was no great distance between the stations. I daresay you understand that a "bush road" is merely a dray track winding in and out among trees and logs. It is sometimes ankle deep in sand, occasionally hard and stony; and it is not always that there is sufficient traffic to keep the grass from growing on

it, in which case it is not very easy to find it at all. No one ever thinks of removing any obstacle in order to make the road shorter, as time is no particular object to bullock drivers, and it is easier to wind round. When the track is met by some such obstruction as a fallen tree or a patch of scrub, each driver or horseman strikes out a line for himself. Thus you may come to a place where there meet apparently five or six different roads, each at a different angle, but any one of which will bring you back to the main track.

It is a much pleasanter thing travelling with a little money in your pocket than when you have none. I have tried both, and therefore I ought to know, but I daresay most people will agree with me. It happened, however, unfortunately for me, that I lost, or had stolen from me, all the money I had, at the first station I came to. I carried it in a pouch at my belt, and I am inclined to think that the cheque must have dropped out in some way. I *might* have lighted my pipe with it, as I knew a man do once with a five-pound note. However, it was gone, and I never saw any more of it. So now I had nothing left but my blankets, &c., a little tea and sugar, and tobacco. I had partly made up my mind before I lost my money to go to some town, and try if I could not get some civilised employment. I was then about a hundred miles from Port Denison; and I determined now, money or no money, to make for that place. I thought perhaps something might turn up, though how I was to live when I got there I had not the least idea, as I did not know anybody in the place, which contained about three hundred people. I thought as I went along that I might have a good chance of employment because I met troops of people making their way to the diggings which I had just left, many of whom had relinquished respectable situations.

I met with no particular adventure on the way, and reached Port Denison in about a week. I came into the town in the evening, and slept that night in a half-finished house. I had carried some meat with me from the last station. Next morning early I had to set about washing my clothes, as it was indispensable for me to have a clean shirt and trousers. I possessed also a red "jumper" or jacket, which I used to wear at the diggings, and I expected altogether to "turn out quite a swell."

I conducted my washing after the following fashion. I walked out of the town until I came to a creek with water in it and some large

stones. Having well soaked the clothes in water and soaped them well, I battered them between two of those stones until all the dirt came out of them. When the "lather" was perfectly white and creamy I knew that the operation was complete. I then wrung them out and hung them to dry on a bush. I treated two shirts and a pair of white trousers in this way; and I will answer for it that no "laundress" could have done them better, only I had no starch, and should not have known what to do with it if I had had any. The only objection to this mode of washing is that it wears out the clothes rather fast.

By two in the afternoon the things were dry, and I dressed myself there by the river and walked into the town, looking for once quite respectable, if not stylish. I forgot to mention that I also gave my "cabbage-tree hat" a scouring, much to its improvement. All this attention to appearances, however, seemed to have been unavailing. I could get no employment; at every place I got the same answer, in effect if not in words, "they did not want me." That evening I went down into "Rag Town" to get my supper. Rag Town was the part of the town where those people lived who dwelt in tents, and very hospitable people they were too. As soon as they knew I was a traveller and hard up, I might, I believe, have had half a dozen suppers. However, I only wanted one, which I accepted from two Irishmen who lived in a hut made of sheets of galvanized iron, close to the beach. These men were employed in stripping bark for roofing at eighteenpence a sheet, and they told me after supper, when we were smoking our pipes, that I might join them if I liked, as one man had just left them to go to the diggings.

The reason three were required was that the blacks were very troublesome in the place where they were working, about five miles out of the town. They had especially been meddling with the horses, which were allowed to stray about the bush. They had killed some, and had cut off the tails and manes from a great many more, though how they managed to catch them and keep them still during the operation was a mystery.

It appeared from the evidence of the mounted police, that these luxurious savages had used the hair to make flappers or brushes to keep the flies from their eyes. One of the men, who was called Barney, had had a narrow escape a few days before. He was eating

his dinner in the middle of the day, and making some tea, when he saw about twenty blacks come down from the "range" and begin throwing spears at a lot of horses which fed near. He fired off his revolver, not with the intention of hurting them, but thinking to frighten them. The revolver was an old and bad one, and by some means it burst, all the barrels going off at once. These blacks being so near the town, were more knowing than the wild bush blacks, and when they found that Barney had hit no one, and did not fire again, they began to run and throw spears at him. A white man who fires and misses loses all prestige among these half wild tribes.

All Barney could do was to run, with the whole pack yelling at his heels, about a hundred yards behind. However, a black fellow is no good for a long distance, though he can run very fast for a few yards, and all a white man requires is a little start; so Barney escaped, with only a scorched hand and the fright to remind him of his adventure.

I slept in the bush that night, within sound of the surf. It was a brilliant moonlight night, and the sea, the rocks, and the pebbles were as easily distinguishable as in broad daylight.

There was barely room for two in the hut, but I did not mind a bit sleeping outside. I don't know how long I slept—certainly not long—but when I woke it seemed terribly dark; I could not make it out. Where was the moon? It ought, according to all reckoning, to have been right overhead, but it was nowhere visible, and yet there was not a cloud in the sky. I began to think it must be close on daybreak, but yet it did not feel cold enough for that. Suddenly I thought, what a fool I am to be puzzled! it must be an eclipse, and then I managed to make out a dark outline in the sky, and almost directly a streak of light gleamed forth as the shadow cleared away. Having solved this mystery, I went to sleep contented, and did not wake again till the birds and the sun conspired together against me.

The tools required for stripping bark are an adze with a seven-foot handle, an axe, and a long pointed stick. With the adze a ring is cut high up on the trunk of the tree, another at the foot with the axe, and a slit down the middle connects the two. The pointed stick is then inserted and used like a wedge between the bark and the trunk.

The bark thus stripped is "fired" by burning grass under it to make it pliant, and then packed in heaps, with heavy logs or stones on the top to flatten it. It is ready for use in a few hours.

It is not at all unpleasant work. The hardest part is in the evening, when all the sheets have to be collected, "fired," and pressed, as the trees are sometimes half a mile apart. Every tree so treated dies, and as houses are generally roofed with bark in the bush, you can imagine what a great number of trees there must be. The only bark which is much in use comes from what is called the box-tree.

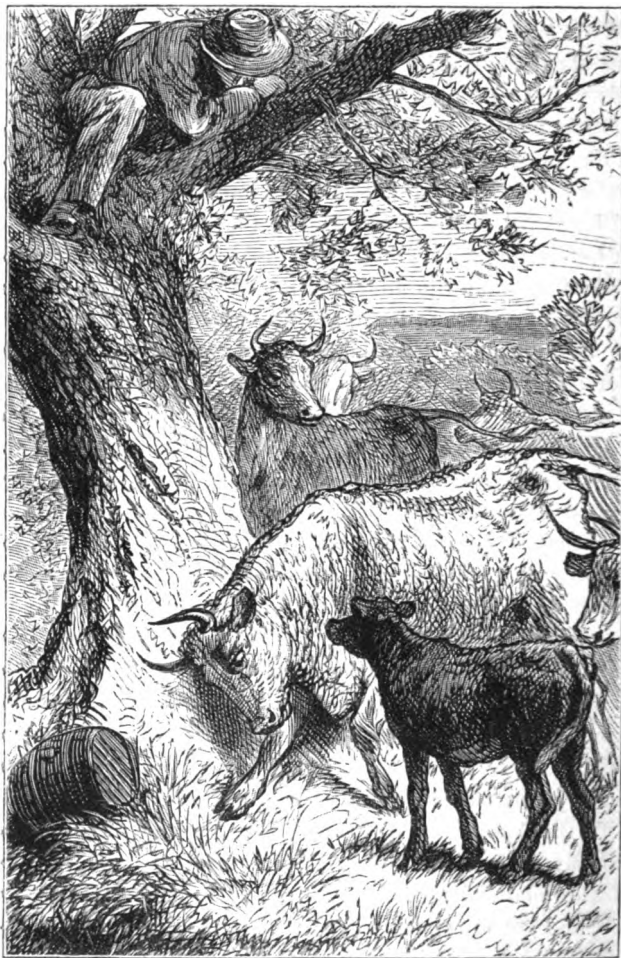
It was about the middle of September when I joined this party; and I worked with them until a few days before Christmas.

One day's work was pretty much like another. We should have camped on the ground where the trees were, only there was no water there, so we were obliged to walk out and back. We had generally finished breakfast on the beach before the sun rose, and were out and at work before it got very hot. We used to take it in turns to go for a keg full of water in the middle of the day; and it was no joke, I can tell you, walking three miles to the nearest creek in the hottest part of the day, and carrying back a keg with four gallons of water; but then the other men went on working all the time, and when the water came we had a "spell" of an hour and a half to make tea and have dinner.

One day, when it was my turn to fetch the water, I had rather an adventure with some wild cattle. I had got about half way to the water when I noticed about five hundred head of cattle feeding at a little distance; I did not take much notice of them, as I expected them to run away as usual, kicking and snorting; but to-day, instead of making off, they began to stand staring at me at first, and then to advance slowly, stamping, and some tearing the ground with their horns. I was not afraid of their attacking me wilfully, but that some whim might set them galloping, when I might have got knocked down and trampled on, and they were right between me and the creek too. Presently they began to come on faster; there were two or three cows with young calves leading, which seemed the ~~most~~ inclined for mischief; the Australian bulls are generally very quiet and harmless. I was among a lot of trees now, but if I retreated I should have had to cross a wide plain without a stick on it; so I found a tree that was easy to climb, and got up, waiting till the road should be clear. The cattle, however, did not seem inclined to pass on, but came right up to the tree, some of them butting with their horns at it.

This was not pleasant, and my mates were all this time waiting for their dinner; all at once I thought of a plan a Yankee had recommended

to me for frightening cattle. It was to place your hat in front of your face, and keep wagging your head quickly from side to side, bo-peep fashion. "The critters," he said, "calc'late you've got two heads, and get tarnation scared."



I had not much faith in this experiment, but I was prevented from trying it, as my hat just then grazed a bough and fell off. "Well," I thought, "I may as well take it easy now I am here; here goes for a

pipe." Having filled my pipe, the next thing was to strike a match. The instant that I did so, the nearest cattle started off, and in five minutes the whole herd were galloping and plunging across the plain. I had accomplished by accident what I had not hoped to do by stratagem.

I advise some of my young readers to try the experiment of the hat for themselves.

All day we used to go from tree to tree (and good straight trees were not always easy to find), leaving each sheet at the foot of its own tree. Some of these sheets, if they are large, are often too heavy for a man to carry by himself. In the evening we used to collect them, as I have said, and the persons who required them used to send out a bullock dray for them. We three could strip on an average about fifty sheets a day; but the beauty of it was that we were our own masters, and could work as much or as little as we pleased, only of course the more we worked the more money we got.

By the time Christmas came I had got a nice little sum of money; and when I looked back on the last few months, I thought to myself, "Happy-go-lucky" shall be my motto, and I will henceforth take things as they come.

GEORGE CARRINGTON.

BURIED CITIES.

1. What town do the ghosts of tyros commonly haunt?
2. In what town are all snakes wicked and venomous?
3. In what town do all the doctors recommend rose-water for dyspeptic complaints?
4. In what town was Robinson Crusoe indicted for marriage with his great aunt on the father's side?
5. In what town did Jack Horner pull out his thumb with the spoil of the Christmas pie?
6. In what town do they tickle west-country men with bulrushes?
7. In what town are the boys obliged to do verses in Hebrew and Sanskrit before admission to the grammar-school?
8. In what town are all the donkey-boys the slowest of the slow?
9. In what town did Jessica vanish from the pursuit of Shylock?

10. In what town may you best learn how to put salt on a sparrow's tail?

11. At what station do the officials invariably feel your pulse before suffering you to proceed?

12. To what town did Diogenes the Cynic owe some of his happiest inspirations?

13. In what town have the girls passed the most brilliant examination in entomology, or knowledge of insects?

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.



THE little poem, entitled "The Angel and the Child," which appeared in our March number, and was said to be from the *German*, has, we find from a correspondent, a *French* origin. It was written by Rebeul, a baker at Nîmes, and was published in a newspaper, where it attracted the attention of Lamartine. That must have been a translation of it which appeared in Freiligrath's poems in German, whence our translator took it. The German has two original verses.

"P. C. M." A correspondent quotes from Archbishop Whately's "Logic," book III. § 9, that "King Charles II. asked the Royal Society, why a dead fish does not (though a live fish does) add to the weight of a vessel of water?"

"Sarah Wienholt." Aunt Judy is not acquainted with the shops in Brighton.

"Emily Suffolk." You are safe with Alphonse Karr's "Voyage autour de mon Jardin," Emile Souvestre's "Philosophe sous les toits," "Foyer Breton," &c. &c., and MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's "The Conscript," "Waterloo," "The Blockade." If any correspondent will supply the names of other readable modern French books Aunt Judy will forward the list to Emily Suffolk.

"Frances" inquires for information about the "Indian cup plant," which

she has heard has cured more than a hundred cases of small-pox in India. She would also be glad to know the publishers, price, &c., of the cheapest botanical dictionary extant.

"Clef" wishes to know what is the highest note attained by any singer of the *present day*, and her name?

"Eadgyth" fancies that the great secret in making 'a postage stamp snake, is that the stamps should be strung on *elastic*; but as this was not mentioned in the receipt, and was not the case with the one Aunt Judy saw, she doubts its being essential.

"Louie" asks what is the origin of April Fool's Day? The question has never been quite satisfactorily answered, but the custom of sending people on wild-goose errands on one day in the year existed even amongst the Romans, and still exists, as some affirm, among the Hindoos, who celebrate on the 31st of March a precisely similar festival, during which the great aim is to send persons away with messages to ideal individuals, or individuals sure to be from home, and enjoy a laugh at their disappointment.

"Oria" asks why the Fleur-de-lis is the emblem of France?—but who can answer this? In an old French book, "De l'art des devises," 1688, the author

in his third book denies any hieroglyphic meaning being attached to the chief emblems in use; such as the olive for Peace, the palm for Victory, the myrtle for Love, and cypress for Death. He writes: "L'amour se fust aussi bien trouvé à l'ombre du Cyprez, qu'à celle du Myrthe," and he continues: "Disons le mesme du *Lys* à l'égard de la France; de la Rose, à l'égard de l'Angleterre; de la Grenade, à l'égard de l'Espagne. *Le Lys n'a rien de plus naturel que la Tulipe, pour signifier la France*; ny la Rose de plus propre que l'Oeillet, pour représenter l'Angleterre; et si la phantaisie l'eust voulu, l'Orange dorée et parfumée comme elle est, eust fait autant d'honneur à l'Espagne, et l'eust aussi bien signifiée que la Grenade."

"A. B." There are two explanations of the symbol, I. H. S.—one that it is the initial letters of the words, "Jesus Hominum Salvator;" the other that it is equivalent to I H X, the first three (Greek) letters of the word I E S U S.

"Evelyn Mary." "It was a custom among the primitive Christians, on the first Sunday after Easter Day, to repeat some part of the solemnity of that grand festival; whence this Sunday took the name of *Low Sunday*, being celebrated as a feast, though in a lower degree."—"Time's Telescope," 1829.)

"Carrageen." Two explanations of this word have been sent to us from Irish scholars; *Carraig* (or *carrig*, &c.), a rock, and the diminutive *een* or *in*, signifying little; thus *Carrageen moss*, the moss that grows on little rocks. The other, *carrraig*, rock, and *in*, the diminutive particle as applied to anything small; thus meaning the little stunted sea-weed growing on rocks.

Report of the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot," at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, London.

"The 'Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot' is still occupied by George F—, who is now making good progress, and will, it is

hoped, soon be pronounced convalescent. George and his companions have been delighted during the past month by many presents of spring flowers, gathered for them by kind and sympathising young friends, who, in the possession of sound health and strength, have not been unmindful of their suffering sisters and brothers who are confined to the cots in the wards of the Children's Hospital. The abundant supply of sweet violets and primroses gathered in the green lanes and meadows has afforded unmixed pleasure to the patients and their attendants, and during many days diffused in the wards some of the fragrance of the fields in early spring. Many of the boxes and parcels being sent anonymously, and some containing special bouquets for the 'Aunt Judy's Cot,' the kind donors will please to accept here very hearty thanks for their gifts."

Contributions to the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot," received to April 15th, 1871.

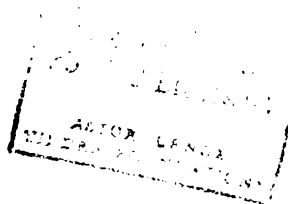
£ s. d.

Miss Parodi, Spy Park, Chippenham (annual)	0	5	0
Mrs. Ellman, Battle (annual)	0	5	0
Harriet and Susan (monthly)	0	1	0
John Thomas, Edith, George, Kate, Elsey and Lucy Frith, 18 Union Street, Sheffield (monthly)	0	0	6
"Beaver" (monthly)	0	2	6
M. A. F. (monthly)	0	0	6
G. A. F. (monthly)	0	2	0
"Farthings saved by poor children," per Mrs. Hill	0	1	0
Evelyn and George, 5s., collected, 2s., Agnes, 5s.	0	12	0
Constance Pearson, 155 High-bury New Park	0	16	0
"The Household of Graves," Co. Tyrone	0	2	9
Miss B. Lloyd, collected, Mrs. S. S. Lloyd, 5s., P. C. Lloyd, 6d., Mrs. E. R. Lloyd, 1l., B. Lloyd, 1s., G. Le M., 1s., Sutton Coldfield	1	7	6

	£	s.	d.
Herbert Lisbel	0	1	0
"Refractory Bob," a fine	0	0	6
Rose Edith Webster, Sheffield	0	10	0
M. P.	0	1	0
School forfeits, 6d., Puss and her kittens, 6d.	0	1	0
A well-wisher, Beckenham	0	0	4
Mary, Stella, and Eldred, contents of money-box, Easter, 1871	0	3	0
Uncle Edward, 2s., Mamma, 2s. 6d., Dora, 6d., Edith, 6d., Mabel, 6d., Beatrice, 6d., Lancelot, 6d., Temple, 6d., Auntie Ellen, 2s. 6d., Uncle Jimmie, 2s., Papa, 1s., Portsmouth	0	13	0
A. M. O'B. and P. H. O'B., Tenby	0	2	0
Louie and Oria, Bradbourne Vicarage, Wirksworth	0	1	0
Jessie Harteup, Upland Hill, collected	0	10	0
Constance Grenfell, Taplow Court, Maidenhead	0	2	6
Florence, Beatrice, Mabel, Lilian, Ernest, Violet, Maud, Cyril, Hilda, May, and Mamma, 23 Portland Place	0	13	6
William Rufus, 1s., Black Totty, 6d., Miss Nobody, 6d., Kavock, 1s. 6d., Mother Bird, 6d.	0	4	0
"An Easter offering from an old maid, who loves the little patients in Aunt Judy's Cot"	0	5	0
P. H. S., Hackney	2	0	0
W. J. A., Hackney	0	5	0
An Easter offering, a Tourist, Flying Fish, Busy Bee, Flopping Fly, Pockets, Spring Grove, Dickey Bird and Punc	0	12	0
An Easter Offering, from Misses E. and A. Webb	0	3	3
Gertrude Gwynn, Marlow Place, Marlow	0	1	2
Maude and Mildred, York	0	3	0
W. T. Sutthery, A. M. Sutthery, and E. M. Sutthery, Clifton	0	1	10
Letty	0	2	6
"The Cheshire Cat" Leamington	0	4	0

	£	s.	d.
Anonymous	0	10	0
Gertrude Hick, Wakefield, collected	0	7	6
L. C., Bowdon, collected	0	5	0
"In remembrance of Meta's 12th birthday, who died 27th September, 1870"	1	1	0
M. and E. Smith, Muswell Hill, collected	0	13	0
From two little sisters, Hermione and Sybil, Potterton, South Milford	0	10	0
Muriel and Annie Hoare, 22 Hyde Park Street	0	5	0
Lily and Arthur, Haileybury	0	1	8
Miss Chance	0	3	0
Ethel, Madeline, Archdall, and Bligh Hill, High Cross, Sampford, Peverell	0	2	5½
Ada and Helen	0	0	6
Freddy, for 1870. "Forty-four farthings" and some books and pictures	0	0	11
Laura M. Hills, 11 Chapel Place, Ramsgate	0	2	3
Bellows, Mole & Co., Canterbury	0	1	2
"Gina," Richmond	0	1	0
Four sisters and one brother, at Kirkley Mallory	0	10	3
Edith C. Vernon, Kirk Ella, collected	0	10	0
S. H. E.	0	0	10
Alma, Durham, books and clothes			
Fanny, Baldock, Herts, a box with bouquets of violets and primroses for each patient			
Turnworth School Children, a box of spring flowers			
Florence Ada Monica Buckstone, Sutton-on-the-Hill, Derby, a doll and scrap-book			
Anonymous, a picture-book and alphabet			
A little boy, in commemoration of his birthday, a picture-book			
Ninepin, a box of snowdrops			
"A farewell gift from Ashington Rectory," books and toys			
Alice and Agatha Broadwood, Ludlow, clothing, books, &c.			







A FLAT IRON FOR A FARTHING.

A FLAT IRON FOR A FARTHING;
OR, SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN ONLY SON.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE REAL MR. GRAY. NURSE BUNDLE REGARDS HIM WITH DISFAVOUR.



Y feelings may, therefore, be "better imagined than described," when, at about ten o'clock the following morning, my father called me downstairs, and said, with an odd expression on his face—

"Regie, Mr. Gray has come."

Not for one instant did I in my mind accuse my father of deceiving me. My faith in him was as implicit as he well deserved that it should be. Black might be white, two and two might make five, impossible things might be possible, but my father could not be in the wrong. It was evident that I must have misunderstood him last night. I looked very crestfallen indeed.

My father, however, seemed particularly cheerful, even inclined to laugh, I thought. He took my hand and we went to the front door, my heart beating wildly, for I was a delicate unrobust lad yet, far too easily upset and excited. More like a fragile girl, in fact, if the comparison be not an insult to such sturdy little maids as Cousin Polly.

Outside we found a man-servant on a bay horse, holding a little white pony, on which, I supposed, the little tutor had been riding. But he himself was not to be seen. I tried hard to be manly and calm, and being much struck by the appearance of the pony, who, when I came down the steps, had turned towards me the gentlest and most intelligent of faces, with a splendid long curly white forelock streaming down between his kind dark eyes, I asked—

"Is that Mr. Gray's pony, father?"

"What do you think of it?" said my father.

"Oh, it's a little dear," was my emphatic answer, and as the pony unmistakably turned his head to me, I met his friendly advances by going up to him, and in another moment my arms were round his

neck, and he was rubbing his soft, strong nose against my shoulder, and we were kissing and fondling each other in happy forgetfulness of everything but our sudden friendship, whilst the man-servant (apparently an Irishman) was firing off ejaculations like crackers on the fifth of November.

"Sure, now, did ever anyone see the like—just to look at the baste—sure he knows it's the young squire himself entirely. Och, but the young gentleman's as well acquainted with horses as myself—sure he'd make friends with a unicorn, if there was such an animal; and it's the unicorn that would be proud to let him, too!"

"It has been used to boys, I think?" said my father.

"Ye may say that, yer honour. It likes boys better than man, woman, or child, and it's not every baste ye can say that for."

"A good many beasts have reason to think very differently, I fear," said my father.

"And *that's* as true a word as your honour ever spoke," assented the groom.

Meanwhile a possible ground of consolation was beginning to suggest itself to my mind.

"Will Mr. Gray keep his pony here?" I asked.

"The pony will live here," said my father.

"Oh, do you think," I asked, "do you think, that if I am very good, and do my lessons well, Mr. Gray will sometimes let me ride him? He is such a darling!" By which I meant the pony, and not Mr. Gray. My father laughed, and put his hand on my shoulder.

"I have only been teasing you, Regie," he said. "You know I told you there was no tutor in the case. Mr. Andrewes and I were talking about this pony, and when Mr. Andrewes said *grey*, he spoke of the colour of the pony, and not of anybody's name."

"Then is the pony yours?" I asked.

My father looked at my eager face with a pleased smile.

"No, my boy," he said, "he is yours."

The wild delight with which I received this announcement, the way I jumped and danced, and that Rubens jumped and danced with me, my gratitude and my father's satisfaction, the renewed amenities between myself and my pony, his obvious knowledge of the fact that I was his master, and the running commentary of the Irishman, I will not attempt to describe.

The purchase of this pony was indeed one of my father's many kind thoughts for my welfare and amusement. My odd pilgrimage to the Rectory in search of change and society, and the petted complaints of dulness and monotony at home which I had urged to account for my freak of "dropping in," had seemed to him not without a certain serious foundation. Except for walks about the farm with him, and stolen snatches of intercourse with the grooms, and dogs, and horses in the stables (which both he and Nurse Bundle discouraged), I had little or no amusement proper to a boy of my age. I was very well content to sit with Rubens at Mrs. Bundle's apron-string, but now and then, I was, to use an expressive word, *moped*. My father had taken counsel with Mr. Andrewes, and the end of it all was that I found myself the master of the most charming of ponies, with the exciting prospect before me of learning to ride. The very thought of it invigorated me. Before the Irish groom went away I had asked if my new steed "could jump." I questioned my father's men as to the earliest age at which young gentlemen had ever been allowed to go out hunting, within their knowledge. I went to bed to dream of rides as wild as Mazeppa's, of hairbreadth escapes, and of feats of horsemanship that would have amazed Mr. Astley. And hopes and schemes so wild that I dared not bring them to the test of my father's ridicule, I poured with pride into Nurse Bundle's sympathetic ear.

Dear, good, kind Nurse Bundle! She was indeed a mother to me, and a mother's anxieties and disappointments were her portion. The effect of her watchful, constant care of my early years for me, was whatever good there was about me in health or manners. The effect of it for her was, I believe, that she was never thoroughly happy when I was out of her sight. In these circumstances, it seemed hard that when most of my infantile diseases were over, when I was just becoming very intelligent (the best company possible, Mrs. Bundle declared), when I wore my clothes out reasonably, and had exchanged the cries which exercise one's lungs in infancy for rational conversation by the nursery fireside, I should be drawn away from nurse and nursery almost entirely. It was right and natural, but it was hard. Nurse Bundle felt it so, but she never complained. When she felt it most, she only said, "It's all just as it should be." And so it was. Boys and ducklings must wander off some time, be mothers and hens never so kind! The world is wide, and duck-ponds are deep. The

young ones must go alone, and those who tremble most for their safety, cannot follow to take care of them.

I really shrink from realizing to myself what Nurse Bundle must have suffered whilst I was learning to ride. The novel exercise, the stimulus of risk, that "put new life into me," were to her so many daily grounds for the sad probability of my death.

"Every blessed afternoon do I look to see him brought home on a shutter, with his precious neck broken, poor lamb!" she exclaimed one afternoon, overpowered by the sight of me climbing on to the pony's back, which performance I had brought her downstairs to witness, and endeavoured to render more entertaining and creditable, by secretly stimulating the pony to restlessness, and then hopping after him with one foot in the stirrup, in what I fancied to be a very knowing manner.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Bundle," said my father, smiling, "you kill him at least three hundred and sixty-four times oftener in the course of the year than you need. If he does break his neck, he can only do it once, and you bewail his loss every day."

"Now heaven bless the young gentleman, sir, and meaning no disrespect, but don't ye go for to tempt Providence by joking about it, and him perhaps brought a hopeless corpse to the side door this very evening," said Mrs. Bundle, her red cheeks absolutely blanched by the vision she had conjured up. Why, I cannot say, but she had fully made up her mind that when I was brought home dead, as she believed that, sooner or later, I was pretty sure to be, I should be brought to the side-door. "Now, "the side-door," as it was called, was a little door leading into the garden, and less used, perhaps, than any other door in the house. Mrs. Bundle, I believe, had decided that in that tragedy, which she was constantly rehearsing, the men who should find my body, would avoid the front door, to spare my father the sudden shock of meeting my corpse. The side door, too, was just below the nursery windows. Mrs. Bundle herself, would, probably, be the first to hear any knocking at it, and she naturally pictured herself as taking a prominent part in the terrible scene she so often fancied. It was, perhaps, a good thing, on the whole, that she chose this door in preference to those in constant use, otherwise every ring or knock at the front or back door must have added greatly to her anxieties.

I fear I did not do much to relieve them. I rather aggravated them. Partly I believe in the conceit of showing off my own skill and daring,

and partly by way of "hardening" Mrs. Bundle's nerves. When more knowledge or longer custom, or stronger health or nerves, have placed us beyond certain terrors which afflict other people, we are apt to fancy that, by insisting upon their submitting to what we do not mind, our nervous friends can, or ought to be forced into the unconcern which we feel ourselves; which is, perhaps, a little too like dosing the patient with what happens to agree with the doctor.

Thus I fondled my pony's head and dawdled ostentatiously at his heels when Nurse Bundle was most full of fears of his biting or kicking. But I feel sure that this, and the tricks I played to show the firmness of my "seat," only made it seem to her more certain that, from my recklessness, I must some day be bitten, kicked, or thrown.

I had several falls, and one or two narrow escapes from more serious accidents, which, for the moments, made my father as white as Mrs. Bundle. But he was wise enough to know that the present risks I ran from fearlessness, were nothing to the future risks against which complete confidence on horseback would ensure me. And so with the ordinary mishaps, and with days and hours of unspeakable and healthy happiness, I learnt to ride well and to know horses. And poor Mrs. Bundle, sitting safely at home in her rocking chair, endured all the fears from which I was free.

"Now look, my deary," said she, one day; "don't you go turning your sweet face round to look up at the nursery windows when you're a riding off. I can see your curls, bless them! and that's enough for me. Keep yourself still, love, and look where you're a going, for in all reason you've plenty to do with that. And don't you go a waving your precious hand, for it gives me such a turn to think you've let go, and have only got one hand to hold on with, and just turning the corner too, and the pony a shaking its tail, and shifting about with its back legs, till how you don't slip off on one side passes me altogether."

"Why you don't think I hold on by my hands, do you?" I cried.

"And what should you hold on with?" said Mrs. Bundle. "Many's the light cart I've rode in, but never let go my hold, unless with one hand, to save a bag or a handbox. And though it's jolting, I'm sure a light cart's nothing to pony-back for starts and unexpectedness."

I tried in vain to make Nurse Bundle like my pony.

"I've seen plenty of ponies!" she said, severely; by which she

meant not that she had seen many, but that what she had seen of them had been more than enough. "My brother-in-law's first cousin had one—a little red-haired beast—as vicious as any wild cat. It won a many races, but it was the death of him at last, according to the expectations of everybody. He was brought home on a shutter to his family, and the pony grazing close by in the ditch as if nothing had happened. Many's the time I've seen him on it, expecting death as little as yourself, and he refused twenty pound for it the Tuesday fortnight before he was killed. But I was with his wife that's now his widow when the body was brought."

By the time that I heard this anecdote, I was, happily, too good a rider to be frightened by it; but I did wish that Mrs. Bundle's relative had died any other death than that which formed so melancholy a precedent in her mind.

The strongest obstacle, however, to any chance of my nurse's looking with favour on my new pet, was her profound ignorance of horses and ponies in general. Except as to colour or length of tail, she recognized no difference between one and another. As to any distinctions between "play" and "vice," a fidgety animal and a determined kicker, a friendly nose-rub and a malicious resolve to bite, they were not discernible by Mrs. Bundle's unaccustomed eyes.

"I've seen plenty of ponies," she would repeat; "I know what they are, my dear," and she invariably followed up this statement by rehearsing the fate of her brother-in-law's cousin, sometimes adding—

"He was very much given to racing, and being about horses. He was a little man, and suffered a deal from the quinsies in the autumn."

"What a pity he didn't die of a quinsy instead of breaking his neck!" I felt compelled to say one day.

"He might have lived to have done that, if it hadn't a been for the pony," said Mrs. Bundle, emphatically.

CHAPTER XVII.

I FAIL TO TEACH LATIN TO MRS. BUNDLE. THE RECTOR TEACHES ME.

I WAS soon to discover the whole of my father's plans with Mr. Andrewes for my benefit. Not only had they decided that I was to have a pony, and learn to ride, but it was also settled that I was to go daily to the Rectory to "do lessons" with the Rector.

I was greatly pleased. I had already begun Latin with my father, and had vainly endeavoured to share my educational advantages with Mrs. Bundle, by teaching her the first declension.

"Musa, amuse," she repeated after me on this occasion.

"Musæ, of a muse," I continued.

"*Of amuse!* There's no sense in that, my dearey," said Mrs. Bundle; and as my ideas were not very well defined on the subject of the muses, as Mrs. Bundle's were even less so as to genders, numbers, and cases, I reluctantly gave in to her decision that "Latin was very well for young gentlemen, but good plain English was best suited to the likes of her."

She was greatly delighted, however, with a Latin valentine which I prepared for her on the ensuing 14th of February, and caused to be delivered by the housemaid, in an envelope with an old stamp, and postmarks made with a pen and a penny. The design was very simple; a heart traced in outline from a peppermint lozenge of that shape, which came to me in an ounce of "mixed sweets" from the village shop. The said heart was painted red, and below it I wrote in my largest and clearest handwriting, *Mrs. B. Amo te*. When the Latin was translated for her, her gratification was great. At first she was put out by there being only two Latin words to three English ones, but she got over the difficulty at last by always reading it thus:—

A mo te
I love thee.

My Latin had not advanced much beyond this stage when I began to go to Mr. Andrewes every day.

Thenceforward I progressed rapidly in my learning. Mr. Andrewes was a good scholar, and (quite another matter) a good teacher; and I fancy that I was not wanting in quickness or in willingness to work. But Latin, and arithmetic, and geography, and the marvellous improvement he soon made in my handwriting, were small parts indeed of all that I owe to that good friend of my childhood. I suppose that—other things being equal—children learn most from those who love them best, and I soon found out that I was the object of a strangely strong affection in my new teacher. The chief cause of this I did not then know, and only learnt when death had put an end, for this life, to our happy intercourse. But I had a child's complacent

appreciation of the fact that I was a favourite, and on the strength of it I haunted the Rectory at all hours, confident of a welcome. I turned over the Rector's books, and culled his flowers, and joined his rides, and made him tell me stories, and tyrannized over him as over a docile playfellow in a fashion that astonished many grown-up people who were awed and repelled by his reserve and eccentricities, and never knew his character as I knew it till he could be known no more. But I fancy that there are not a few worthy men who, shy and reserved, are only intimately known by the children whom they love.

I may say that not only did I owe much more than mere learning to Mr. Andrewes, but that my regular lessons were a small part even of his teaching.

"It always seems to me," he said one day, when my father and I were together at the Rectory, "that there are two kinds of learning more neglected than they should be in the education of the young. Religious knowledge, which, after all, concerns the worthiest part of every man, and the longest share of his existence (to say nothing of what it has to do with matters now); and the knowledge of what we call Nature, and of all the laws which concern our bodies, and rule the conditions of life in this world. It's a hobby of mine, Mr. Dacre, and I'm afraid I ride my hobbies rather like a witch on a broom-stick. But a man must deal according to his lights and his conscience; and if I am entrusted with the lad's education for a while, it will be my duty and pleasure to instruct him in religious lore and natural science, so far as his age allows. To teach him to know his Bible (and I wish all that have the leisure were taught to read the Scriptures in the original tongues). To teach him to know his Prayer-book, and its history. Something, too, of the history of his Church, and of the faith in which better men have been proud to live, and for which some have even dared to die."

When the Rector became warm in conversation, his voice betrayed a rougher accent than we commonly heard, and the more excited he became the broader was his speech. It had got very broad at this point, when my father broke in. "I trust him entirely to you, sir," he said; "but, pardon me, I confess I am not fond of religious prodigies—children who quote texts and teach their elders their duty; and Reginald has quite sufficient tendency towards over-excitement of brain on all subjects."

"I quite agree with you," said Mr. Andrewes. "I think you may trust me. I know well that childhood, like all states and times of ignorance, is so liable to conceit and egotism, that to foster religious self-importance is only too easy, and modesty and moderation are more slowly taught. But if youth is a time when one is specially apt to be self-conceited, surely, Mr. Dacre, it is also the first, the easiest, the purest, and the most zealous in which to learn what is so seldom learned in good time."

"I dare say you are right," said my father.

"People talk with horror of attacks on the faith as sadly characteristic of our age," said the Rector, walking up and down the study, and seemingly forgetful of my presence, if not of my father's (which, by-the-by, is said of every age in turn), "but I fear the real evil is that so few have any fixed faith to be attacked. It is the old, old story. From within, not from without! The armour that was early put on, that has grown with our growth, that has been a strength in time of trial, and a support in sorrow, and given grace to joy, will not quickly be discarded because the journals say it is old-fashioned and worn-out. Life is too short for every man to prove his faith theoretically, but it is given to all to prove its practical value by experience, and that method of proof cannot be begun too soon."

"Very true," said my father.

"I don't know why a man's religious belief (which is of course the ground of his religious life) should be supposed to come to him without the trouble of learning, any more than any other body of truths and principles on which people act," Mr. Andrewes went on. "And yet what religious instruction do young people of the educated classes receive as a rule?—especially the boys, for girls get hold of books, and pick up a faith somehow, though often only enough to make them miserable and 'unsettled,' and no more. I often wonder," he added, sitting down at the table with a laugh, "whether the mass of educated men know less of what concerns the welfare of their souls, and all therewith connected, or the mass of educated women of what concerns their bodies, and all *therewith* connected. I feel sure that both ignorances produce untold and dire evil!"

"So theology and natural science are to be Regie's first lessons?" said my father, drawing me to him.

"I've been talking on stilts, I know," said Mr. Andrewes, smiling.

"We'll use simpler terms,—duty to GOD, and duty to Man. One can't do either without learning how, Mr. Dacre."

I repeat this conversation as I have heard it from my father, since I grew up and could understand it. Mr. Andrewes' educational theories were duly put in practice for my benefit. In his efforts for my religious education, Nurse Bundle proved an unexpected ally. When I repeated to her some solemn truth which in his reverent and simple manner he had explained to me; some tale he had told me of some good man, whose example was to be followed; some bit of quaint practical advice he had given me, or perhaps some hymn I had learned by his side, the delight of the good old soul knew no bounds. She said it was as good as a sermon; and as she was particularly fond of sermons, this was a compliment. She used to beg me most carefully to remember anything of the kind that I heard, and when I repeated it, she had generally her own word of advice to add, and wonderful tales with which to point the moral,—tales of happy and unhappy deathbeds, of warnings, judgments, and answers to prayer. Tales, too, of the charities of the poor, the happiness of the afflicted, and the triumphs of the deeply tempted, such as it is good for the wealthy, and healthy, and well-cared for, to listen to. Nurse Bundle's religious faith had a tinge of superstition; that of Mr. Andrewes was more enlightened. But with both it was a matter of every-day life, from which no hope or fear, no sorrow or joy, no plan, no word or deed, could be separated.

And, however imperfectly, so it became with me. Like most children, I had my own rather vivid idea of the Day of Judgment. The thought of Death was familiar to me. (It is seldom, I think, a painful one in childhood.) I fully realized the couplet which concluded a certain quaint old rhythm in honour of the four Evangelists which Nurse Bundle had taught me to repeat in bed—

"If I die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

I used to recite a similar one when I was dressed in the morning—

"If my soul depart to-day,
A place in Paradise I pray."

When I had had a particularly pleasant ride, or enjoyed myself much during the day, I thanked GOD specially in my evening prayers. I remember that whatever I wished for I prayed for, in the complete

belief that this was the readiest way to obtain it. And it would be untruth to my childish experience not to add that I never remember to have prayed in vain. I also picked up certain little quaint superstitions from Nurse Bundle, some of which cling to me still. Neither she nor I ever put anything on the top of a Bible, and we sometimes sat long in comical and uncomfortable silence because neither of us would "scare the angel that was passing over the house." When the first notes of the organ stirred the swallows in the church eaves to chirp aloud, I believed with Mrs. Bundle that they were joining in the *Te Deum*. And when sunshine fell on me through the church windows during service, I regarded it as "a blessing."

The other half of Mr. Andrewes' plan was not neglected. From him I learnt (and it is lore to be thankful for) to use my eyes. He was a good botanist, and his knowledge of the medicinal uses of wild herbs ranked next to his piety to raise him in Mrs. Bundle's esteem. When "lessons" were over, we often rode out together. As we rode through the lanes, he taught me to distinguish the notes of the birds, to observe what crops grow on certain soils, and at what seasons the different plants flowered and bore fruit. He made me see with my own eyes, and hear with my own ears, for which I shall ever be grateful to him. I fancy I can hear his voice now, saying in his curt, cutting fashion—

"How silly it sounds to hear anybody with a head on his shoulders say, 'I never noticed it!' What are eyes for?"

If I noticed some creeper-covered cottage, picturesquely old and tumbledown, he would ask me how many rooms I thought it contained, if I fancied the roof would keep out rain or snow, and how far I supposed it was convenient and comfortable for a man and his wife and six children to live in. In some very practical problems which he once set me, I had to suppose myself a labourer, with nine shillings a week, and having found out what sum that would come to in half a year, to write on my slate how I would spend the money, to the best advantage, in clothing and feeding two grown-up people, and seven children of various ages. As I knew nothing of the cost of the necessaries of life, I went, by Mr. Andrewes' advice, to Nurse Bundle for help.

"What do beef and mutton cost?" was my first question, as I sat with an important air at the nursery table, slate in hand.

"Now bless the dear boy's innocence!" cried Mrs. Bundle. "You may leave the beef and mutton, love. It's not much meat a family gets that's reared on nine shillings a week."

After a series of calculations for oatmeal-porridge, onion-potage, and other modest dainties, during which Mrs. Bundle constantly fell back on the "bits of things in the garden," I said, decidedly,—

"They can't have any clothes, so it's no good thinking about it."

"Children can't be let go bare-backed," said Mrs. Bundle, with equal decision. "She must take in washing. For in all reason, boots can't be expected to come out of nine shillings a week, and as many mouths to feed."

"She must take in washing, sir," I announced with a resigned air, and the old-fashioned gravity peculiar to me, when I returned to the Rectory next day. "Boots can't come out of nine shillings a week."

The Rector smiled.

"And suppose one of the boys catches a fever, as you did; and they can't have other people's clothes to the house, because of the infection. And then there will be the doctor's bill to pay—what then?"

By this time I had so thoroughly realized the position of the needy family, that I had forgotten it was not a real case, or, rather, that no special one was meant. And I begged, with tears in my eyes, that I might apply the contents of my alms-box to paying the doctor's bill.

Many a lesson like this, with oft-repeated practical remarks about healthy situations, proper drainage, roomy cottages, and the like, was engraven by constant repetition on my mind, and bore fruit in after years, when the welfare of many labourers and their families was in my hands.

It is difficult to convey an idea of the learning I gained from my good friend, and yet to show how free he was from priggishness, or from always playing the schoolmaster. He was simply the most charming of companions, who tried to raise me to his level, and interest me in what he knew and thought himself, instead of coming down to me, and talking the patronizing nonsense which is so often supposed to be acceptable to children.

Across all the years that have parted us in this life, I fancy at times that I see his grey eyes twinkling under their thick brows once more, and hear his voice, with its slightly rough accent, saying—

"Think, my dear lad, think! Pray learn to think!"

(To be continued.)

OLD-FASHIONED FAIRY TALES.

THE OGRE COURTING.

IN days when ogres were still the terror of certain districts, there was one who had long kept a whole neighbourhood in fear without any one daring to dispute his tyranny.

By thefts and exactions, by heavy ransoms from merchants too old and tough to be eaten, in one way and another, the Ogre had become very rich; and although those who knew could tell of huge cellars full of gold and jewels, and yards and barns groaning with the weight of stolen goods, the richer he grew the more anxious and covetous he became. Moreover, day by day, he added to his stores; for though (like most ogres) he was as stupid as he was strong, no one had ever been found, by force or fraud, to get the better of him.

What he took from the people was not their heaviest grievance. Even to be killed and eaten by him was not the chance they thought of most. A man can die but once; and if he is a sailor, a shark may eat him, which is not so much better than being devoured by an ogre. No, that was not the worst. The worst was this—he would keep getting married. And as he liked little wives, all the short women lived in fear and dread. And as his wives always died very soon, he was constantly courting fresh ones.

Some said he ate his wives; some said he tormented, and others, that he only worked them to death. Everybody knew it was not a desirable match, and yet there was not a father who dare refuse his daughter if she were asked for. The Ogre only cared for two things in a woman—he liked her to be little, and a good housewife.

Now it was when the Ogre had just lost his twenty-fourth wife (within the memory of man) that these two qualities were eminently united in the person of the smallest and most notable woman of the district, the daughter of a certain poor farmer. He was so poor that he could not afford properly to dower his daughter, who had in consequence remained single beyond her first youth. Everybody felt sure that Managing Molly must now be married to the Ogre. The tall girls stretched themselves till they looked like maypoles, and said, "Poor

thing!" The slatterns gossiped from house to house, the heels of their shoes clacking as they went, and cried that this was what came of being too thrifty.

And sure enough, in due time, the giant widower came to the farmer as he was in the field looking over his crops, and proposed for Molly there and then. The farmer was so much put out that he did not know what he said in reply, either when he was saying it, or afterwards, when his friends asked about it. But he remembered that the Ogre had invited himself to sup at the farm that day week.

Managing Molly did not distress herself at the news.

"Do what I bid you, and say as I say," said she to her father; "and if the Ogre does not change his mind, at any rate you shall not come empty-handed out of the business."

By his daughter's desire the farmer now procured her a large number of hares, and a barrel of white wine, which expenses completely emptied his slender stocking. Molly herself went round to all her neighbours, and borrowed a lot of new household linen, with which she filled the kitchen shelves.

On the day of the Ogre's visit, she made a delicious and savoury stew with the hares in the biggest pickling tub, and the wine-barrel was set on a bench near the table.

When the Ogre came, Molly served up the stew, and the Ogre sat down to sup, his head just touching the kitchen rafters. The stew was perfect, and there was plenty of it. For what Molly and her father ate was hardly to be counted in the tub-full. The Ogre was very much pleased, and said politely:

"I'm afraid, my dear, that you have been put to great trouble and expense on my account. I have a large appetite, and like to sup well."

"Don't mention it, sir," said Molly. "The fewer rats the more corn. How do you cook them?"

"Not one of all the extravagant hussies I have had as wives ever cooked them at all," said the Ogre; and he thought to himself, "Such a stew out of rats! What frugality! What a housewife! I suppose you spin?" he inquired.

Molly held out her hand, in which was a linen towel made from the last month's spinnings, and said, "All that came off my wheel last month."

But as her hand was towards the shelves, the Ogre thought that all the linen he saw there was from thread of her spinning; and his admiration grew every moment.

When he broached the wine, he was no less pleased, for it was of the best.



"This, at any rate, must have cost you a great deal, neighbour," said he, drinking the farmer's health as Molly left the room.

"I don't know that rotten apples could be better used," said the farmer; "but I leave all that to Molly. Do you brew at home?"

"We give *our* rotten apples to the pigs," growled the Ogre. "But things will be better ordered when she is my wife."

The Ogre was now in great haste to conclude the match, and asked what dowry the farmer would give his daughter.

"I should never dream of giving a dowry with Molly," said the farmer, boldly. "Whoever gets her, gets dowry enough. On the contrary, I shall expect a good round sum from the man who deprives me of her. Our wealthiest farmer is just widowed, and therefore sure to be in a hurry for marriage. He has an eye to the main chance, and would not grudge to pay well for such a wife, I'll warrant."

"I am no churl myself," said the Ogre, who was anxious to secure his thrifty bride at any price; and he named a large sum of money, thinking, "We shall live on rats henceforward, and the beef and mutton will soon cover the dowry."

"Double that, and we'll see," said the farmer, stoutly. But the Ogre became angry, and cried:

"What are you thinking of, man? Who is to hinder my carrying your lass off, without 'with your leave' or 'by your leave,' dowry or none?"

"How little you know her!" said the farmer. "She is so firm that she would be cut to pieces sooner than give you any benefit of her thrift, unless you dealt fairly in the matter."

"Well, well," said the Ogre, "let us meet each other." And he named a sum larger than he at first proposed, and less than the farmer had asked. This the farmer agreed to, as it was enough to make him prosperous for life.

"Bring it in a sack to-morrow morning," said he to the Ogre, "and then you can speak to Molly; she's gone to-bed now."

The next morning, accordingly, the Ogre appeared, carrying the dowry in a sack, and Molly came to meet him.

"There are two things," said she, "I would ask of any lover of mine: a new farmhouse, built as I should direct, with a view to economy, and a feather-bed of fresh goose feathers, filled when the old woman plucks her geese. If I don't sleep well, I cannot work well."

"That is better than asking for finery," thought the Ogre; "and after all, the house will be my own." So to save the expense of labour he built it himself, and worked hard, day after day, under Molly's orders, till winter came. Then it was finished.

"Now for the feather-bed," said Molly. "I'll make the ticking, and when the old woman plucks her geese, I'll let you know."

When it snows, they say the old woman up yonder is plucking her geese, and so at the first snowstorm Molly sent for the Ogre.

"Now you see the feathers falling," said she, "so fill the bed."

"How am I to catch them?" cried the Ogre.

"Stupid! don't you see them lying there in a heap?" cried Molly; "get a shovel, and set to work."

The Ogre accordingly carried in shovels-full of snow to the bed, but as it melted as fast as he put it in, his labour never seemed done. Towards night the room got so cold that the snow would not melt, and now the bed was soon filled.

Molly hastily covered it with sheets and blankets, and said:

"Pray rest here to-night, and tell me if the bed is not comfort itself. To-morrow we will be married."

So the tired Ogre lay down on the bed he had filled, but do what he would, he could not get warm.

"The sheets must be damp," said he, and in the morning he woke with such horrible pains in his bones that he could hardly move, and half the bed had melted away. "It's no use," he groaned, "she's a very managing woman, but to sleep on such a bed would be the death of me." And he went off home as quickly as he could, before Managing Molly could call upon him to be married; for she was so managing, that he was more than half afraid of her already.

When Molly found that he had gone, she sent the farmer after him.

"What does he want?" cried the Ogre, when they told him the farmer was at the door.

"He says the bride is waiting for you," was the reply.

"Tell him I'm too ill to be married," said the Ogre.

But the messenger soon returned:

"He says she wants to know what you will give her to make up for the disappointment."

"She's got the dowry, and the farm, and the feather-bed," groaned the Ogre. "What more does she want?"

But again the messenger returned:

"She says you've pressed the feather-bed flat, and she wants some more goose feathers."

"There are geese enough in the yard," yelled the Ogre. "Let him drive them home, and if he has another word to say, put him down to roast."

The farmer, who overheard this order, lost no time in taking his leave, and as he passed through the yard he drove home as fine a flock of geese as you will see on a common.

It is said that the Ogre never recovered from the effects of sleeping on the old woman's feathers, and was less powerful than before.

As for Managing Molly, being now well dowered, she had no lack of offers of marriage, and was soon mated to her mind.

THE LOCK OF HAIR.



THE morning sun shone bright and clear,
 The air was cool and still,
 And there was gladness everywhere
 And joy on every hill;
 The larks were soaring in the air,
 And singing loud and shrill.

Oh, none so gay as little Jim,
 Nought could exceed his joy;
 When father took him out with him,
 He was a happy boy;
 That pleasure never could grow dim,
 That treat could never cloy.

Into the cool, deep forest green,
 Jim and his father go,
 And wondrous things can there be seen,
 Where countless treasures grow;
 Jim's father there has often been;
 He cuts down trees, you know.

He loves to have his little son
 To prattle by his side,
 He is his first and only one,
 Child of his dearest pride;
 They love each other well, and none
 That couple can divide.

Soon as they reached the forest glade,
Jim scampered all about,
And sought beneath the cool dark shade
For treasures in and out;
Then to his father all displayed,
With glad and merry shout.

He loved to watch his father wield
His strong and sturdy strokes,
Which made the thickest fir-trees yield,
And bowed the tallest oaks;
No man so good in wood and field,
Said all the village folks.

And when his father 'd felled the tree,
He loved to see him lop
The clustering branches knowingly,
Up to the feathering top;
No wood-cutter so neat as he
The boughs and twigs to chop.

But Jim grew tired of watching him,
Too full of glee to stand,
He ran to stretch each joyous limb
In the cool forest strand;
"Mother will like some flowers," said Jim,
"I must fill either hand."

Masses of blossom lay around,
Farther than he could see,
He tore them from the mossy ground
In endless quantity;
"Father must see what I have found,
He will be pleased," said he.

Chopping away, with strokes so strong,
Jim's father stood close by,
Cheering his labour with a song,
Not thinking Jim so nigh;
Still working steadily along
He heard not his gay cry.

"Oh, father, look what I have here;
I have so much to tell!"
The axe was hovering in mid-air,
Jim stumbled, and he fell—
The father sought his son to spare,
But could not guide it well.

The cruel axe he could not guide
From Jimmy's curly head;
"My son, my son!" he wildly cried.
In sudden, awful dread;
He turned, the dreaded sight to hide.
His heart in anguish bled.

Oh, with what deep, unfathomed joy
He heard his son's first cry;
"Father!" exclaimed the frightened boy.
"Dear father, here am I!"
That sound all anguish did destroy,
He clasped him fervently.

Tender and long was their embrace,
For great had been their fright;
The father raised his heart in praise,
And trembled with delight,
Then sought upon his son's fair face
For scratch, however slight.

No mark, no harm, no scar was there
His father could behold;
Unbroken still his forehead fair,
No blood the story told;
But in the grass a lock of hair
Was shining bright as gold.

Oh, ask that thankful father now
What is his dearest prize,
A little lock of hair he'll show.
Most precious in his eyes;
That token from his son's fair brow
He'll keep until he dies.


For Jimmy now a soldier is,
And oft when he's away
His father will the soft ring kiss.
And often will he say,
"The God who saved his life with this
Will bring him home one day."

E. M. L.

“LUCK-PETER.”

By Hans Christian Andersen.

X.

 HE took the homeward journey with a joyful and light heart. She earnestly thanked the Lord; Peter would survive her. She had some pleasant fellow-travellers in the carriage, the apothecary and his daughter. They talked about Peter, they loved Peter as if he belonged to their family. He would be a great actor, said the apothecary. His voice too had now come back; there were fortunes in such a throat.

What happiness for grandmother to hear such words! She hung on them, trusted to them; and so they arrived at the station at the metropolis, where the mother welcomed her.

“God be praised for the railway,” said grandmother, “and for my forgetting that I was on it! I owe that to these excellent people,” and she shook hands with the apothecary and his daughter. “The railway is a blessed invention when it is got through. We are in God’s hand.”

And then she told about the sweet boy, who was beyond all danger, and was living with well-to-do people who kept two maids and a boy. Peter was like a son in the house, and was on the same footing as two boys of high family; one was a Dean’s son. Grandmother had stayed at the post-office; it was horribly expensive; then, however, she had been invited by Madame Gabriel; she had stayed there five days; they were perfect angels, especially the wife; she had made her drink punch, beautifully made, but strong.

In about a month, with God’s help, Peter was quite active, and then he came to the capital.

“He must surely become a fine gentleman, and particular,” said the mother. “That will not suit with the attic here. I am glad that the singing-master has invited him—and yet”—and his mother wept—“it is terrible that one is so poor, that one’s child does not find his own home good enough.”

"Don't say a word to Peter," said the grandmother; "you don't see into him as I do."

"Meat and drink, however, he shall have, however fine he has become; he shall not starve so long as I can move my hands. Madame Hof has said that he can get his dinner twice a week with her, now that she is well off. She knows what greatness and narrow circumstances are. Did not she tell me herself that one evening she was taken ill in the box at the theatre, where the old *danseuses* have a place? She had only had some water and a caraway biscuit the whole day, and she was ill with hunger, and turned faint. 'Water, water!' cried the rest. 'A tart,' demanded she, 'a tart.' She wanted something nourishing, but certainly not water. Now she has a dining-room, and a well-supplied table."

Peter was still sitting thirty miles away, but happy in the thought that he was to go to the city, to the theatre, to all the old, dear remembrances, which he now knew how to esteem properly. Song and sound were within him, song and sound were round about, all was sunshine, the joyous time of youth, the time of anticipation. Every day he became stronger, acquired health and colour. But Madame Gabriel became seriously moved as the parting approached.

"You are going to greatness and many temptations; for you are handsome, you have become so in our house. You have the same disposition as I have, and that helps one in temptations. One must not be sensitive nor affected. We are natural people—that we shall be for all time, and you will remain so in the career of art. I shall be glad to read about you in the paper; some time perhaps you will come to our little town—appear perhaps as Romeo; but then I shall not be the nurse. I shall sit in the stalls and be pleased."

Madame had a great washing and ironing during the week of departure, in order that Peter might go home with everything clean, as he had come. She put a new strong ribbon through his amber heart; it was itself the only thing she wished for as a "memorial souvenir," but she did not get it.

From Herr Gabriel he received a French lexicon that he had used in his studies, and which was augmented by marginal notes in Herr Gabriel's own handwriting. His wife gave him some roses and heart-grass. The roses would wither, but the heart-grass would last over the winter, if not put into water, but kept dry. And she wrote out a

quotation from Goethe as a sort of memorial scrap. "*Umgang mit Frauen ist das Element guter Sitten.*" She gave it in the translation, "Ladies' society is the foundation of good manners."—Goethe.

"He was a great man," said she, "if he only had not written 'Faust,' for I do not understand it. So Gabriel says too."

Young Madsen presented Peter with a not infelicitous drawing which he had made of Herr Gabriel, hanging on a gallows, with a birch in his hand, and the inscription, "A great actor's first guide on the path of knowledge." Primus, the Dean's son, presented him with a pair of new slippers which the Dean's wife had made, but so large that Primus could not wear them in the first year. On the soles was written in ink, "Think of a sorrowful friend.—Primus."

All Herr Gabriel's household accompanied Peter to the railway. "They shall not say that you go away *sans adieu!*" said Madame Gabriel, as she kissed him at the station.

The whistle sounded, young Madsen and Primus shouted, "Hurray!" the "Small-baggage" joined in; Madame dried her eyes and waved her pocket-handkerchief. Herr Gabriel pronounced the single word, "Vale."

Villages and towns flew by. Were the people in them as happy as Peter? He thought of that, and valued his good fortune; he thought of the invisible gold apple which grandmother had seen lying in his hand when he was a child. He thought of his fortunate discovery in the gutter, and above all of his regained voice and the knowledge he had now acquired. He had become quite another person. He sang within himself with joy; it was a great effort of self-command not to sing out loud in the carriage.

Soon were seen the towers of the city; then the buildings came out. The line approached the station. There stood mother and grandmother, and yet another with them—Madame Hof, in a good binding, the wife of bookbinder-to-his-majesty Hof, *née* Frands. Neither in need nor in prosperity did she forget her friends. She would kiss him like mother and grandmother.

"Hof could not come with me," she said. "He is sitting with a heap of works to be bound for his Majesty's private library. Good luck to you!—and that's what I too enjoy now. I have my Hof, and my own chimney-corner, and my rocking-chair. Twice a week you are to dine with us. You must see my housekeeping; it is a regular ballet!"

Mother and grandmother scarcely got an opportunity of speaking to Peter; but they looked at him, and their eyes shone happily. And so he must have a cab to drive to his new home with the singing-master. They laughed and cried.

"What a handsome fellow he is!" said grandmother.

"He still has his honest face, just as when he went away," said the mother. "He will keep that, even in the theatre life."

The cab stopped before the singing-master's door. The gentleman was out; his old servant closed it, and showed Peter the way to his room, where on the walls were portraits of composers, and on the stove a shining white plaster bust.

The old man, a little dull of comprehension, but fidelity itself, showed him the drawers in the wardrobe, and the hooks to hang his things upon, and was announcing his readiness to clean boots, when the singing-master came in and heartily shook Peter's hand in welcome.

"This is the whole matter," said he; "pray accept it. You can have the use of my piano in the room. To-morrow we will hear how the voice is. This is our castellan—our house-steward;" and he nodded towards the old servant. "Everything is in order. Carl Maria Weber, on the stove, has been whitewashed in honour of your arrival. But, why! that surely is not Weber set up there—it is Mozart! Where did he come from?"

"That is the old Weber," said the servant. "I took him myself to the plasterer's, and brought him back this morning."

"But this is a bust of Mozart, and not a bust of Weber."

"Excuse me, your honour," said the servant, "that is the old Weber made clean. Your honour does not know him again because he is whitened."

This he would get confirmed by the plasterer; but he received the answer that Weber had broken to pieces, and that Mozart was given to him instead, as it was so like it on a stove-top.

On the first day there was to be no singing or playing; but when our young friend came into the drawing-room, where the piano stood, and the opera "Joseph" lay open, he sang, "My Fourteenth Spring," with a ringing voice. There was in it something so tender, so pure, and withal a strength and fulness—tears stood in the singing-master's eyes.

"So let it be," said he; "and it shall become still better. Now let us close the piano for to-day. You need rest."

"Still, I must go this evening to mother and grandmother; I promised to do that;" and he hastened off.

The setting sun beamed over the dwelling-place of his childhood; the pieces of glass on the wall glittered; it was like a perfect palace of diamonds. Mother and grandmother sat at the top in the attic; many were the stairs up to it, but he flew up them, three at every leap, and was met at the door with a kiss and an embrace.

Clean and neat was the little chamber; there stood the stove—the old bear, and the chest of drawers with the hidden treasures of his wooden-horse days; on the walls hung the three well-known pictures—a portrait of the king, the Saviour's and "daddy's" silhouettes cut out in black paper. "It was exactly like him, 'side-face,'" said the mother; "but it would have been liker still if the paper had been white and red, as he was. A handsome man! and Peter was his express image!"

There was much to talk about—much to tell; they were going to have some pickled pork, and Madame Hof had promised to come up and see them again this evening.

"But how did those two old creatures Hof and Mademoiselle Frands manage to make a match?" asked Peter.

"They have had thoughts about it a good many years," said the mother. "You know, of course, he had married; he did it, they said, to give Mademoiselle Frands a lesson; she was rather high and mighty with him at the time of her success. He got some money with his wife, but she was a fearful age; merry, but on crutches. She could not die; but still he kept expecting it. I should not have been surprised if he, like the man in the story, had carried the old woman every Sunday out into the sunshine, so that the Lord might see her, and remember to call her."

"Mademoiselle Frands sat still and waited," said grandmother. "I never expected that she would gain her end. But last year Madame Hof died, and so Frands became mistress in the house."

At that moment Madame Hof came in.

"We were talking about you," said grandmother; "we were talking about your patience and its recompense."

"Yes," said Madame Hof; "it did not come in the time of youth,

but one is always young as long as there is no flaw in one's substance, as my Hof says. He has the most delightful wit. We are old and precious books, he says, both in one binding, and with gilt edges. I am so happy with my Hof and my chimney-corner—a china-tiled stove; the fire is lit of an evening, and the place is warm for the whole of the next day. What a luxury it is! it is like the ballet—"The Isle of Circe!" Do you remember me as Circe?"

"Yes; you were lovely," said grandmother; "how a person can alter!" This was by no means said for the sake of saying something disagreeable, and it was certainly not taken in that sense. Then came the pickled pork and tea.

The next forenoon Peter paid a visit to the merchant's. The lady came towards him, pressed his hand, and made him take a seat near her. In conversation with her, he expressed his deep gratitude; he knew that the merchant was his anonymous benefactor. The lady did not know it. "But it is like my husband," she said; "it is not worth talking about."

The merchant was almost angry when Peter touched on the same subject. "You are altogether on a wrong tack," he said; and he broke off the conversation and went out.

Felix was a student, and was to enter the diplomatic service.

"My husband calls it folly," said the lady. "I know nothing about it. Providence disposes."

Felix did not make his appearance; he was taking a lesson with his fencing-master.

At home Peter said that he had thanked the merchant, but that he would not accept any thanks.

"Who told you that he was what you call your benefactor?" asked the singing-master.

"Mother and grandmother did."

"Ah! then it must be so."

"You know something about it," said Peter.

"I know; but you will not get any information from me; and now we will sing an hour here every morning."

XI.

Once a week they had part music. Ears, soul, and mind were filled with Beethoven's and Mozart's glorious sound-poems. For a long

time Peter had heard no good and well-expressed music. A fiery kiss seemed to pass out through his brain into all his nerves, and tears filled his eyes. Every music evening at home was an evening of festival to him; it made a more complete impression than any opera at the theatre, where something always produces a disturbing effect or displays short-comings. Sometimes the words fail to receive justice, and are lisped out in song as comprehensible to a Chinese as to a Greenlander; sometimes the effect is weakened by a want of all dramatic gift; and, owing to the amount of speech, degenerates in particular parts into a sort of dice-box music, or drags itself out by the help of false notes. Unreality in the scenery and costumes must be added. All this was absent in the quartette. These poems of sound displayed themselves in all their unrestricted splendour, which adorned with precious tapestry the walls of the concert chamber; he was in the world of music, whose masters had pronounced their magic spells.

In the great public music-hall was given, one evening, by a highly-talented orchestra, Beethoven's *Symphonie Pastorale*; it was especially the *andante* “Scene by the Brook” which, with wonderful power, penetrated and carried away our young friend. It bore him to the fresh and living grove of Nature; the lark and nightingale trilled gladly, the cuckoo called from within. What pride of Nature! what a well-spring of refreshment! From that hour he was conscious within himself that it was the pictorial music, in which Nature was reflected and the impulses of man's heart found an echo, which affected him most deeply. Beethoven and Haydn became the composers of his choice.

He frequently talked with the singing-master on this subject, and at every conversation the two were drawn nearer together. How rich was this man in knowledge! inexhaustible as Mimer's Well.* Peter would sit and listen, and just as, when a little boy, he eagerly hearkened to grandmother's fairy-tales and stories, so now he apprehended those of the world of tune—understood what the forest and the garden declare; what sounds from within the ancient warrior's tomb, what each bird sings with its throat, and what the flower noiselessly exhales in fragrance.

The singing hour every morning was in truth a time of pleasure for

* A synonymous expression for the fount of knowledge; used in the Icelandic Edda.

teacher and for pupil. Each little song was sung with freshness, expression, and simplicity; most beautiful sounded Schubert's "Wanderer's Lay;" justice was done to the melody, but to the words as well; they were dissolved in each other—exalted and illuminated each other, as they should. Peter was undeniably a dramatic singer, and in ability he made progress every month, every week, day by day.

Without want or care, our young friend grew in health and high spirits. Life lay rich and fair, with a future full of blessings before him. His faith in man was never disappointed; he possessed the mind of a child, and the steadfastness of a man; everywhere he saw only gentle looks and friendly welcome. Day by day the relations between him and the singing-master became more tender and more intimate; the two were like elder and younger brother, and the younger one possessed all a young heart's tenderness and warmth. It was understood, and, in his way, returned by the elder. The whole of the singing-master's being was imbued with a southern ardour; one perceived at once that this man could hate strongly and love strongly; by good fortune the latter predominated. He was, moreover, by means inherited from his deceased father, in such circumstances that he had no need to take up any pursuit unless it appealed to him and completely occupied him. Privately, he did an immeasurable amount of good, in a discreet manner; but he would not suffer any one to thank him, or to talk about it.

"If I have done anything," he would say, "I have done it because I was able, and because it ought to be done. It was my duty."

His old man-servant, "our castellan," as he named him in jest, spoke only in half-tones when he imparted his thoughts about the master of the house. "I know what he pays out, and what he does year to year, and yet I do not know one-half. The king ought to give him a star on his breast; but he would not wear it—he would get as furious as lightning, if I know him, were he to be decorated on account of his goodness. He is blessed, more than the rest of us, in the faith that he professes; he is just a man after the Scriptures," and on this the old man laid peculiar emphasis, as if Peter might have some doubt of it.

He felt and understood completely that the singing-master was a true Christian in well-doing,—an example for every one. On the other hand, he never went to church; and one day, when Peter mentioned that the next Sunday he was going with his mother and grandmother to "the

Lord's table," and inquired whether the singing-master never did the same, the answer was, "No." It seemed as if he would have said something more, as if he had something to confide to Peter, but nothing was said.

In the evening, he was reading aloud from the newspapers, about the charity of one or two men who were named; and was led, thereby, to make some remark about good deeds and their reward.

"No one should think of that, it will come. 'Reward for good deeds is as one who blames,' stands in the Talmud—'they ripen late and are sweet.'"

"Talmud," asked Peter, "what sort of a book is that?"

"A book," was the answer, "from which more than one germ of thought has grown into Christianity."

"Who wrote the book."

"Divers men in the oldest times; divers of distinct race and religions. In it is preserved wisdom in a few words, as in Solomon's proverbs. What grains of truth! One learns there that men all over the earth, during two thousand years, have always been the same. 'Has thy friend a friend, and thy friend's friend a friend, be prudent in thy talk,' stands there. That is teaching for all time. 'No one can leap over his own shadow,' also stands there, and 'tread on the thorn when thou hast shoes on.' You ought to read this book. You will find in it the stamp of culture deeper than in the plains of earth. For me, as a Jew, it is moreover an inheritance from my fathers."

"A Jew!" said Peter, "are you a Jew?"

"Do you not know it! how strange that we two have not talked about it before to day!"


Mother and grandmother certainly knew nothing about it, they had never thought about it, but had always known that the singing-master was an estimable, unequalled man. It was by God's guidance that Peter had fallen in his way; next to heaven he owed all his good fortune to him. And now mother let out a secret which she had certainly only known a few days, and which, under a promise of silence, had been confided to her by the merchant's wife. The singing-master must never know that any one was aware of it; he it was who had paid for Peter's residence and education at Herr Gabriel's house. From the evening he had heard Peter sing the ballet, "Samson," at the merchant's house, he only had been his active friend and benefactor, but in secret.

(To be continued.)

SCENES AND SKETCHES FROM THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

FIFTH EVENING—*continued.*

SCENE XVI.

 **NE** warm evening in July a select body of cavalry quietly issued out of the Swedish camp, and took the road towards Friendstadt, a small town about sixteen miles from Nuremberg. Gustavus had received information that a large convoy, which had arrived from Austria and Bavaria, was assembled there on its route to Wallenstein's camp, and he was determined to intercept it if possible.

Two trustworthy officers led the Swedish detachment; the first was Colonel M'Dougal, always called Dewbattel by the Swedes—why, nobody knows—a gallant Scotchman and an excellent officer. The second was our young friend Gassion; he was barely twenty-one at this time, but trustworthy, intrepid, and full of military talent. He was very shy and retiring in disposition, but blunt and open, and honest as the day, and a great favourite with the King. Gassion was not a favourite with fine ladies, for he was awkward and ugly, and in fact he was never happy save when in the camp.

The Swedes reached Friendstadt soon after midnight, and walked into the town without the smallest difficulty, killed and disarmed the garrison in a very short space of time, and proceeded at their leisure to load two hundred wagons with military stores, after which they began their return, driving before them great numbers of cattle. By this time news of the disaster had reached Wallenstein's camp, and he instantly sent out Colonel Sparre, at the head of a strong detachment, to intercept Dewbattel and rescue the Imperial stores. But as Harte quaintly observes, "the King knew what Wallenstein would do on this occasion better than Wallenstein himself," and he took his measures accordingly. At the head of a thousand musketeers and eight hundred horse, Gustavus himself sallied forth early in the morning to cover the retreat of his officers.

"Cratzenstein," said the King to one of his pages; "isn't that armour glancing in the sun? Dewbattel can hardly have got so far on his way home."

"I shall be able to tell directly, Sire," answered the youth, and he pressed his horse up the ridge of broken rocky ground which they were descending. In an instant he turned his horse and dashed back to the King. "They are Imperialists, Sire!" he shouted, his voice trembling with delight and excitement; "and they have just found us out."

"You are right," said Gustavus, and hurrying his troops forward they came in view of the glittering lines of the Imperialists, who almost doubled the Swedish troops in numbers. Sparre instantly charged, and the first discharge of carbines stretched the eager young Cratzenstein dead at his master's side. The Swedes withstood the shock with their usual firmness, but Colonel Reis, commander of the infantry, fell also, and there was no one who could fill his place. Gustavus in this emergency instantly dismounted, took up the pike and placed himself at the head of the musketeers, plunging into the thickest of the fight which had now become a desperate *mêlée*. At length those skirmishing fellows, the Croats, began to give way and were swept off the field; then Gonzaga's regiment ran away, every man of them, leaving their commander entirely alone; but still one thousand musketeers led by two Scotchmen, Gordon and Leslie, stood firm as rocks, to the great admiration of Gustavus, who was as enchanted at their courage as if they had been his own troops.

"If those men are Scots," he exclaimed, "and they fall into my hands, they shall depart unransomed; by my honour, if all the Imperialists had fought as well, I should have lost this day."

But these brave regiments being left quite unsupported they were obliged to surrender, and Gordon and Leslie were both taken. The King who had remounted his charger, went forward to meet them, and said with a smile, "You have given me some trouble to-day, gentlemen, I never saw a more heroic resistance than you and your musketeers made to the charges of my cavalry; I am proud to make your acquaintance."

Gordon and Leslie coloured high with gratified pride, and bowed low to the King's complimentary speech, while Gustavus added, "I shall only detain you long enough at my quarters to introduce you to some compatriots of yours, and meanwhile I hope you will consider yourselves as my guests not as my prisoners; but who have we here, another prisoner?"

"It is our commander," exclaimed Gordon, and as he stepped back he whispered to Leslie, "Rather Sparre than I; you know he was taken prisoner before and gave his parole not to serve again; he will be lucky if he escapes with his head."

The unfortunate Colonel Sparre was meanwhile hurried very unceremoniously up to the King. He was rather in a melancholy plight, for he had endeavoured to conceal himself in a morass and his captors had snatched the gold chain from him, the usual mark of rank.

The King on seeing him burst out laughing, and exclaimed, "Ah, Monsieur Sparre, I see you love me so dearly you cannot refrain long from my company."

While this sharply contested fight had been going on Dewbattel and Gassion had arrived with their prize safe at the Swedish camp. They had returned from Friendstadt by a different road, and had not fallen in with their sovereign and his reinforcement.

"How" exclaimed Gassion, when he learnt the facts, "did his Majesty accompany the troops in person?"

"They will have met with the Imperialists," said Dewbattel, who was busy unlacing his armour.

"There has been some firing going on, Colonel," said one of the soldiers, "it only ceased a short time ago."

"Ah, yes," replied Dewbattel. "Wallenstein must have heard of our escapade by this time. But I must see about these stores." And Dewbattel went off to give orders about the unloading of the wagons.

Gassion, on his part, stood a moment reflecting. Then he suddenly turned to his servant, who had entered to unbuckle his master's armour, and said, "Pierre, order a fresh horse for me instantly, and desire fifteen men of my regiment to get to horse directly."

The man looked surprised, and stopped an instant to say, "Will you not change your dress, Monsieur Jean?"

"No, no; only make haste, that's all."

In five minutes Gassion, without telling any one, was dashing along the road the King had taken, as fresh as if he had just risen from a good night's rest. Gustavus had set forward on his return to the camp, when he descried the honest face of his young French lieutenant. Reining in his charger, Gustavus held out his hand with a smile to Gassion, and desiring him to ride close up, he caressingly threw his arm round the young man's neck and said,

"Well, my faithful Frenchman," (he always called him by that name) "how is it I see you here with this slender escort?"

Gassion raised his eyes and the colour mounted to his brow, as he answered earnestly in *military* latin, for he could talk no other and knew no German, "Sire, you once promised me the honour of dying near you, and I hasten now to take my chance."

The King withdrew his arm from Gassion's neck, warmly to press his hand.

"Frenchman," he replied, "take my word, I will engage in no battle but you shall share in the blows given and received on either side."

Gassion received this pleasing assurance with the most sincere gratitude and satisfaction, and he rode back to the camp at the King's right hand. It was late in the day when they reached the Swedish camp, but the Imperialists did not venture to molest them, and though a few straggling bands of Croatians were hovering about they took care to keep their distance.

Gustavus sent for Dewbattel before even he dismounted, and thanked him in the presence of Horne, Hepburn, Bernard of Saxe Weimar, and all his chief commanders; quite a sufficient recompense in the honest Scotchman's opinion for much greater services.

"Hepburn," said the King, then turning to the Colonel, "you will take charge of these gallant gentlemen," indicating Gordon and Leslie, "they are countrymen of yours, and you will have the kindness to do the honours of Nuremburg to them."

Hepburn obeyed with his usual alacrity and good breeding, and we may mention here that Gordon and Leslie were so overwhelmed by the eager hospitality of the Scotch officers that they could not get back to the camp of the Altenberg for five weeks.

Gustavus had one more duty to perform before he retired to rest that night. He considered the success of Dewbattel so important that he sent word to his chaplain to return thanks for it in the usual public prayers the following day.

(To be continued.)



GRACE'S ESSAY.

CHAPTER III.



HENTA was vexed, and not unnaturally. Nelly for the last day or two had had a bad cold, and was kept indoors. Being an active child, and used to be out a great deal, she got rather fretful and difficult to please. This was a sort of task which Milly usually took upon herself; but it so happened that she had to go out with her mother the day after Harry's last afternoon at home.

"You or Gracie will come and amuse Nelly when you have done your lessons," she said; and Henta and Gracie had agreed to do so between them. But now Henta had been more than an hour with the child, and Gracie had not come to change places with her. At last she caught little Minna, and sent her after Gracie. Gracie was hidden in a tree, and hard to find, so that Minna was some time gone. At last she returned, shouting out, as she came up,

"Dick says, 'What a bother!'"

"But she ought to come!" Henrietta exclaimed, indignantly.

"She's coming directly," Minna said, as she ran off to play again; but nearly half an hour passed before Grace made her appearance.

"I think, Grace, you might have come a little sooner," Henta said, when she did appear.

"I couldn't," Gracie said. The fact was, she had absorbed herself in the essay—begun at last—and had forgotten all about time. Her short answer was not soothing to Henrietta.

"You have always time for everything you like," Henta said. "You were all the afternoon running about with Harry yesterday, and then you leave everything you don't care about for me to do."

Gracie did not answer, but looked very cross. She had not learnt to speak pleasantly if people were vexed with her. Now, Henta, in her place, would have come into the room eagerly, saying, "I am so sorry," and explained just why she could not come before; and so she was very angry at Grace's rough way.

"You say Grace is unselfish," she said to Milly, afterwards. "But

I am sure she only just does what she likes. She left me to read to Nelly till I was quite hoarse, and then she was very cross at having to come at all."

"I was so sorry I could not come back sooner," Milly said.

Meanwhile, Grace's crossness had all been smoothed away and changed into remorse by little Nelly, who said,

"Oh! Gracie, I like you to read to me. Why did you not come sooner? I did want you so."

"I'll read to you ever so long to-morrow, darling," Gracie said; and so she did, though she longed to be at work writing. But she quite forgot how her conduct would seem to Henta, who naturally thought, "Gracie reads to the little ones when the fancy seizes her. Now Milly is there she will amuse the child for ever so long, and yet she wouldn't come yesterday when she knew I wanted it. It is just as if she did not want me to have time for the essay." This unlucky idea made her still more vexed. She was getting very eager about the essay; and though she knew how formidable a rival Gracie was, still she hoped for the prize. She was so careful and neat, and attended to all the hints Miss Dawson gave them, and divided her subject carefully into heads; whereas Grace's work was sure to be unequal. Mrs. Norton, who noticed more of the children's words and feelings than they at all suspected, saw that there was a bitter feeling springing up between the cousins, and was very sorry. She rather regretted their having been put in rivalry by the essay; and yet she felt that they ought to be able to compete with one another generously, without unkind feelings.

Gracie seemed quite thrown off her balance in a way which puzzled her mother. But, indeed, no one knew how deeply she felt the difficulty she found in spelling, or what a dreadful disgrace it would seem to her if she lost the prize on that account. And if she lost it, it would be for that, she felt, for she knew she could write better than Henta. At present there was nothing for Mrs. Norton to do but to wait for an opportunity of calming Gracie down. She was very anxious also that Gracie should not neglect her other studies in her enthusiasm for one, and especially that she should attend to her music. On this point she spoke to the girl.

"You have a good master now, Gracie," she said; "you must try and profit by it. You have stated hours to practise, and during those hours you ought to think of nothing else. But your mind is

constantly wandering off to things you like better, and so the time is nearly wasted."

"I will try, mamma," Gracie said.

"Then," her mother added, "I want you to have some piece very perfect to play when your Uncle Henry comes. We do not know exactly when it will be, but he takes a great interest in you, and will want to hear how you have got on."

"Oh, mamma, I can't play before Uncle Henry!" Gracie cried. "I should play every note wrong."

"I know it is very hard to you to play before people," her mother said. "But it is just what I want you to learn, and the only way to do it is to learn some piece so thoroughly that you can play it without thinking about it."

"I shall never know it perfectly enough," Gracie said; "I can do it quite well by myself, and then every note goes out of my head when I am listened to. I know everybody thinks it horrid and hates to hear me."

"There is no reason why any one should think it horrid. If you played as well as you do when you are alone, it would not be disagreeable to anybody. No one expects you to be a wonderful performer."

Just then Jack lounged in, and Gracie gave her mother's dress a great pull, which meant, "Please stop talking now." However, Jack had heard his mother's last words, and immediately proceeded to give a little lecture to his sister on his own account.

"I tell you what it is, Dick," he said, "that shyness of yours is all vanity. You are so over anxious for people to admire you that of course you make yourself nervous."

"Indeed, Jack, indeed," Gracie said, piteously, "I don't want to do it very well; I only want not to do it dreadfully badly."

But Jack continued, relentlessly,

"What business have you got to think about yourself at all? If people like to hear you play badly, just do it quietly. That's their look out. But you fuss yourself, and fancy, 'Oh, they will think I do it so badly!' It's all vanity, every bit of it."

"My dear child," her mother said, drawing her to her and kissing her. "Jack knows it is not easy for you as well as I do.—You are hard on your sister, my son," she said, when Gracie was gone.

"She will never get out of her shyness if somebody is not hard on

her, mother. Dick has got plenty of sense, and, you see, if I bully her about it, and make her see she is a goose, she will get herself out of it."

And indeed, Dick, though she thought Jack very cruel, made more determined resolutions than she had ever done before, to learn her music perfectly and try and not show how frightened she was when playing before people. If only Uncle Henry would not come till after Harry's examination and the essay were both done with.

CHAPTER IV.

It was the day before the all-important morning when the essays were to be finished. Gracie's had been written and rewritten, altered, revised, and amended, on numberless small scraps of paper, till it was no easy thing, even for herself, to make it out. She had begun her fair copy, but had not got far in it, and the writing thereof was a very slow process, so many words had to be looked out in the dictionary. Then there were tiresome participles which could not be found in the dictionary at all; and Gracie could not remember whether forfeited and inhabited doubled the last consonant or not when the ed was added. The silly little woman did not like to ask anybody, so she spent ever so much time thinking where she had seen the words, and then hunting in different books to find them. Forfeited she discovered in the "History of England" after some search, but inhabited, though such a common word, cost her a very long hunt.

"Oh, how quick the time goes!" she said, with a sigh. "Nelly, I can't play with you to-day. Do run away, you little bother!"

"Henta says she'll play with me," retorted Nelly as she ran off; and into Gracie's silly little heart came the feeling that the children only cared for her when she could play with them, which was very unjust to poor Nelly.

Henta's essay was neatly copied out; and she felt very satisfied with it. There was not a blot or an untidy line, and she did think she had expressed it very nicely. So she was in a most happy mood, and let little Nelly have one of her paint-brushes, to the child's great delight. She was really thoughtful, too, for Gracie.

"What do you want, Minna? Don't worry Gracie. I will give you a needle and thread."

Dinner came, to Gracie's horror, while she was not half way through

her writing. The instant she had swallowed her food, she ran back to the essay. It was Wednesday, half-holiday, but she did not much expect Harry, and for once hoped he would not come. Henta and Milly went out for a walk, and when they came back there was Gracie still in the same attitude, bent down over her work with her whole hand inky.

Just then Harry's voice was heard shouting, "Gracie! Gracie!"

"Yes," Gracie called in answer, but she did not jump up and go to him as usual. Her head was quite confused; she felt very cross, and she had come to a piece of her essay written on a tiny scrap of paper and crossed three times, and she really could not make out what she had meant. Surely Harry need not want her just to-day.

"Oh, Dick!" he exclaimed, as he rushed in, "I could not think where you had got to. Wigan says he is sure those rivers in Asia Minor you wrote out for me are wrong. Do look them up again! Quick! there's a good girl. I've got no end of a lot of Greek to learn, and I'll do it here while you get them up."

"Won't it do to-morrow, Harry?"

"I shan't have an instant's time to look them over if you don't do it now."

"I can't do it now, Harry; I have got all this to copy."

"It won't take you long," Harry said.

"If it won't take long, you could do it," Gracie said, and she spoke very crossly.

"You might as well," Harry said, ruthfully.

"I'll do it for you, Harry," Henta said.

"Thank you, Henta. You are an awful brick, but you wouldn't know about it exactly. It would take as long to tell you as to do it myself. I shall know how to depend on Grace again;" and with that he went out, slamming the door after him.

"Harry wants too much; I am glad you didn't give in to him," Henta said, as she followed him out of the room.

But Gracie, left alone, stared disconsolately at her work for a moment or two, and then burst into a great fit of crying. Two feelings were struggling in her mind—she had vexed Harry, and could not bear to have done so; and then again she thought he was unkind. Just then she heard the front door; perhaps he had gone away. She sprang up and dashed down stairs. No, Harry was not gone; he was quietly in

the dining-room, hunting in the big map for his rivers, with a very provoked and gloomy face.

"Here, Harry!" she exclaimed, enchanted to find that he had not gone, "I'll do it."



He brightened up at once. "Hurrah! I can't find the thing a bit. Hallo! What's the matter, old lady? You've been crying."

"I was so busy, Harry; but I did not want to throw you over," she said, cuddling up to him.

He put his arm round her caressingly and patronisingly. "I knew Dick would not fail me. But look here, I don't want you to come if you have got that essay to do; I daresay I can find this."

"Oh, no, I shall have plenty of time," she said; "I have only got a bit to copy. And your examination matters ever so much more than the essay."

"Well, I suppose it does," he assented. "I am nearly sure of getting it, Gracie. But I have no time to talk. It will be no end of a pull if you can do this."

Quite happy again, Gracie set to work. Somehow or other she would finish the essay afterwards. "Somehow or other," was apt to play rather an important part in Gracie's arrangements.

"There, Harry, there was one mistake; but I have looked over each river and made it all right now," she said at last.

"Thank you. I'm off then. I shan't come down again till this thing is over. I shall be too busy;" and away he rushed, and Gracie went back to her writing, and toiled on, head aching and hand aching, but feeling much happier than before. Word after word she looked out in the dictionary, and so many of them were misspelt that her head got quite puzzled, and she found herself writing the letters wrong, even when she had just found out the right way.

All of a sudden in rushed Minna and Nelly. "Hurrah, Gracie! Uncle Henry is come!" said Nelly.

"And he has brought me a doll," Minna cried.

"And me some pictures. And he gave us six jumps each," went on Nelly.

Gracie looked up in dismay. Now Uncle Henry was come she would have to dress for tea, and be downstairs in the evening, and, worst of all, her mother had said she was to play to him, and notwithstanding all her good resolutions she had done very little towards the perfecting of any one piece. Henta followed the children.

"Have you done, Gracie? Aunt Millicent says we are to get ready at once."

"I will go presently," Gracie said, and went on writing; but she was not left in peace.

Miss Dawson came, and Gracie, afraid of a lecture for never being ready, caught up her papers and ran off.

She was fond of her Uncle Henry generally, though a little afraid of

him ; but now she did heartily wish he had not come. For an untidy girl to dress in a hurry is rather a dangerous proceeding, if she wishes to look at all nice ; and Miss Dawson found so many faults with her frock and her hair, and the way she had tied her bow, that she went into the drawing-room feeling more shy and uncomfortable than usual. Uncle Henry kissed her, and did not seem to see the bow ; but she was ill at ease, wondering if she would really have to play, and wishing she could get into a corner out of sight.

"Oh, Uncle Henry," Henta said, "do tell us what you saw when you were in Germany."

She stood by her uncle's side while he began to tell them all sorts of amusing stories about the steamboats, and the odd people who were his fellow-passengers, and the old castles with wonderful legends, and the dungeon that he had been down into. Gracie drew back and listened silently, till in her interest she nearly forgot her fears and felt quite happy, while Henta asked all sorts of eager questions. It was Henrietta's great charm, that when interested as she was now, she was very unselfconscious ; not thinking of herself at all, she was quite free from all awkwardness. Uncle Henry was very fond of her, and by-and-by, when he had done his stories, he began to question her.

"And now, Miss Henrietta, what have you been doing? How does the music go on?"

"Pretty well, uncle, I think."

"Herr Schirren is pleased, eh? Go and play me your prettiest piece, and mind you do it very nicely."

Poor Gracie got quite white, though the speech was not to her ; but Henta did not mind a bit. "You must not judge it too severely, uncle, please," she said ; and then Uncle Henry made a face of pretended sternness.

"Please, uncle," she said again. "Now put on your kindest face ;" and then when he had smiled, she went off and played her piece through very nicely.

Uncle Henry thanked her and praised the piece, and then went on talking a little bit, till Grace began to hope she had been forgotten. She had got more and more frightened, and felt that Uncle Henry would expect so much, and that she should play worse than ever. She would like to have escaped out of the room, but she did not dare. She was really more over-tired than she knew herself, and so felt every-

thing more than usual. There was Jack, too, who had said it was all vanity; and if she broke down he would laugh at her. If Uncle Henry would but forget it; but no—he turned round suddenly.

“Now, Gracie, let me hear you.”

Her mother was rather pleased to see Gracie get up immediately and go to the piano, as she had been half afraid of her hesitating and refusing. But the fact was, Gracie was afraid of speaking lest she should cry, which would have been more dreadful to her than anything. She went up to the piano, where the dreaded Jack was still standing, got her music mechanically, and sat down. Just then her father, who she had thought busy with his newspaper, passed her on his way to speak to Uncle Henry.

“I am glad to see you go at once to the piano, Grace,” he said. “I hope you are getting over this absurd shyness.”

This speech, though her father by no means intended it, put the finishing touch to Grace's confusion. Everybody seemed to be noticing her. She tried to begin, but the tears had filled her eyes and quite blinded her, so that all the notes on the page seemed to dance before her. She did not know a bit what she was playing, and could not see anybody or anything. To her utter astonishment, Jack, the terrible Jack, suddenly put his arm round her and carried her off from the music-stool. “The child can't play in this state,” he said. “Here, you little goose, sit here, and I will make it all right for you;” and he popped her down in a corner and sauntered off to his uncle.

Gracie watched him breathlessly. She could not hear what he said, but Milly began to sing, and nobody scolded her or seemed to notice her failure, and the next minute Jack came back and pulled her down on a stool close to him, while he went on talking to the others. She felt safe tucked away under his arm, and only afraid of coming out and facing the rest to say “good-night.”

“Now, goosie, Henta is off to bed,” Jack said at last; and then he gave her such a long, kind kiss, that it seemed to give her courage for anything. Uncle Henry, too, was wonderfully kind, and when he kissed her called her a silly child, and said she must not be so afraid of him. How cleverly Jack must have explained it all! She went to bed with one of those sudden rushes of grateful affection in her heart towards Jack which only a sensitive child can feel.

But, alas! for the poor essay. She got up early in the morning to

finish it, but there was only just time to write it out. She could not stay now to look for any words in the dictionary, and the last page was very much scribbled, so that it might be ended by breakfast. She felt very much disheartened about it as she gave it in, and yet she could not help hoping too, for she knew it was better expressed than anything she had written yet. She seemed to have nothing to do that day after lessons, and did long to have her essay back that she might copy out the end again. As she stood by the schoolroom window, Jack, who seemed to have taken her music under his special charge, came in.

"Now, Dick," he said, "go and practise that piece you couldn't play last night. I shall come and do audience presently."

"Oh, Jack," Dick said; but Jack had gone again, and after a minute or two she did as he had told her. Jack alone would be almost as formidable as playing downstairs; but he had been so kind she could not help obeying him. So she practised, going over the pages again and again, till at last even Henta, though tolerably patient, could bear it no longer, and fled away into the garden.

Jack had not returned when Miss Dawson called her to go out, and Gracie began to think he had forgotten all about it. She was certainly relieved and yet almost disappointed. She had been so pleased and proud at Jack's thinking about her. Just after tea, however, when she had quite given him up, he appeared again.

"Now, Dick, come and play," he said.

It was exceedingly dreadful when it came to the point, and she began by shivering and playing wrong notes and half stopping. But Jack only said, cheerfully,

"Go on; you will get better presently."

He said it so confidently that Gracie began to believe him, so that the end was certainly a great improvement on the beginning.

"There you see, old lady, you can do it," he said. "I shall expect it to be quite right to-morrow. By Jove! I shall be late for dinner."

CHAPTER V.

THE next morning after lesson time, as Mrs. Norton was out in the garden, she heard some one sobbing, and suddenly came upon Gracie lying on the grass and crying bitterly.

"What is it, my child?" she said, and Gracie, for once too excited

and unhappy to hide her grief, put her head down on her mother's lap as she said,

"Oh, mamma, it is my essay."

"Have you failed, dear? But surely you are not crying because Henta's is better than yours?"

"Oh, no, mamma, not because of that; but Miss Dawson says I have lost the prize only because of the bad writing and the mistakes in spelling, and that they would disgrace a baby; and she says it is all carelessness, and that I could do better if I would, because the beginning is better. But indeed, mamma, I looked out every word in the dictionary all through the first part. You don't know what a time it took."

"But then you got tired, I suppose. How was it the end was bad?"

"Mamma, I could not help it. Harry wanted me to find his rivers in Asia Minor, and I said I could not at first; and then he said it would make so much difference in his examination, and how could I help doing it, even if it did make my essay bad?"

"No, my child; you were quite right. But why did you not tell this to Miss Dawson?"

"She would only have said I ought to have begun the essay earlier. I was in a hurry then; but indeed, mamma, I have worked every minute. There have been all Harry's history questions—they took a long time; he said it helped him so much. And Henta writes twice as fast as I do—the words don't puzzle her; she does not think about that. She was quite angry with me for not coming at once to read to Nelly the other day when she was ill, and her essay was nearly done then. And now Miss Dawson says it is all because I don't care. Oh, mamma, it is very hard."

"Listen, Gracie," her mother said. "You were quite right to help your brother. I would far rather see you kind and helpful than have you gain ever so many prizes; and I am very glad you can forget yourself for him."

Gracie brightened up, and cuddled close to her mother. "I don't mind now you say that, mamma."

"But now I am going to tell you where you were wrong. I feel sure that you did not tell either Miss Dawson or Henrietta that you were working for Harry. If you had, Miss Dawson would have given you a little more time, and I am sure Henrietta would have helped you."

"Oh, mamma, I don't think it would have made any difference with Miss Dawson, and I did not want to ask Henta to help me."

"That is what I complain of, dear child. You do not put faith enough in other people. If you never tell them you want help, how can you expect them to help you? You like to be kind and helpful?"

"Yes, indeed, mamma."

"Well then, you ought to give others credit for being as willing to be kind as you are. I do not want you to be always depending on others; but when you hide from them all you are about, you are unfair to them, if they wish to be kind to you. Depend upon it, dear, if you trusted people more, you would find them far kinder than you expect."

Gracie sat thinking. Her mother had given her a new idea. By-and-by she said,

"Jack was kind when I did not expect it. Oh, mamma, he says he can make me not shy in playing. Mamma, could not you tell Miss Dawson it wasn't all carelessness?" she asked, presently.

Even this was an effort for shy Gracie. Her mother smiled and promised her. "One thing more, Gracie; this spelling is a great difficulty to you. Set to work with all your might to try and overcome it."

Grace heaved a deep, woeful sigh, as if this was too much, but she got up comforted. The practising for Jack was a great thing for her, as it gave her a new interest. Soon, too, came the happy day when Harry returned, the scholarship gained, and far more easily than he had at all ventured to hope. Then, indeed, Gracie forgot all her troubles in delight. Harry put so much of his success down to her help, and was so sorry that the time spent over him had made her lose the prize, that her mother was a little afraid lest, with all this petting, her good resolutions should fade away. But the impression had been too strong to be lightly lost. Jack, too, helped to keep it up. He insisted upon seeing the essay, and then pronounced,

"It is much too good to be spoilt by such bad spelling. I tell you what, old lady; you have got a great big head on those untidy shoulders of yours. Set it hard at work to spell, and you will do it."

And Gracie did set to work, both to spell and to conquer her shy reserve; and though both one and the other continued difficulties to her for very long, yet the essay time had roused a resolution which served her till her enemies were conquered.

C. H.

THE WATCH TO THE CHILD.



LITTLE child with the golden head,
 So curly and bright and fine,
 Pray do you think your fair round face
 Is half as useful as mine?
 Numbers twelve have been marked on me,
 Though eyes, mouth, and nose I've none;
 He who looks in my face may see
 How quickly the hours are gone.

As night and day

I watch and say,

"Tick, tack! tick tack!

The time that is going will never come back."

Little child with the dimpled hands,
 And five little fingers too,
 Pray, my dear, may I humbly ask,
 What do these ten fingers do?
 Seconds, minutes, and hours as well,
 I reckon with mine and cry,
 "Seconds and minutes if you waste,
 Your hours of themselves will fly."

As night and day

I watch and say,

"Tick, tack! tick, tack!

The day that is passing will never come back."

Fifty years will have soon passed by,
 And if you and I should last,
 Little child, you will hear me ask,
 "Pray how have these years been passed?
 Who looks trustfully in your face
 For help and counsel to-day?
 What good works have your two hands done
 In years that are passed away?"

So night and day

I watch and say,

"Tick, tack! tick, tack!

The life that is wasted will never come back."

LEAVES FROM A DIARY "UNDER THE RED CROSS."

A JOURNEY TO ARLON.

IT was now towards the end of September, and though the weather was still tolerably hot, there were days of heavy and continuous rain, which by no means produced a good effect on the health of the troops round Metz. We had evidence of this in the daily influx of patients, most of whom were not wounded, but cases of dysentery, typhus, and other camp disorders. Very soon there was an outcry for hospital room. I cannot exactly state the number of hospitals in Saarbrück at this time, but it must have been very large. The Dutch, the Belgians, each had extensive ambulances, and besides these there were numerous other buildings devoted to a similar object. I had so far recovered from the effects of my recent attack of illness that I could help Dr. Hardwicke, who had arrived from London, in endeavouring to organise an English hospital and dépôt. It is not my intention here to enter upon a lengthy criticism of the working of the National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded, but I must speak of what I consider has become a matter of history.

If any one takes the trouble to look at the map it will be seen that Saarbrück is the main point of stoppage (after leaving the French frontier) for many miles, and therefore it was a most important place at which to concentrate stores, and make hospitals for the wounded troops who were daily coming out of France. Nevertheless, up to the latter end of September, nothing really practical had been undertaken here by the Society beyond the 1000*l.* grant which was made to Dr. Sandwith, part of which was spent in Saarbrück itself and part, as I have already stated, in the various hospitals round Metz. Where was the Society? The very late English newspapers we got at the hotel told us at Arlon, a small Belgian town about forty miles from Sedan. At this place they had founded a dépôt, from which they supplied the hospitals at Sedan. We got to hear more of this one day when accidentally Dr. Hardwicke and myself stopped an English-looking man in the street, who proved to be no less a person than Mr. Furley. This gentleman, who was travelling to see in what way he could assist the hospitals in the different places he visited, kindly acceded to our

urgent appeal for the town of Saarbrück, and on behalf of the Society gave a cheque for 150*l.* towards furnishing a house with beds, etc., and providing some Bordeaux wine for the patients.

I never shall forget my first visit to inspect the new house. It was at the corner of the street which had been swept by the Prince Imperial's mitrailleuse, and had escaped almost without a shot-mark, partly because it stood protected by other houses, and partly on account of its unfinished state. It was only half built. It was clearly intended to be a very nice place when completed, and was prettily decorated outside with two bas-reliefs of "Night and Morning." Inside, however, things were not far advanced. There was no plaster on the walls or ceilings, and no window-frames to keep out the wind and weather. Yet this place, at the time I speak of, held little fewer than three hundred sick men, all suffering either from dysentery, typhus, or low fever. Nuns and priests were there labouring in the good cause of humanity. One lady who spoke English, and who kindly showed me over the building, told me of the grievous state of want they were all in. She pointed to two packing-cases, one of which was used as a chair and the other as a table. Not one or other of these articles was in the place. The reader may be surprised at such a state of things in a place like Saarbrück, but it must be remembered that a sudden demand for hospital necessities had come upon the town, and it was not yet fully met. However, 150*l.* did a little towards it, and great was the pleasure I felt on seeing the result. Very fortunately at this juncture, two gentlemen, Mr. Berkeley Hill and Mr. Ernest Hart, arrived, and both of them being doctors they readily went into the condition of things. In consequence of what they reported, I consented to carry a letter to Captain Brackenbury, who was at Arlon, and personally to represent the matter to him. This being decided and my journey arranged for the following day, we went to the Hôtel Guepratte, where the few English people in the place mostly assembled at the table d'hôte. It was very interesting to see the many great personages who, passing through Saarbrück from the front, would from time to time stay the night here. Officers, aides-de-camp with despatches, ministers of state on their way to Berlin from the headquarters of the king, each in his turn became the centre of attraction coming as they did with the latest news. One gentleman, however, I must mention, who, though not one of the above-named travellers, was

equally interesting and celebrated. Baron —, to whom I was introduced by M. Dubois de Luchet, was devoting himself in the Belgian ambulance at Saarbrück. He was a grave-looking man, with a long beard and very melancholy eyes. His appearance led you to suppose his share in the lottery of life had not been a golden one, and when I learnt his story my surmise was correct. He was with the Emperor Maximilian in his ill-fated Mexican expedition, and shared all the fortunes of that monarch, even to being included in his order for execution. For five months both he and the Emperor were in prison, and he was led out on the morning of the Emperor's death, blindfolded, and condemned to be shot with him. His nationality, I believe, saved his life, but only at the last moment. I asked him, since he was able to speak *the truth* about that Mexican business, why he did not do so, and put down on paper what he was now narrating to me in conversation. His reply was, "*I dare not* ; it is more than my life is worth while Napoleon is supreme." "Were you greatly attached to Maximilian?" I asked. I saw tears in his eyes while he answered, "Would I had died with him!" I much wished I could have prolonged our conversation and gone more deeply into the particulars of that awful Mexican blunder, for it was nothing else. Baron —, who saw how interested I was as a stranger in him, left the table and returned from a coat-stand with a small drawing-book filled with water-colour sketches of extraordinary merit. I exclaimed, as one by one he turned over scenes I knew at the first glance, "You are a real artist." He smiled at me and said, "It is one of the great amusements of my life."

It was during Mr. Hart's and Mr. Hill's visit to Saarbrück I witnessed one of the hardships of German travel which hitherto I had escaped. I went with the former to his hotel late in the evening to see another Englishman who was staying there. Not being able to find a waiter in the passage we went into the coffee-room, where a number of people were assembled. No waiter, again, being here, we were just leaving when a huge fat German walked up to us, and accosting Mr. Hart said, in bad English, "I sleep with you to-night." Mr. Hart by no means seemed to relish this announcement, and indignantly repudiated the idea. The German, however, was not to be done, and continued repeating, "It is so, it is so," till we fairly bolted from the room. An explanation, however, came. We found the Englishman we wanted to see upstairs in his bedroom writing letters. It was a

double-bedded room, I noticed. He told us that some other person was to occupy the spare bed, but was not prepared to see enter the fat German, who playfully turned to Mr. Hart and cried, "Ah! you are right; it is not you; it is *him*," pointing to our speechless friend. We bade him good-night after this and separated; I to go to my hotel and prepare for my next day's journey to Arlon, and Mr. Hart to turn into his *single-bedded* room.

As was now usual on the railway, there was no train till six o'clock in the evening to Trier, or Treves, my first point towards Arlon. I was annoyed at this, as it drove things a day later, and caused me to travel through the night. I do not suppose I am giving news to the world when I tell of the wonderful beauty of the valley of the Saar. In these days all may be gleaned from "The Tourist's Guide," or some such manual, from the age of the castellated ruin on the hill to the price in francs of bed and breakfast at the inn below. I do not want to be so informing. I only wish to remark that, fresh as I was from the Rhine, which, owing to the dearth of tourists by reason of the war, I had seen under exceptionably good auspices, I was nearly as much enchanted by what I saw between Saarbrück and Treves. The railway, like the Rhine line, runs close to the river, and winds along with the bendings of the stream. The train which took me on the night I mention being very late, it gave me the opportunity of seeing the country on the brightest of starlight evenings. The hills and woods and quaint castles were veiled in shadow, while above them glittered the great spangled firmament, reflecting itself in the river's current till the stream seemed to be one silver beam of light. I could not help hoping some day to return again to the scene and view it under happier circumstances, when peace should be restored, and my mission would not be that of an ambulance volunteer. It was nearly midnight when I reached Treves and clambered up on to the top of a small omnibus that stood outside the station to take passengers into the town. My ignorance of German prevented my asking *where* I should get driven to, so I contented myself with trusting to luck. We crossed the Moselle over a splendid bridge, and drove along some ill-paved though picturesque streets, finally pulling up at the Hôtel de Treves, a most comfortable and luxurious place, as the handbook has it. Here I found, to my unfeigned delight, a waiter who spoke excellent English, and who set before me a good supper to appease my hungry

soul. I ordered a small bottle of sparkling Moselle, but this the waiter deprecated. He brought a large bottle, and assured me (from experience) after my long journey it would do me no possible harm. I trusted his word, and did not regret it. Thanks to the goodness of the wine, and my own need of it, I slept well and soundly, rising next morning at five o'clock to resume my journey to Arlon by the 6:30 A.M. train.

There was no time to do any sight-seeing at Luxembourg, through which we passed, and I had to content myself with looking down over the great viaduct all around, and a brief glance at the town which I got from the station where we stopped to change trains. It certainly is a most wonderful fortress to look at, and I believe until dismantled it was one of the strongest in Europe. People, I noticed, seemed very uncivil to me here, and more than one rude individual came and stared at my badge that had stamped upon it the Prussian eagle. I knew a good deal of smuggled work was going on between this "neutral" duchy and France, and no good will existed towards Germany. However, as I was not a German I did not care for having petty annoyances played on me. Matters did not improve when we entered the Belgian frontier, and I was subjected to a good deal of examination, though my luggage consisted only of a clean shirt and a toothbrush carried in a small bag. Perhaps it was lucky for me I could neither understand what was said nor reply again, since if I had been able I should have let the Belgians have my opinion of them. Soon after mid-day I reached Arlon, a pretty little town situated on a hill. I was much amused to find the Union Jack flying from the flag-post on the summit of the Hôtel de Ville. The fact was the authorities had given up the cellars for the use of the English, and in them their stores were placed. Fourgons decorated with Union Jacks stood in the square, and men were busy lading and despatching them by road to Sedan. From the hotel window where the English lived was flying their flag again, and I laughingly remarked that the town seemed to be *captured* by us! I don't think the victory would have been difficult to gain had it been struggled for, since the "Belgian army," in my humble estimation, is not of a high order.

I presented my letter to Captain Brackenbury, and he determined to start at once for Saarbrück. For the immediate wants of the hospital a railway van was loaded with stores from the Arlon dépôt, and attached to the early morning train that took Captain Bracken-

bury, Mr. Bushman, and myself on our way back. We only got as far as Treves that day, owing to the never-ending blocks on the line. However, our time was not wasted, for it enabled us to visit the splendid Roman ruins for which Treves is so celebrated. The "Black Gate," built in the time of Constantine, and nearly as perfect now as it was then, is a most beautiful structure. Driving through it, we went to the Emperor's palace, where there are still excavations going on, and I brought away a few relics of Roman times. The baths here are very fine, with numerous chambers and ducts for the supply of water. No words of mine can express the beauty of this place and country. Favoured by Nature in every way, even to its cloudless sky, and adorned by the works of man, I can imagine no spot more interesting and delightful to the tourist. Ours, however, was but a flying visit. Before the sun was fairly up we were again on the railway, making our journey to Saarbrück. Captain Brackenbury was most energetic in his work, and very shortly a plentiful supply of stores arrived to alleviate the wants of the hospitals and their sick.

I will here pay a tribute to the devotion shown by the priests and others of the Roman Catholic religion in the difficult labours of nursing the sick, while I add a short anecdote to illustrate a curious instance of mistrust on the part of a dying soldier. A Frenchman was dying in the hospital, and an English lady was with him who had nursed him for a long time. He asked to see the priest, who came and gave him the usual ministrations of his religion. The priest then spoke to him of his worldly affairs, and he drew from under his pillow a letter (written for him by the English lady), a pipe and tobacco-box, in which were a few francs in money. It appeared he wished these to be sent to his home in France, and the priest offered to transmit them. The last words uttered by the dying man as he lay with his head on the arm of his English nurse were, "I leave them to your care, not his."

I now felt my holiday time was drawing to a close, and much as I wished to remain, urgent letters from home compelled me to prepare for an early departure to England. At this juncture came the news by telegram that Strasbourg had capitulated. What was the condition of that suffering town? No one then could say. I determined to visit that place, and accordingly gave up my homeward journey, and, packing my bag, set out once more for the railway.

(To be continued.)

EMBLEM.



“WHITHERSOEVER THOU LEADEST.”



STRANGE that the acknowledged emblem of all inconstancy should also symbolize the patient endurance of the Christian saint; “Thy will be done” the outward expression thereof.

Yet so it is; and we do well to learn from the weathercock both the higher and lower lessons. “Breath of the Lord, whithersoever Thou ledest, I am contented to be led. I ask not for soft breezes and gentle guidance only. Based on that Rock, which no earthly power has force to overthrow—the Church of Christ—I hold fast amidst the shocks of tempests, and the war of winds; turning evermore whithersoever Thou ledest. ‘Troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken.’”

EDITOR.

TWO HOURS INSIDE A MOUNTAIN.

DOES this sound strange to you? It is clear then that you belong to some of the few yet remaining rural agricultural "counties of England," not to its busy manufacturing districts, "whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass;" no, not even to that milder locality for grubbing, where you are invited to walk into mountains on all sides on payment of a small honorarium for the pleasure of seeing the Blue John they contain lit up by a few tallow candles.

Well, whether you are or are not surprised by the idea of spending two hours in a mountain, I hope to make the one I am writing about interesting to you. It is the Dürrenberg Mountain, near Salzburg, in Bavaria, under which are some celebrated salt mines, that we (the "we" representing myself and several fellow-travellers) were anxious to explore. One fine summer's day, then, a large party of us started for Hallein, a little village situated at the foot of the mountain; here we exchanged the large carriage we had driven in from Salzburg for some rough vehicles, each drawn by two enormous cart-horses, who dragged us at a foot's pace up the very steep, rough, and narrow mountain road which leads to the mouth of the mine. On arriving at a little stone house we all alighted, and were received by an old woman, who took us into a bare, unfurnished room, and bade us remove our hats and gowns, and put on in their place a dress which she produced, consisting of full white calico trousers tied in at the ankles, a short white jacket with black leather waistband, and a little round felt hat. You may imagine the laughter that ensued when, our toilettes being completed, we turned round and gazed at each other; some seemed metamorphosed into well-looking, but rather saucy-faced young lads, while others had the appearance of the dancing dervishes one sees in Eastern cities. Our feelings of amusement changed, I must own, into some little shamefacedness when we stepped out into the open air, and found ourselves among a number of miners, men and boys, who were lounging about. They, however, looked at us so unconcernedly, that our composure quickly returned, and two of them, provided with lanterns, coming forward to accompany us, we started on our expedition.

The entrance to the mine is through a long damp tunnel, lined with wood, to prevent the crumbling walls from falling in. As we advanced, all was dark and gloomy to, at any rate, my surprise, for I had expected to find the salt in large masses, bright and sparkling, as it is in some of the English mines; but in those at Hallein it lies in veins mixed with earth and gypsum, and has to be dissolved with water. Large chambers are excavated out of this earth, and by means of pipes from above they are filled up to the top with water, which remains in them for nearly a month. The salt on the roof and walls is thus dissolved, and the fresh water, now converted into brine, is carried off by another set of pipes to the boiling-houses in Hallein. The water in each chamber is continually renewed until there is a danger of the earth giving way, when the old room is abandoned, and a new one excavated. In course of time the old walls grow together again, in proof of which the guide showed us a narrow slit as the only opening now left of a once broad passage. In a little room, used as a museum for the finest specimens of salt, we saw some miners' tools several hundred years old (these mines have been worked for six hundred years) which had been left in some abandoned chamber; there the salt had grown over them, and there they lay hidden, till they were dug out the other day on the excavation of some new room.

Having passed through several passages and chambers, we at length arrived at the first descent, called a "Rollen," by which we were to advance some hundred feet deeper into the mine. On looking down the opening, it was like gazing into an abyss leading to the infernal regions; and the "nervous lady," who as usual was one of the party, and who kept persistently asking the guide whether there was not great danger, here became almost hysterical at the thought of having to descend into such a place. But there was no turning back, and when a thing must be done people recover their nerves somehow; and she like the rest of us got to the bottom without any of the anticipated misfortunes. We had to seat ourselves on an inclined plane consisting of two poles about a foot apart, to one of which a thick rope was attached. A guide, lantern in hand, sat himself across these with one leg on each pole, held the rope in his right hand, and desired two or three of the party to follow his example, the ladies being advised to put their hands on the shoulders of the person before them, rather than on the rope, the friction from the latter being so great that it is

painful to hold it. When all were comfortably settled, the miner stooped his body a little forward, slackened his hold of the rope, and started off at more than railroad speed down a descent of three hundred and fifty feet, doing it in a minute and a half. It had a most curious effect to those left above, to watch the others disappear as it were, into the very bowels of the earth, their one speck of light diminishing at each instant. When the first party had safely reached the bottom, the rest followed in the same manner under the care of another miner. After two or three more such "Rollen," more or less long, we at length arrived at a large chamber three hundred and sixty feet long and two hundred and forty broad. There there was a great lake of salt water ten feet deep. Round this great cavern was a circle of lights which were reflected in the inky lake below, and seemed only to show off more completely the darkness of the rest, and to give the place a most weird-like appearance. Who could not but think of the Styx, and expect every moment to see Charon appear to ferry us across in his boat? The boat was there, or, to speak more accurately, a floating bridge, which took us safely across to the opposite side of the lake, where we traversed more passages and made more descents, one of which I found very disagreeable. It was very long, and seemed narrower than the former ones; and through some mismanagement on our part, after starting at the usual rapid rate, we twice came to a dead halt in the middle of our slide downwards. If one leans back too much the speed is checked, and this I suppose I did, and so caused the delay; and this also perhaps produced the violent friction of the rope, which appeared as if it would have rubbed a hole in my side before I reached the bottom. Happily this was our last descent, and we soon reached a narrow passage only six feet high, and more than a quarter of a mile long, hewn out of the solid rock, which was to bring us out at the foot of the mountain on the opposite side to that which we had entered it. In order to traverse this tunnel, we were placed on a novel description of railway carriage, drawn by two-legged horses. The carriage consisted of a plank on wheels, across which we sat astride one behind the other, with our feet tucked up on a bar below so as to avoid touching the wall on either side. Our horses were two miner boys, who dragged us along the tramway at a famous rate. It was a piercingly cold ride; the air was not damp, as it had felt on first entering the mine, but blew like an icy wind on our foreheads; and right glad were

we when we saw before us a bright star of light, which grew bigger and bigger as we approached, till at last we were suddenly shot out from the gloom of night into the bright light of day—into the midst of sun, and trees, and water, to say nothing of people; how beautiful were the sunlight and the landscape! But once more we seemed to shrink from the gaze of mankind, though we were soon again reassured by the composure with which all looked upon us; so getting over our bashfulness, we entered a little building where we found our own clothes; and in the pleasure of resuming them we forgot to wonder how they had rejoined us one thousand two hundred feet below the spot in which we had left them.

F. M.

BURIED CITIES

DISINTERRED BY PROJECTING TOURISTS.

IF it were possible to take a census which should set forth the topics of conversation most in vogue during the summer months, it would be found that one prevailing subject for discussion was the place to be visited during the summer vacation. On such a matter, each member of the family is ready with an opinion; the pros and cons are innumerable, and most valuable topographical and historical information is often elicited. It is easy to imagine the style of the discussion in a family.

ROSCOMMON is mentioned by some one—"Oh, no, not there," exclaims a romantic young lady, "for the ghosts of *tyros commonly* haunt the town: let us rather go to KESWICK." "Not if we take the children," says Mamma, "they would be bitten by the *snakes—wicked*, venomous creatures: I should like WATERFORD." "That would not suit me," returns Papa, "for all the doctors there recommend *rose-water* for dyspeptic complaints. TAUNTON, now," continues he, "is a nice place, and we might hear something of the great trial of Robinson Crusoe, indicted for marriage with his great *aunt on* the father's side." "All fiction and romance," sneers a schoolboy; "as well go to LOUTH to see Jack Horner pull out his thumb with the spoil of the Christmas pie: I vote for LEWES." "That will never do," replies a sister; "I have read that on the 1st of September they tickle *west* country people with bulrushes." DOVER, suggests Mamma. "The boys would not

like that, they would have to *do verses* in Hebrew and Sanskrit before admission." LOWESTOFT? "Better, but the donkey-boys there are the *slowest of the slow*." CAVAN? "Nay, I will not take the girls there," says Papa, "for there Jessica vanished from the pursuit of Shylock." ALTON or PAR? "Nothing to do but to put *salt on the sparrows' tails*." ELY? "Certainly not, quarantine is so strict that the officials invariably feel your pulse before suffering you to proceed." "At this rate we shall decide nothing," interposes Mamma, meekly; "what say you to COWES?" "No, no," answers the chorus from all sides; "did not Diogenes the cynic owe some of his happiest inspirations of retirement and unsociability to that neighbourhood?" YORK is at last suggested, and finds favour, because there the girls have passed the most brilliant examinations in entomology or knowledge of insects.

EADGYTH.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.



F this should meet the eye of "A. N." she is warmly thanked for her generous donations towards the purpose spoken of in the "*Poor Incumbent*." Three families have been benefited comfortably by the supply.

Two "Constant Readers," "L. D.," "a Clergyman's Widow," and a fifth correspondent have kindly sent lists of readable French books for "Emily Suffolk's" benefit: if she will send a stamped envelope with her address, Aunt Judy will be glad to forward them to her, as they are too long for insertion here.

"Clementina." Aunt Judy is sorry to say that she has never received the flower-drying receipt. The words "Doit" and "Avoir" are used commercially as "Debtor and Creditor." Surely the book you speak of must be the well-known "Debit and Credit?"

"Clef." "Lucia" writes, in answer to your last inquiry, to say that Mademoiselle Christine Nilsson can reach higher notes than any other singer at the present day, but does not mention what the extent of her voice is.

"P. C. M." The following account of General Charles Edward Stuart has been kindly forwarded by a correspondent:

"In 1854 a Swedish general officer, calling himself Charles Edward Stuart, Count Reehenstaart, died at Dunkeld from the effects of an injury, caused by the upsetting of the coach. Before his death he stated himself to be the son of the Countess of Albany (who was an illegitimate daughter of Prince Charles Edward). It is perhaps needless to mention that Henry Benedict (Cardinal York), brother of Prince Charles Edward, who died in 1804, was the last of the Royal House of Stuart."

"Oria." A lover of heraldry writes to say that—"The fleur-de-lys became the settled arms of France in the reign of Louis VII., 1137-1180. It is said to be the flower which grows on the banks of the River Lys (*Iris pseudacorus*). This river separated Artois and France from Flanders, after the marriage of Philip Augustus with Isabella of Hainault."

"Lou." Aunt Judy cannot encourage you to send music. She seldom has room for it in her pages, and when she

has, reserves the space for a composer whose songs have hitherto been very popular.

"Ursula" will be very much obliged if any one will tell her of a good History of Germany, and also one of Russia.

"Mortimer Lightwood" asks, (1) who is the author of a poem entitled "Giotto," beginning: "I am the man to Painting's corpse who said, Arise and live!"?—(2) Who wrote the words of "Home Sweet Home," and where can they be found?—(3) From what hymn are the following lines taken:

"Changed from glory into glory,
Till we stand before Thy face,
There for ever to adore Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise."?

(4) Charles Wesley was the author of "Soldiers of Christ, arise."

"A Constant Reader." Aunt Judy is amused, though not surprised, to find that you have been as much taken in by King Charles' puzzle as the Royal Society were. Those learned men racked their brains over it for several days, until one of them bethought himself to enquire whether the facts of the case were really so, whether the introduction of a dead fish into a bowl of water did indeed add nothing to its weight? On which the royal enquirer acknowledged his jest and trap for taking in the most learned body of men of that day. Can any of our readers tell "A Constant Reader" the name of "a good book on the study of Botany arranged on the Linnean system, fully explaining the classes, orders, &c., and if possible with engravings?" The Greek word "Stichera" signifies *verses*. In the Greek Church it seems to have a technical meaning, which some reader may perhaps further explain?

Aunt Judy cannot perhaps justify herself to her kind Jewish correspondent for having allowed nonsense, built upon old prejudices, to appear in her pages, but it

is not the only caricature she has admitted. There are the *Bunniewinks*, the English Travellers, and the Irish family of *Scaramouches*, the Scottish Ambassador in Princess Peckfishlylips, and several others, which did not pretend to be real types of the countries or people, but good-natured caricatures of them, such as one laughs at every day in the pages of "Punch." Nor will Mrs. — (let her say what she will) ever be able to persuade the world to cease laughing at the small errors of their neighbours. It is well when they have only *small* peculiarities to lay hold of. Aunt Judy entirely agrees with the Jewess in her serious statements respecting the great ability of her nation, whose history must ever surpass in interest that of any other people.

"C." Joseph Blanco White was of Irish blood, born at Seville in 1775, and was at an early age religiously inclined, and became a Priest in the Roman Catholic Church. He soon grew dissatisfied, and an unbeliever, and came to England in 1810. He received a pension from the English Government for editing a magazine circulated in Spain during the Peninsular War. Whilst staying in England he reviewed his opinions, conformed to our Church, and was received into its orders. He was most intimate with Archbishop Whately, amongst other distinguished literary men. After fresh internal struggles he lapsed into Unitarianism, and died in 1841. His life, character and sufferings are interesting, and he was much to be pitied, but he was unstable in faith, and certainly not orthodox, or a safe guide in his writings.

"Laura Cannan" asks for "some account of the various superstitions attached to the first hearing of the Cuckoo?" Aunt Judy supposes that she is already acquainted with the universal idea that any one having money in his pocket, and turning it, the first time he

hears the cuckoo's note in spring, is sure to be well off throughout the year. In "Notes and Queries" the two following interesting superstitions are mentioned, (2nd S., No. 20)—"A few days ago I noticed a person in this neighbourhood suddenly take to his heels, and run rapidly round in a circle. When he had finished I asked him the reason of his singular act, when he told me he had heard the cuckoo for the first time this year, and that if he ran round in a circle as soon as he heard it, he would not be idle during the year."

(3rd S., V.)—"When the cuckoo is first heard in spring the Swedish peasant girl says:

"Göke grå, Gucku!
 Seg mig då, Gucku!
 Upp! quist, Gucku!
 Sant och vist, Gucku!
 Hur många år, Gucku!
 Jag leva får,
 Jag ogift gar, Gucku!"

That is—"Cuckoo (*Scotice*, Gouk) grey, tell to me, up in the tree true and free, how many years I must live and go unmarried."

"Little Hilda," "M. C." and others, will be glad to hear that the songs by A. S. Gatty, which have appeared in "Aunt Judy," are now published in a volume together (by Messrs. Bell and Daldy), called "Aunt Judy's Song Book."

Aunt Judy must apologise to "Frank Gurry," for not having inserted his contribution to the Cot Fund sooner; it had been accidentally laid by and forgotten.

"Edelweisz." The hymn which you ask for is in "Songs and Tunes for Education," published by the Tonic Sol-fa Agency, 43, Paternoster Row, E.C., price 2s. 6d.

"Edith" is anxious to know the solutions of the following riddles:

- (1). "To 5 and 5 and 45,
 The first of letters add;

"Twill make a thing that killed a king,
 And drove a wise man mad."

- (2). "A headless man had a letter to write,

The man who read it had lost his sight,
 The dumb repeated it word for word,
 And deaf was the man who listened and heard."

You are of course at liberty to sell your snake for any price it will fetch, from 10d. to 10l.

"A Subscriber" wishes to ask whether any of our correspondents can lend her a snake made of postage stamps, for the space of two days; as she has collected the necessary amount of stamps, but does not feel able to make them into a snake from the receipt already given, without actually seeing one of the toys completed. She will be glad to pay the carriage, and warrant the careful return of the pattern. If any one can comply with this request, Aunt Judy will forward "A Subscriber's" address.

"Judy" offers the following extract in answer to "Louie's" inquiry about April Fool's Day:—

"In the middle ages scenes from Biblical history were often represented by way of diversion, without any feeling of impropriety. The scene in the life of Christ, where He is sent from Pilate to Herod, and back again from Herod to Pilate, was represented in April because of the feast of Easter, which falls in this month, and the events connected with this period of His life naturally afford subjects for the spectacles of this season; hence persons are sent on foolish errands and have other tricks practised on them."

"S. H. T." (Philadelphia). Aunt Judy is much pleased to find that such distant nieces and nephews take an interest in her magazine, and the occupant of the Magazine Cot. Your donation will be gratefully received by Mr. Whitford, the Secretary of the Hospital, and had better

be sent to him by a *banker's letter*; any banker at Philadelphia will grant such a letter, which will be payable in London at the bankers with whom the firm transact business. The answer you kindly sent to "Clef's" inquiry had already been received from a correspondent nearer home.

"E. H. G." All *parcels*, whether flowers, books or clothes, should be addressed to the *Lady Superintendent*.

The contributors to "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot" will learn with pleasure, that their liberal and constant flow of subscriptions has caused a gratifying honour to be conferred on the Editor. At the annual meeting of the Governors, held on the 10th May, it was unanimously resolved, "That in grateful acknowledgment of the valuable aid of Mrs. Alfred Gatty, as Editor of 'Aunt Judy's Magazine,' in originating and advocating the establishment of the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot,' the Governors of the Hospital have much pleasure in enrolling Mrs. Gatty's name on the list of Honorary Governors of the Charity." She can only thank the Governors for conferring this distinction, and the subscribers for having been the cause of it.

Report of the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot," at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, London.

"George F—, who became tenant of 'Aunt Judy's Cot' in February last, still continues under treatment, but although much improved in health, has not yet sufficiently recovered to be placed on the list of patients who are recommended for the Convalescent Hospital. His case is quite an exceptional one, it being seldom that a patient remains so long a time in the Hospital.

"The recommendation for a month's stay at the Convalescent Branch, Cromwell House, Highgate, is a source of great pleasure to the children. Some of their companions in the wards, who

have, unfortunately, been compelled to return from Highgate for further medical treatment at the Hospital, afford information, and very simple but graphic descriptions are sometimes overheard: at one time it may be that the trees and flowers in the garden are spoken of, or the large playground, surrounded by fine chestnut trees (now in full beauty) and some grassy slopes, where daily picnic parties take place; sometimes it is the old-fashioned room, with its small square panelled walls, used as a school and playroom, that is admired; its quaint scroll-pattern ceiling, with two curious heraldic shields over the fireplace, and some old gilt tables (the last relics of the ancient furniture), are much talked about.

"It is very gratifying to know that the medical officers, in their monthly reports, bear abundant testimony to the beneficial effect of the fresh air on the medical cases as well as the convalescent children.

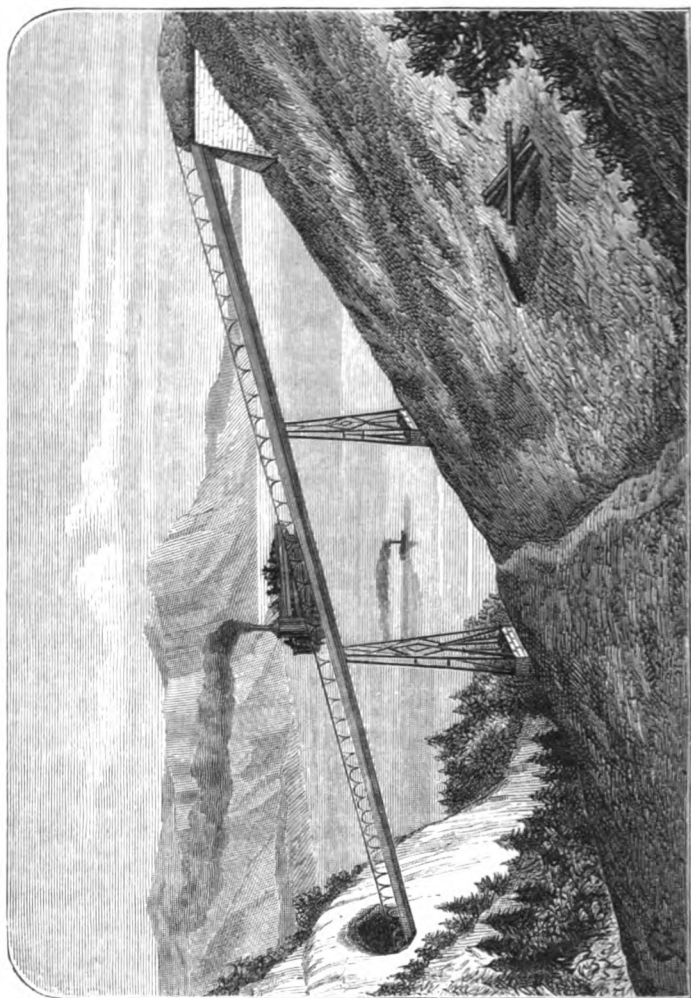
"By desire of some of the visitors to Cromwell House, two photographs have been taken by the London Stereoscopic Company—one of the playground, in which all the children who were well enough to be out (between twenty and thirty) are successfully taken; the other is a view of the back of the old mansion, with its odd windows placed apparently at random, surmounted, as so many of the old houses at Highgate are, with a platform and turret. The photographs may be had at the hospital, price sixpence each, or will be forwarded by post (if an envelope ready addressed and stamped be enclosed, with the amount in postage stamps) by the Secretary. Stereoscopic views of the same are also published, price one shilling each."

Contributions to the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot," received to May 15th, 1871.

£ s. d.

"In the beloved name and memory of A. C. A. M." (annual) 1 1 0
Sophia Spicer, Spyre Park, Chippenham (annual) 0 5 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Annie and Katherine (annual)	0	7	0	Carrie, Claudy and Tommy, Mil-			
A. B. G. I. and M. Bidder,				town House, Strabane	0	10	0
6 Cedars Road, Clapham Com-				School Room Fines, Dorchester	0	3	0
mon (annual)	0	6	0	Nina, Alice and Annie	0	7	6
Harriet and Susan (monthly)	0	1	0	"Joan of Arc" and others, Aston			
Florence, Milnrow Vicarage,				Hall, Sutton Coldfield	1	0	0
Rochdale (annual)	0	2	0	E. P. Moorlands, 2s., E. C. Moor-			
Mary and Stella, Richmond				lands, 2s., M. C. Moorlands,			
(annual)	0	5	0	2s.	0	6	0
G. A. F. (with 1s. 6d. for patient)				"Little Bossey, of Fyvie Manse"	0	2	6
(monthly)	0	2	6	Collected through the "Home			
M. A. F. (monthly)	0	0	6	Magazine" by E. J. Forbes,			
Beaver (monthly)	0	2	6	Edinburgh	1	12	0
Frank Gurry, St. Marks, Laken-				"In remembrance of Tatty's			
ham	0	2	0	sixth birthday, towards Aunt			
A Parrot and a Canary, 1d., two				Judy's Fund for providing			
Black Kittens, 1d., Mamma,				another Cot"	1	1	0
6d., Florence M. L. Pattisson,				E. H. G., 5s., B. B., 4s., Cliveden,			
4d., Papa, 6d.	0	1	6	Muidenhead, with a box of			
Daisy, 2s., with a present of				flowers	0	9	0
clothing from Mrs. Horner,				Jessie, Bobs, Pussy, Dolly and			
May Place, Crayford	0	2	0	Bertie, Linden House, Welling-			
Mrs. A. H. C., Bath	0	5	0	borough	0	8	0
Hermione and Ondine, Perth	0	0	6	"Gina"	0	0	6
A mother and three little girls,				Izbie, Liney and Carrie, Whick-			
a Thank-offering	1	0	0	ham Rectory, Gateshead	0	7	0
"In memory of little Tasso"	0	1	0	Two little sisters, V. and H.	0	3	4
J. W., Bapton	0	1	0	Fanny, 2s. 6d., Grandma, 1s.,			
Mrs. George Butcher, 1s., Fuzzy,				Mamma, 1s., Papa, 1s., A Fairy,			
1s., per Miss Fanny Blakiston,				1s., Ben, 6d., Dick, 3d., Florrie,			
Stopham Rectory, Petworth	0	2	0	6d., A. Wakefield, 1s.	0	8	9
M. M. W., and A. D. W.	0	4	6	In remembrance of "Pug"	0	1	0
Two schoolboys, E. and H. W.,				L. B., 6d., M. B., 1s., F. B., 1s.,			
a Lenten offering	0	2	6	H. G., 2s. 6d.	0	5	0
Mary Warlas, High Street,				A gift in memory of dear little			
Teddington	0	1	0	Amy W—d, from Rosehill	0	10	0
Maggie, 4d., Jack, 3d.	0	0	7	Frank Schloesser, 2s., Maud			
Papa, 1s., Mamma, 1s., Mary, 3d.,				Schloesser, 1s.	0	3	0
Katie, 3d.	0	2	6	"Ladybird."—"Children's			
Little Lily, Balham	0	1	0	Prize" and some magazines	0	0	6
Collected by Mary and Reginald				"A little girl, out of her own			
Lucas, 12a Kensington Palace				money-box"	0	0	6
Gardens	0	2	6	Miss H. C. Baynes, Aylesbury,			
An Easter offering from Mrs.				two scrap-books, some toys,			
Spriggins, 1s., the Queen Fine-				and oranges	0	1	0
arts, Morpeth, 1s.	0	2	0	E. B.	0	3	9
Ken, Torquay	0	0	6	Josie, Edwin, Edith, Jessie, Elsie,			
Boosey Ben	0	0	4	and Harry Hollis, The Ash,			
Lou, 4d., Fairy, 6d., Darkie, 6d.,				Sledham	0	6	0
St. Giles	0	1	4	Edith H., Leamington, a box			
C. T., The Grove, Winchfield	0	0	6	with flowers.			
Miss Grindred, 132 Chatham				Fanny, Tilly, and Alice, Lancas-			
Street, Liverpool (collected)	0	4	4	ter, two books for the Children.			
Maud, Berkeswell Rectory	0	1	0	F. L. L. and K. E. L. L., 30			
Clara, Surbiton	0	5	0	Waterloo Crescent, Dover, 9			
Four little girls, the proceeds of				dolls and 2 boxes of toys.			
a May-day garland	0	6	0	Mary H—, a scrap-book.			



MOUNTAINEERING BY RAILWAY.

MOUNTAINEERING BY RAILWAY.

IT is extremely provoking, in a beautiful country like Switzerland, to be beset at every point by the advances of civilization. Every lake has steamers on it; every hamlet has a telegraph; and it is not impossible that, before long, every mountain will have a railway up it. Add to this the importunities of beggars, and people who blow the cattle-horn to awaken echoes whose sound is less distasteful than the original only because less loud; add also the wearisome, chattering guide, who when he has nothing else to say tells you once more that this is the Wetterhorn, that the Schreckhorn, and the other the Finsteraarhorn, and it will be seen that the great influx of tourists does not increase one's enjoyment of the scenery. But the thought of going up the Righi in a railway carriage has something so bold and ridiculous about it, that there cannot be many people who would not feel a great desire to make the expedition. The Righi is a mountain nearly six thousand feet high, and is situated on the most lovely and the most picturesque of all the Swiss or Italian lakes, the Lake of Lucerne. The rocks lie in beds at a considerable slope, forming a series of shelves or ledges, some of them by no means narrow. It is along the broadest of these ledges that the railway runs. It starts at the small village of Vitzuan, and climbs to a height of about five thousand feet. It rises at an average slope of one in four, which being translated means, that for every four yards you go on you rise one yard. We are so accustomed to consider that a railway must be almost perfectly level, that we are naturally puzzled to know what contrivance could enable a train to go up such a slope. This is the way it is done. The engine has a large wheel, with teeth like a gigantic clock wheel, and these catch in the teeth of a third rail that runs along the middle of the railway. Simple enough, but as with Columbus' egg, nobody seems to have thought of it before!

A month earlier, when I crossed the Alps by the railway that climbs over the Mont Cenis I thought *that* was sufficiently wonderful. There the railway winds up a steep hill, making extremely sharp curves; here on the brink of a precipice, and there protected by a roof from

avalanches. You pass in an hour or two from the heat of the Italian plains to the icy coldness of a snow-clad mountain; and really when you look back it is difficult to believe that you have come down that mountain in a railway train. But the Righi is much bolder. No creeping round curves. It makes a bold dash at the mountain, and goes nearly in a straight direction. This line was opened on the 23rd of May, that is, a week before I made the ascent.

I had been taking a sail on the beautiful Lake of Lucerne, and when I saw the railway, and could trace it up the hill, I was unable to restrain myself any longer. So I made up my mind to spend the night at the hotel at the summit of the Righi Kulm (as the highest point of the Righi is called). It still wanted half an hour to the time of starting, so taking my ticket I went to examine the engines. While thus employed, I heard a voice behind me asking if I were going by the train. On looking up, I saw that there was a waggon of timber about to start. Preferring a seat on the top of this waggon to a railway carriage, I immediately mounted to the highest point of the timber, whence I had a good view all round. The logs of wood were placed in the waggon all sloping, so that when mounting the hill it might be level. For the same reason the engines are not upright, but lean forward. As we started, it seemed a most ludicrous position to be in. Imagine yourself on the top of a timber-waggon, about to be driven up a steep incline by a miniature steam-engine, with half a dozen chattering Germans all talking at the same time, and *porters who require alpenstocks to walk along the line*. I could not help laughing at the situation.

But when we had gone on a few paces it seemed to be no laughing matter, for the rails in front of us appeared to rise up, and almost tower over us; and as we saw them rounding a corner with a very steep bank at the side, and felt that the high pile of timber was not quite steady, and that the engine did not push steadily but sent us on by jerks, I confess I began to wish I had heard a little more about the railway before I trusted myself to it. This feeling soon gave way to one of intense pleasure as we felt ourselves rising rapidly; and when we were enabled to overlook the village of Vitzuan, which we had left but a few minutes before, we were filled with astonishment. I think I am right in saying that the slope is greater than any coach road I ever saw in England or Scotland. Up, up, up we went, the engine

puffing and labouring greatly, but without any misadventure. When showers of ashes from the funnel fell on us, I wished they had taken the trouble to put an awning over us. An umbrella, however, covered a multitude of sins (I intend no disrespect towards myself in saying this).

We continued to rise, the height of our position and the steepness of the banks adding much to the excitement of the moment. Just as we were beginning to be tired of staring in blank amazement at the hill we had been ascending, the train entered a short tunnel, and at the other end of it we came to a bridge. This bridge is very lightly built. It is curved, and, mounting at a great inclination, it crosses a ravine of considerable depth. Altogether, as our legs dangled over the side of the timber, and as we could not see the bridge or the parapet at the side of us, it looked just dangerous enough to give pleasure, being perfectly well aware that there was really no danger. Having gone a short way farther, we were mounting a steep hill, when in front of us, to our horror, we saw a train coming down the hill. It seemed impossible for the train in front of us to stop on such a slope. It was a single line. Should we, then, have to return all the way to Vitzuan? No. The other train stopped in a moment, and as we reached the top of the hill a side line was disclosed to our view, on to which we were shunted. It was no mistake. This was the regular place for watering the engines.

A short distance farther brought us to the Kaltbad, a station where there is a fine view, and, consequently, also a large hotel. Here our logs of wood were left, and after a halt of half an hour we proceeded without any incident till we reached the Staffel. This is the end of the railway. Thoroughly satisfied with the performance of the railway, and with the pleasure that arises from acquiring a perfectly new experience, I walked on towards the Righi Kulm, which is a mile and a half from the Staffel. It was a delightful walk in the cool of the evening, passing for a short distance among pines, and then by beds of snow. The sun was low, and the cliffs were tinged with pink.

Half an hour brought me to the Kulm. Here every one was looking at the sunset. The chief reason why people climb the Righi is to see the sun rise and set. Not that the sun rises or sets oftener here than elsewhere, but the view is very extensive. Towards the north the mountain is precipitous, and down below lies the Lake of Zug. On the

opposite side is the Lake of Lucerne, and all round there is a grand panorama of lakes, and hills, and mountains.

“Hills peep o’er hills, and Alps o’er Alps arise.”

Nor are touters wanting, who tell you that this is the Finsteraarhorn, that the Schreckhorn, and the other the Wetterhorn. The Righi itself is a mountain with many summits, and rather more hotels.

But to return to the sunset. The horizon was hazy, and there were misty clouds on many of the mountain tops. The result was one of those gorgeous rosy sunsets which every one has seen so often, but no one ever wearied of—when a flush of light is spread over the clouds and on every bright object, here almost golden, and there deepening into crimson. Every one waited to see the last glimpse of the beautiful colouring. I know not what it is that makes a sunset so excruciatingly beautiful. I think it is partly the thought that it will last so short a time. I own I always feel an intense desire to put a beautiful sunset in my pocket—kleptomania, you will say;—perhaps only that desire for possession that philosophers tell us is the characteristic of the human race.

Sunset over, the charms of supper awaited us in the *salle à manger*. After supper, I asked a waiter at what time we should be called in the morning. “At half-past three,” he said; “the sun rises at four.” It was evidently advisable to go to bed early. Luckily it was not the season, and there were only about a hundred people in the hotel, so we all had beds, and I hope every one slept as soundly as I did. My last thought was, “I hope they will be sure to awake me!”

On the following morning I was awake at half-past three by the shrieks of a cattle-horn, which is always sounded in the hotel half an hour before sunrise. I awoke, conscious that I had come there to see the sun rise. “Ugh!” I said to myself, “I didn’t know it rose like that. It is positively painful!” I was soon roused to a clearer understanding by the cattle-horn mounting upstairs, to shriek still more loudly. I should not think any one went to sleep again after that. Having made a hasty toilet (it being forbidden, by a printed rule of the hotel, to wear your blanket out of doors), I turned out. The sky was covered with clouds. The whole of the landscape was blue and cold, the lakes black as Avernus. The people poured out of the hotel. No change in the view, except, perhaps, a little more

light. The sun was to rise at four ; at a quarter-past four we were all there except the sun. At half-past four he had not appeared, and we made up our minds that he had not heard the cattle-horn. On the Righi one feels as if the cattle-horn were necessary to bring back the sun, just as the Chinese think that in an eclipse drums must be sounded, or the sun would never come back. There being no hopes, we drowned our disappointment in *café au lait*. Before going in, I was taking a last peep through the telescope, when a porter came up, and offered to point it at the Finsteraarhorn. I knew the Schreckhorn and the Wetterhorn were coming next, so I refused. It is most provoking to have mountains shoved down one's throat (*metaphorically speaking*) at every turn. One gets quite tired of the Finsteraarhorn, the Schreckhorn, the Wetterhorn, and especially the cattle-horn. After breakfast every one prepared to descend. I waited a little to see them all start. Here was a delicate lady who rode a mule, and there a fat, apoplectic old gentleman, who was carried in a chaise à porteur. It is quite astonishing to see the old and feeble persons who are carried up mountains in this manner, even in out-of-the-way places.

The whole hotel having started, I followed my route of the previous evening, and arrived at the station. They only send one carriage with each train ; it holds from fifty to sixty persons. I found that the carriage gave very different sensations from a seat on the top of a timber-waggon. When we started from the level station it seemed a bold thing to trust one's self to run down that hill before us. But as soon as we got on to the hill, we felt what power the engine had, and that we were not *running* down the hill, but being held back ; and also that the engine would have power to stop in a moment. Arrived at the Kaltbad, we picked up a few passengers, and then went on till we came to the watering-place. Here, again, we met a train just coming up. It seems to be arranged that trains shall always meet there, in order to give people a little wholesome excitement. On coming over the bridge this time there was no appearance of danger, partly because the novelty had passed off, and we were accustomed to the steepness of the descent, partly also because the carriage felt steadier than the timber-waggon. Down we came, at a pace quicker than we had ascended, but still very slowly, and we reached Vitzuan without any incident worthy of note.

This expedition was to me full of novelty, as I had not even heard

of the railway till a few days before I made the ascent. I do not know whether the railway has been much spoken of in England, but in any case these pages may be not uninteresting to many, as giving them an idea of what I suppose they are likely to see on Helvellyn before long. In comparing this railway with that of the Mont Cenis, it must be remembered that though this one goes up much the greater slope, the other goes much faster, and seems almost to fly down the hill. It is also merely a temporary affair, and in all probability will be disused in a few months. The seven mile tunnel through the Mont Cenis is a greater triumph than either. The Righi railway was constructed by three engineers, and I am told it is likely to be a commercial success.

When Brown, Jones, and Robinson visited the Matterhorn before it had been ascended, they said it was merely a matter of expense, for that a mahogany staircase could be built, winding up the mountain. We can now say the same of climbing mountains in railway trains. Really one begins to believe that in the nineteenth century nothing is impossible.

GEORGE FORBES.

THE WAISTCOAT.



VE done my lessons very well,
I'm on my best behaviour;
I'm going to see my Grandmamma,
I want to ask a favour.

I'm sure I know the very chair
In which she will be sitting;
And I am quite as certain that
She will be busy knitting.

She has a book of patterns full,
And one of them's a waistcoat;
The shape worn by her Grandpapa,
With ruffles and a laced coat.

The book says, "Any shade of brown,"
Which means a dismal colour,
Like Grandmamma's own satin dress,
Except that wool is duller.

But I have got a new idea,
Quite of my own invention;
Which I propose to Grandmamma
This very day to mention.

As I go jumping through the snow,
In spite of wind and weather,
A Robin Redbreast hops about,
And so we play together.

And what I want so much is this:
To be from toe to head dressed
With brown great-coat and waistcoat red—
Just like a Robin Redbreast.

So I am going to Grandmamma,
Politely and sedately;
As young folk did in her young days,
When old folk were so stately.

I've washed my hands, I've brushed my hair,
My best bow practised over;
(As Grandmamma does not like dogs,
I think I shan't take Rover).

I mean to coax,—“Dear Grandmamma,
Shall I wind up your bobbins?
And will you knit me a waistcoat,
The colour of a Robin's?”

“I have a little brown great-coat,
Like Redbreast's back exactly;
A waistcoat red as his I want
To fit me as compactly.”

And when I've got a red breast too,—
My waistcoat I may call so,—
I hope my Robin-friend will think
I am a Robin also.



THE MAN IN THE CART.

A TALE OF HERO-WORSHIP FOR THOUGHTFUL YOUNG GENTLEMEN AND LADIES.



THE little Albinia Darling, just struck nine, and her younger brother Johnnie, half-past seven, were kneeling on two chairs, looking out of the open window of a pleasant cottage-like house in the outskirts of a small but prosperous market-town. The house faced the road at a distance of about thirty feet, with a pretty garden before it filled with a rich abundance of flowers for every season, as each came round; flowers in the choice of which perfume and colour were always regarded before rarity or fashion.

The children had come in from a long walk, and were now waiting for tea, somewhat, it must be owned, fatigued and listless.

It was a true April day. Warm sunshine and high wind, with a blue sky, athwart which black and white clouds were merrily and swiftly chasing one another, while the drops of rain that fell as the showers passed away seemed turned to sparkling diamonds as the sunbeams again broke forth. This "phenomenon" was always hailed with expressions of wild delight by the two children, especially when there were no passers-by to engage their attention; for, if the truth be told, a poor woman paddling along in the wet, with drabbed petticoats and without an umbrella, or a "gent," armed cap-a-pie in oilskin, majestically wending his way beneath that useful but unpicturesque canopy, were sufficient to divert their thoughts from all the beauties of nature.

"Look," said Johnnie, as a tall pleasant-looking gentleman was seen approaching; "there's that nasty Dr. Loftus!"

"Why is he nasty?" asked Albinia.

"Oh, because he's 'set up' against papa."

"Who told you?"

"Mary Cook, and the knife-boy, and heaps. I wish he were hanged!"

"No, you don't, Johnnie; people don't deserve to be hanged for 'setting up,' as you call it, for doctors, but I *do* wish he was transported!"

"Let us write to the Queen," said Johnnie, "or the Grand Vizier,

or the Usher of the Black Rod" (whom he had once heard mentioned by his father, and had remembered ever since with mysterious interest), "and get him sent away, then papa can do as he likes."

"Hush!" said Albinia, "here he comes; now see how cross I'll look at him."

So said so done by the little Albinia. And Johnnie, not to be behind-hand, not only made the most terrific face, according to his ideas, that he could command, but endeavoured to heighten the effect by lolling out his tongue in a manner anything but elegant or aristocratic. Dr. Loftus was passing just at this moment, and seeing the little boy putting out his tongue as if for medical inspection, with a rather peculiar expression of countenance, was so tickled and amused at the sight, that though hurrying on to a very serious case, he could not help turning round, and laughing outright!

The children were quite disconcerted by this turn of affairs, and were silent for some minutes. At length Johnnie suddenly exclaimed—

"I know what we'll do."

"What?" said his sister.

"We'll cut him," said Johnnie, ferociously; "or I think I'll horse-whip him!"

"No, don't," said Albinia, "it's vulgar; let us send him to Coventry."

"What's that?" said Johnnie.

"Why, don't let us ever speak to him again; when he comes, don't let us say a word to him, not a word!"

"No, that I won't," said Johnnie; "not a word!"

So the fate of Dr. Loftus was decided! The children were then silent again for some time.

But now a vision passes before their eyes, which calls forth from Johnnie a rapturous exclamation, followed by a profound sigh, it would seem, of excitement, as he shouted out the emphatic words—

"THE MAN IN THE CART!"

Well, a man in a cart, passing along a road in the country, what then? Yet, what that man and his cart had been for some little time to Johnnie cannot be told in a moment. But I will first describe him. He was a rough, "good-looking" as some said, burly, big fellow, with a low square brow, a defiant eye, and a profusion of dark thick hair on his face. He wore a velveteen suit and a fur cap, and had altogether

the look and air of the conventional gold-digger, as represented by Mr. Punch in his Pocket-book pictures. He stood upright in his cart, driving a strong, rather handsome, young iron-grey horse, with showy harness. But the cart! Ah, that was a chef-d'œuvre of rustic taste and ingenuity! Less heavy than usual in form, it startled, or delighted, the eyes of all beholders by the astounding splendour of its gorgeous colouring. Its sides were of the most brilliant blue, "picked out" with canary, and topped with a scarlet edge. Of scarlet also, "picked out" with yellow, were its two large light wheels, while the shafts were painted in two lines or halves, to match the body and wheels. In spite, however, of all this magnificence, the man and his cart was to an ordinary spectator nothing more than a common good or ill-looking fellow, according to taste and feeling, in a queerly painted cart.

But to Johnnie! To tell what he was to Johnnie we must make a short excursion into the regions of "metaphysics;" those, therefore, who are afraid to venture had better skip the next few lines.

Thomas Carlyle, a great writer of our day, has said that "wonder is worship," and that it has much to do with what is called hero-worship there can be little doubt. Goethe, the great German, has also said that in this same "wonder" begin most of our earliest social affections.

By this use of the word wonder, these great writers evidently intended to be understood the emotion caused by those objects that unexpectedly strike and overawe the mind, arousing its inward yet vague perception of the grand, the mighty, the terrible, the beautiful, the harmonious, &c., even the supernatural; the consciousness, in short, of something beyond ourselves, and which has never before been embodied by the senses. Thus, as Goethe says, love, in the very young, begins in wonder. The beautiful and high-souled maiden seems to the eyes of the less refined youth but the realization of thoughts and yearnings after pure and lovely things that have long lain hidden in the secret chambers of his heart. In like manner, the youth of noble bearing, and manly and generous character, seems to the young maiden to embody all she has dimly pictured to herself of truth, courage, chivalry, and every great quality; and, almost unconsciously, the heart bows down before its hero god, in fact, its "idol," in spontaneous homage. Homage, loyal and true, though too often misdirected.

But all have their "illusions." Children ever have, at least many have, their "heroes," which also are always, however mysteriously, connected in their minds with something good, or strong, or wise, or successful (according as they have been taught), that they have learnt to emulate. And thus we return to little Johnnie.

Now Johnnie had heard of the Scandinavian god "Thor," and his mighty hammer (for he had elder brothers and sisters who "loved their books"), and of Jehu in the Bible, and Pharaoh and his chariot, and Jupiter causing the thunder by the wheels of his chariot rolling over the highway of heaven; then there were the ancient Roman conquerors, in their triumphant cars, and the old Britons, with Caractacus at their head. And all these dimly imagined objects, by which his young memory was peopled and crowded, exciting, as they did, a love, an admiration of "something" strong, noble, bold, and mighty in his little pondering heart, strange to say, seemed to him to find a sort of realization in the wonderful "man in the cart;" with whom therefore, or rather with whose appearance, were associated such ideas of power, majesty, daring, conquest, and dominion, as would have astonished a grave psychologist, no less than they would have done the "man in the cart" himself, could he have known what was passing in the dreamy heart of the child. Then, how Johnnie used to speculate on who the man was, where he went, what he did, and, above all, *how he felt* driving that big horse as he stood upright! In short, he had come to look on the "man in the cart," who went past the house twice or thrice a week, with an awe and secret yearning almost too great for expression. Indeed, whenever he ventured the least hint as to what was passing in his mind, he was met with such "chaff" from the boys, and such "snubbing" from the girls, that the secret was pretty nearly shut up in his own bosom.

But the "man in the cart," like many another vision, has passed by, and little Johnnie is looking up at the blue sky, as if there were nothing more on earth worthy of his attention!

But, now, Albinia is all eyes, as a really elegant dark blue equipage with rose-coloured lining and two beautiful dapple-grey horses comes in sight! There is something unmistakably aristocratic in the "turn-out," and it is no wonder that the little Albinia calls to her mother in a low voice to come to the window, which however Mrs. Darling does not do.

The sun was now brightly shining, and the afternoon had turned out balmy and beautiful. I suppose it was in consequence of this that the carriage stopped, as chance would have it, just in front of the Darlings' house, and a footman coming from behind proceeded to unfasten and open the carriage.

Then was revealed a vision of beauty and luxury that almost held breathless the little Albinia.

Seated in the carriage were two ladies, and a little girl about the age of Albinia; but oh! how lovely, how elegant they were! How beautifully their delicately tinted dresses contrasted with the rose-lining of the carriage! How happy and graceful they looked! And the little girl, with her two exquisite little pet dogs, looking right in at the window where the children were kneeling. And such dogs, too, with their "dear, sweet," impudent-looking little fluffy faces of soft light fawn colour! It was indeed a sight. The little girl was pale but pretty, with large dark eyes, and a gentle but, what Albinia did not see, a listless expression in her face.

"See, mother," whispered Albinia, for she had been too well taught to talk about people in a loud voice, "surely it must be the Earl of ——'s carriage, and that must be Lady Georgina! Oh, what a lovely dress, and what a beautiful carriage, and what dear little dogs!"

"Yes," replied her mother, looking from her seat by the table, "that is the Earl of ——'s carriage, and that must be Lady Georgina, with her aunt and governess." Just then the young Lady Georgina, happening to look that way, caught sight of the children at the window, and as the carriage, now open, passed along, gave them a sweet but languid smile and a friendly little nod.

Albinia was overcome; with what sensations it would not be easy to explain; but the only expression that gave vent to her feelings was the exclamation, uttered in a *too earnest* and plaintive, if not peevish, tone of voice, "*Oh! I wish I were Lady Georgina!*"

Here Johnnie broke in, most unexpectedly, with, "*I'd rather be 'the man in the cart!'*"

"Oh, mother!" said Albinia, contemptuously, "do you hear Johnnie? He says he'd rather be the man in the cart than Lady Georgina!"

"Never mind Johnnie now," said her mother, "but tell me, Albinia, why you wish you were Lady Georgina."

"Oh," said Albinia, with a little hesitation, "because she has so many nice things, such a beautiful carriage, such dresses, and such angelic dogs!"

"Angelic dogs, Albinia! you cannot think of what you are saying; but come now to tea, and when tea is over I have something to say to you both; to you, Albinia, about Lady Georgina, and to you, Johnnie, about the man in the cart; that is, your father shall tell you, for I hear him coming."

"Something about the man in the cart, mother?" said Johnnie, chuckling with delight; "how nice!"

"I don't know whether you will think it *so very nice* when you hear it, Johnnie."

"Oh," said Johnnie, with a determined air, "if it's not nice I won't believe it!"

"Spoken like a true partisan!" cried his father, who had just entered the room, having heard the last few sentences. "Never believe anything that does not suit your own views of the matter, and you may live to become editor of the 'Will-o'-the-Wisp' newspaper!" (This name is of course a myth, for obvious reasons.) "Ay! that's the stuff a bigot's made of."

"What's a bigot?" said Johnnie, stoutly.

"A bigot? Oh, a bigot is—what you must one day find out for yourself. In the meantime, we'll say it is a big O with a T to it; so let's have *our* tea, and then for the 'man in the cart.'"

So Johnnie, fidgeting with impatience, yet not quite *sy* in his mind, sat down to tea.

Albinia was altogether in low spirits. I fear she was thinking of everything that Lady Georgina had, or that she fancied Lady Georgina might have, and that she herself had not. A most unprofitable train of thought, if not worse than unprofitable.

When the meal was over, papa suddenly asked, "Johnnie, do you remember my being brought home with my forehead all black and my hair cut off, a few months ago, when you were all so frightened, and you ran to the surgery to get me a 'poor man's plaster,' and mamma scolded me for laughing at you?"

"Oh yes, papa," said Johnnie; "and you'd a black eye, just like Bill the butcher boy when he'd been fighting the old tinker, for ever so long after."

"Well, my boy, you don't know how I got that wound, so I'll tell you. I had been to see a poor woman whose husband beat and starved her, till she was at death's door, indeed she is dead now, so I

took the scamp to task, and threatened him with the treadmill or something worse, if he did not behave himself better. That same night I was attacked from behind as I was coming home by the very man, as I was sure at the time, but now *know for certain*, and was all but murdered by him. In fact I was a long time quite insensible, and, had it not been for my worthy and generous confrère and 'rival,' as folks call him, Dr. Loftus" (at the mention of this name Albinia coloured, and Johnnie opened his eyes in mute astonishment), "who found me, and took me to his own house, and paid me the most devoted attention, you would have been to-day without a father, Johnnie. Now who do you think the 'gentleman' was who handled me so uncivilly?"

Poor Johnnie! During this dreadful recital he had turned deadly pale, and seemed on the point of bursting into tears.

He could not doubt it—his demigod, his hero, his Thor, his Jupiter his Cæsar, his Caractacus, was a brutal scamp, who had starved his wife to death, and nearly murdered his dear papa. How bitter was the moment for him! How little did any one present, even his mother, guess the pain felt by that young heart, at this first spell broken, this first idol overthrown, on the very threshold of the temple of life. And the poor little fellow looked so absurdly woe-begone, as he gasped out in a lugubrious tone, "*Not the man in the cart, papa?*" that his father could hardly forbear a smile as he continued, "Yes, the very man in the cart! And, by-the-by, that very cart, in spite of its gorgeous hues, is not rightly his own, but one he cheated a poorer brother out of, and painted to look like a new one."

"Oh, father! how wicked!" said Johnnie, his good feeling getting the better of his romance.

Then his father, having finished his "iconoclastic" work, began to perceive how much the child had taken his fancy to heart, so he got up, and said, "Never mind, Johnnie; I'm just going to look in at old Alice White's. Will you come with me?"

"Oh please, papa," said Johnnie, eagerly, who always liked to go to old Alice's.

Old Alice was a curious, stiff, old-fashioned looking body, who used to sit in an old carved, high-backed chair, and wear black mittens. Then she knew the history, "from the earliest times," of everybody of note in the small town, and of all the "families" round, amongst whom

she had been at service in her youth. The Darlings' children were now and then allowed to "take tea" with her, when, O the ginger-bread, fine and clear as tarlatan muslin, the queen cakes, the "sally-luns," the "sudden deaths," that they were crammed with!

The consequences next day I will not hint at, but will only say that it was well for the children that they had a doctor so near at hand.

This "distraction" (as the French call a "diversion") had the desired effect, and Johnnie after his return from his visit to old Alice—which that afternoon was longer than usual—went to bed happy, with his head full of new objects of interest, to dream no more by day or by night of the "man in the cart."

Meanwhile, when they had left the room, "Albinia," said her mother kindly, but gravely, "I never thought my little girl envious or vain before to-day!"

"Oh, mother, what are you saying?" said Albinia; "I'm sure I'm not envious—and I know I'm not"—vain, she was going to say, but here a twinge of conscience made her hesitate, and her mother's smile upset her self-complacency.

"Not envious, and yet you wish you were Lady Georgina, because she has so many nice things, that you wish *you* had in her place, dogs, fine dresses, and a carriage lined with rose-colour! Oh, Albinia! if this is not envy it is something very like it."

"Indeed, mother," said Albinia, now almost sobbing, "it *was* envy, I know, and a wicked feeling—I am so sorry!—but I did not really mean it—that is, I *did* wish for the things at the time, but I know it was very wrong, and I don't wish for them now."

"Well, I hope not. My dear child, you think it a fine thing to have a carriage to go about in, and servants to wait on you, but would you change places with Lady Georgina if you knew that the greatest part of her life is spent in suffering—that she has a spine complaint which debars her the free use of her limbs, and that she has no mother to nurse her, nor any sisters or brothers to play with? Yet such is the case; while you are strong and well, and can run about and gather violets and cowslips in the hedges and meadows, and can play at merry games indoors with your brothers and sisters. Surely that is better than smart dresses or more money?"

"Oh, yes, mother," said Albinia; "but it must be nice to have plenty of money, too, to do as one likes with. *Everybody wishes for plenty of money!*"

"And has my little Albinia already learnt that lesson of the world? Yes, it is indeed a too common wish, and too often expressed; but those who feel and talk in that manner seem to forget that riches, unless honestly acquired, and *made very good* use of, are generally a hindrance rather than a help to their becoming what they and all of us ought to be, true servants to our Master in heaven, who while on earth chose poverty and contempt for His portion. Most true it is that those to whom God has given largely of the "good things" of this world are not the most likely to inherit the "good things" of the next. You remember what the gospel says about the 'rich man entering the kingdom of heaven?'"

"Oh, yes, mother, I do, very well! and I don't want to be rich, you know, like the 'rich man' in the gospel, but only to have a little more money, you know, to buy picture-books, and queen cakes, and a new hat, more in the fashion, and a silver thimble."

"I see what you mean, my poor child! You *only* wish for money to procure the 'good things of the world,' as *you understand them just now*. But look there—do you see that little girl?"

"That little beggar girl at the gate?" replied Albinia.

"That little girl. She looks to me as if she were thinking how 'nice' it must be to live in such a house as this, with such a sunny garden full of flowers to sit in, and to have good food and clothes, and a warm fire in winter. She looks very sickly and wretched, and yet, for all we know, that little beggar-girl *may have* something about her, given her by Almighty God, more precious and more worthy of envy than anything belonging to Lady Georgina."

"Oh, mother!" said Albinia, with a sigh of incredulity.

"Poor child! She is looking very hard this way—go and see what she wants."

The "little girl at the gate," about two years older than Albinia, was indeed a poor tramp-child, miserably clad, and with a pinched, starved look. When she saw Albinia coming, she curtsied prettily, which showed she had learnt manners, and said, "Please, miss, is this a doctor's?"

"Yes," replied Albinia, "my papa is a doctor. Did you want one?"

"Oh, miss," said the little girl, eagerly, "if your papa's a doctor, pray send him to mother, she's bad—very bad—and the baby's dead; and we're all tramping to father's home, and father's bad with the ague, and can't work; and, oh, miss! if you could spare a crust of bread for me and Winny?"

"A crust of bread!" thought Albinia, "and I have been thinking of all the tarts and 'sudden deaths,' and nice things I would have, if I had more money." "Oh, yes," she said to the little girl, "come with me, little girl, and I'll take you to my mother, and she'll see about everything."

So Albinia brought the little girl in to her mother, who listened very attentively to her pitiful tale, and asked her many questions. She then, as Dr. Darling was out, took her into the surgery to her brother, Dr. Darling's assistant, who having made up some medicine, whilst Mrs. Darling was preparing a jug of gruel, set off immediately, together with Albinia (who had begged to be allowed to go) and the little girl, to the place where the tramps were staying.

There, in a small, close, and crowded room, they found the father of the family, a miserable object, shivering with ague, and the poor mother, just confined, and unable to stir a finger, and with a dead baby lying at her side, whom, but for this timely succour, she must soon have followed to another world. There was also another little girl crying in a corner. What more they saw of dirt, disease, and wretchedness, has been so often described, that I will enter into no further details, but will briefly say that the family was a really industrious and respectable one, which had fallen into one misfortune after another by no fault of their own, till by sickness and depression in their trade, and a false "friend," they had been reduced to the very verge of beggary.

Such incidents and such scenes have been often depicted, but what has seldom been described, and what made the story so powerful in its teaching, was the brave yet humble feeling of resignation to the will of God, and pious contentment under the most painful trials, that seemed to be the very guiding spirit of this good family.

They were all indeed of that faith which teaches that trials and afflictions, endured with patience and cheerfulness, for the love of Christ, are often the best and most direct means of bringing the proud heart of man into closer union with his Divine Redeemer, and thus rendering it more worthy of the graces and favours of Heaven.

Moreover, their gratitude was so evidently genuine, that it often (for she paid them many a visit) made Albinia sincerely ashamed to think how much value they set upon things that she had so long received and enjoyed without a notion of thankfulness, or perhaps even despised.

And here I must not in justice omit to relate an anecdote to show that this "lesson of life" had not been taught in vain.

"Mother," said Albinia, one day, about a fortnight after the last conversation, "I think I have been too fond of money, and of nice things, and it is very mean of me! What can I do to cure myself of such a shocking habit? I have saved up my pocket-money for a long time, but I think I will not keep it any longer. *I hate it now!* What shall I do?"

"My dear child," replied her mother, drawing her close to her, "the best way to cure ourselves of the vices of avarice and self-indulgence, which strengthen as we grow old, is to *deny ourselves what we most wish for, in order to give to those who are really in need.* For, if we know how to give out of our 'necessities' (as we often call our most superfluous fancies), we shall find it easy and pleasant to give out of our 'abundance.'"

The advice was not lost on Albinia, who, as if in a rage with her own former selfishness, literally emptied her savings-box of every farthing it contained, to purchase a good and handsome dress for the little "beggar-girl at the gate," to the inexpressible relief of her own mind, and the joy of her mother.

But to return to the poor family of which we were speaking. It is sufficient to say that the father, after some weeks' time, was cured of his cruel malady by the kind and skilful treatment of our friend the doctor, as the poor woman was by the good kitchen-physic of his sensible wife. And thus with light and grateful hearts they continued their journey, taking with them their youngest child, and when once in their native air, and amongst the friends of their better days, they soon regained their health and position.

But the eldest child, Susan,—the "little girl at the gate,"—remained with Mrs. Darling as under-nurse, having turned out—under the influence of good food, and generally improved circumstances—a most useful, active, and cheerful little body. She was a strange child, too, was that Susan, and had a quaint, strong character of her own.

She loved to sit under a spreading pink hawthorn that grew in the corner of the front garden, with the baby on her knee, while Albinia and Johnnie sat by her side listening to the wonderful tales of *real life*, and its struggles and its trials, that she used to tell them in her simple, earnest way. Then she had little songs and hymns, and mottoes, and said such dry, wise things, that she got to be looked upon by the younger members of the family as a sort of domestic oracle, next to infallible. She was, besides, a really pious and thoughtful girl, though for fun, when she chose to be funny, she had not her equal, in spite of her prim face and air.

"Eh! Master Johnnie!" she was one day overheard to remark, "*appearances are deceitful!*" as the copy-book says."

"Ay," said the doctor, who was passing by at the time, "our copy-books sometimes give us the best advice we ever get. *Yet it often needs the experience of a life, before we realize, as men, the truth of the 'truism' set us as a copy in our boyhood.*"

One anecdote more, and this history closes.

It was a fine day in spring, about a year after the event above recorded. Albinia, Johnnie, Susan, and "baby-Bo," as he called himself, were all sitting together under the pink hawthorn, now out in full flower, when, looking up, they perceived the carriage they so well remembered bowling along. It was open this time. Lady Georgina was in it, looking paler and more fragile than before, but if anything, still more elegantly and expensively dressed. The carriage was the same, but was now lined with rich amber. The two little dogs were no longer there, but in their place was a tall white greyhound of singular beauty. Lady Georgina, as she perceived the children in the garden, smiled her old, sweet, wan smile, and passed on. What impish spirit was it that put it into Albinia's head (perhaps to hear what the oracle had to say) to ask Susan—

"Susan, wouldn't you like to be Lady Georgina?"

"Me, miss?" said Susan; "oh, law! no. I wouldn't be Lady Georgina for the world!"

"Why not?" said Albinia, surprised.

"Oh, don't you know, miss, that she can't move anywhere without somebody to help her, let alone helping other people! And they say that nothing pleases her longer than a day. Besides, miss, I'm very

happy here, and it would be like flying in the face of Providence to wish myself anybody else."

"But," said Albinia, "Lady Georgina *has so many nice things*. Did you see that lovely white greyhound?"

"Nice things! Eh? miss, and hav'n't *we* plenty of nice things? better things than white dogs, and slate-coloured horses, and fine dresses! It's not '*them*' things, miss (Susan's grammar, though rapidly improving, was not always correct), that gives happiness! I'm sure, miss, we have every thing *we ought* (with strong emphasis) to wish for here, and good friends—God be thanked!—and (looking up—I'm not sure there was not a tear of grateful affection in her eye) the 'beautifullest' tree I ever see in my life, with its bonnie pink blossoms, and its sweet scent! No, miss, it wouldn't be in natur' for me to wish to be anybody but who I am."

That same evening Albinia's mother, who had seen the carriage from the window, said to her with her kind smile:

"Well, Albinia, I don't think you wish you were Lady Georgina now—do you?"

"Oh, no, indeed, dear mother! I would much rather be Susan."

"What, the little beggar-girl at the gate? Do you remember what I then told you? But *why* did you say Susan?"

"Because she's so good and true, and thinks about God and heaven in all she does, and always does right. Is that envy, mother?"

"No; not if you respect her, and try to imitate her good qualities. And you, Johnnie, I suppose you wouldn't care to be 'the man in the cart' now, would you?"

"Rather think not," said Johnnie, laughing; "the wicked fellow!"

"Is there anybody, now, that you would wish to be like?"

"Yes, mother," said Johnnie, courageously; "Dr. Loftus."

"And *why* Dr. Loftus, after having wished him hanged?" slyly observed his mother.

"Oh, because when he was father's rival, he took care of him, and saved his life."

"Well said, Johnnie!"

Reader, good-bye for the present.

HISTORIAN OF THE "DISCONTENTED DONKEY."

A FLAT IRON FOR A FARTHING;
OR, SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN ONLY SON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ASTHMATIC OLD GENTLEMAN AND HIS RIDDLES. I PLAY TRUANT
AGAIN. IN THE BIG GARDEN.

IT was perhaps partly because, like most only children, I was accustomed to be with grown-up people, that I liked the way in which Mr. Andrewes treated me, and resented the very different style of another friend of my father, who always bantered me in a playful, nonsensical fashion, which he deemed suitable to my years.

The friend in question was an old gentleman, and a very benevolent one. I think he was fond of children, and I am sure he was kind.

He never came without giving me half a guinea before he left, generally slipping it down the back of my neck, or hiding it under my plate at dinner, or burying it in an orange. He had a whole store of funny tricks, which would have amused and pleased me if I might have enjoyed them in peace. But he never ceased teasing me, and playing practical jokes on me. And the worst of it was, he teased Rubens also.

Mr. Andrewes often afterwards told of the day when I walked into the Rectory—my indignant air, he vowed, faithfully copied by the dog at my heels—and without preface began:

“I know I ought to forgive them that trespass against us, but I can’t. He put cayenne pepper on to Rubens’s nose.”

In justice to ourselves, I must say that neither Rubens nor I bore malice on this point, but it added to the anxiety which I always felt to get out of the old gentleman’s way.

By him I was put through those riddles which puzzle all childish brains in turn: “If a herring and a half cost threehalfpence, &c.” And if I successfully accomplished this calculation, I was tripped up by the unfair problem, “If your grate is of such and such dimensions, what will the coals come to?” I can hear his voice now (hoarse from

a combination of asthma and snuff-taking) as he poked me jocosely but unmercifully "under the fifth rib," as he called it, crying—

"*Ashes*, my little man. D'ye see? *Ashes! Ashes!*"

After which he took more snuff, and nearly choked himself with laughing at my chagrin.

Greatly was Nurse Bundle puzzled that night, when I stood, ready for bed, fumbling with both hands under my night-shirt, and an expression of face becoming a surgeon conducting a capital operation.

"Bless the dear boy!" she cried. "What are you doing to yourself, my dear?"

"How does he *know* which is the fifth rib?" I almost howled in my vexation. "I don't believe it *was* the fifth rib! I wish I *hadn't* a fifth rib! I wish I might hurt *his* fifth rib!"

I think the old gentleman would have choked with laughter if he could have seen and heard me.

One day, to my father's horror, I candidly remarked,

"It always makes me think of the first of April, sir, when you're here."

I did not mean to be rude. It was simply true that the succession of "sells" and practical jokes of which Rubens and I were the victims during his visits did recall the tricks supposed to be sacred to the Festival of All Fools.

To do the old gentleman justice, he heartily enjoyed the joke at his own expense; laughed and took snuff in extra proportions, and gave me a whole guinea instead of half a one, saying that I should go to live with him in Fools' Paradise, where little pigs ran about ready roasted with knives and forks in their backs; adding more banter and nonsense of the same kind, to the utter bewilderment of my brain.

He was the occasion of my playing truant to the Rectory a second time. Once, when he was expected, I took my night-shirt from my pillow, and, followed by Rubens, presented myself before the Rector as he sat at breakfast, saying, "Mr. Carpenter is coming, and we can't endure it. We really can't endure it. And please, sir, can you give us a bed for the night? And I'm very sorry it isn't a clean one, but Nurse keeps the nightgowns on the top shelf, and I didn't want her to know we were coming."

Mr. Andrewes kept me with him for some hours, but he persuaded

me to return and meet the old gentleman, saying that it was only due to his real kindness to bear with his little jokes; and that I ought to try and learn to make allowances, and "put up with" things that were not quite to my mind. So I went back, and partly because of my efforts to be less easily annoyed, and partly because I was older than at his latest visit, and knew all the riddles, and could see through his jokes more quickly, I got on very well with him.

Very glad I was afterwards that I had gone back, and spent a friendly evening with the kind old man; for the following spring his asthma became worse and worse, and he died. That visit was his last to us. He teased me and Rubens no more. But when I heard of his death, I felt what I said, that I was very sorry. He had been very kind, and his pokes and jokes were trifles to look back upon.

Mr. Andrewes kept up his interest in my garden. Indeed, I soon got beyond the childish way of gardening; I ceased to use my watering pot recklessly, and to take up my plants to see how they were getting on. I was promoted from my little beds to some share in the large flower-garden. My father was very fond of his flowers, and greatly pleased to find me useful. Some of the happiest hours I ever spent were those in which I worked with him in "the big garden;" Rubens lying in the sun, keeping imaginary guard over my father's coat. We had a friendly rivalry with the Rectory, in which I felt the highest interest. Sometimes, however, I helped Mr. Andrewes himself, when he rewarded me with plants and good advice. The latter often in quaint rhymes, such as

"This rule in gardening never forget,
To sow dry, and to set wet."

But after a time, and to my deep regret, Mr. Andrewes gave up the care of my education. He said his duties in the parish did not allow of his giving much time to me; and though my father had no special wish to press my studies, and was more anxious for the benefits of the Rector's influence, Mr. Andrewes at last persuaded him that he ought to get a resident tutor and prepare me for a public school.

By this time I had almost forgotten my foolish prejudice against the imaginary Mr. Gray, and was only sorry that I could no longer do lessons with the Rector.

I suppose it was in answer to some inquiries that he had made that

my father heard of a gentleman who wanted such a situation as ours. He heard of him from Leo Damer's guardian, and the gentleman proved to be the very tutor whom I had seen from the nursery windows



of Aunt Maria's house. He had remained with Leo ever since, but as Leo's guardian had now sent him to school, the tutor was at liberty.

In these circumstances, I felt that he was not quite a stranger, and was prepared to receive him favourably.

Indeed, when his arrival was close at hand, Nurse Bundle and I took a hospitable pleasure in looking over the arrangements of his room, and planning little details for his comfort.

He came at last, and my father was able to announce to Aunt Maria (who had never approved of what she called "Mr. Andrewes' desultory style of teaching") that my education was now placed in the hands of a resident tutor.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TUTOR. THE PARISH. A NEW CONTRIBUTOR TO THE ALMS-BOX.

MR. CLERKE was a small, slight, fair man. He was short-sighted, which caused him to carry a round piece of glass about the size of a penny in his waistcoat pocket, and from time to time to stick this into his eye, where he held it in a very ingenious, but, as it seemed to me, dangerous fashion.

It took me quite a fortnight to get used to that eye-glass. It was like a policeman's bull's-eye lantern. I never knew when it might be turned on me. Then the glass had no rim, the edges looked quite sharp, and the reckless way in which the tutor held it squeezed between his cheek and eyebrow was a thing to be at once feared and admired.

I was sitting over my *Delectus* one morning, unwillingly working at a page which had been set as a punishment for some offence, with my hands buried in my pockets, fumbling with halfpence and other treasures there concealed, when seeing my tutor stick his glass into his eye as he went to the bookcase, I pulled out a halfpenny to try if I could hold it between cheek and brow, as he held his glass. After many failures, I had just triumphantly succeeded when he caught sight of my reflection in a mirror, and seeing the halfpenny in my eye, my chin in air, and my face puckered up with what must have been a comical travesty of his own appearance, he concluded that I was mimicking him, and defying his authority, and coming quickly up to me he gave me a sharp box on the ear.

In the explanation which followed, he was candid enough to apologize handsomely for having "lost his temper," as he said; and having remitted my task as an atonement, took me out fishing with him.

We got on very well together. At first I think my old-fashioned

ways puzzled him, and he was also put out by the questions which I asked when we were out together. Perhaps he understood me better when he came to know Mr. Andrewes, and learned how much I had been with him.

He had a very high respect for the Rector. The first walk we took together was to call at the Rectory. We stayed luncheon, and Mr. Andrewes had some conversation with the tutor which I did not hear. As we came home, I was anxious to learn if Mr. Clerke did not think my dear friend "very nice."

"Mr. Andrewes is a very remarkable man," said the tutor. And he constantly repeated this. "He is a very remarkable man."

After a while Mr. Clerke ceased to be put out by my asking strange unchildish questions, which he was not always able to answer. He often said, "We will ask Mr. Andrewes what he thinks;" and, for my own part, I respected him none the less that he often honestly confessed that he could not, off-hand, solve all the problems that exercised my brain. He was not a good general naturalist, but he was fond of geology, and was kind enough to take me out with him on "chipping" expeditions, and to start me with a "collection" of fossils. I had already a collection of flowers, a collection of shells, a collection of wafers, and a collection of seals. (People did not collect monograms and old stamps in my young days.) These collections were a sore vexation to Nurse Bundle.

"Whatever a gentleman like the Rector is thinking of, for to encourage you in such rubbish, my dear," said she, "it passes me! It's vexing enough to see dirt and bits about that shouldn't be, when you can take the dust-pan and clear it away. But to have dead leaves, and weeds, and stones off the road brought in day after day, and not be allowed so much as to touch them, and a young gentleman that has things worth golden guineas to play with, storing up a lot of stuff you could pick off any rubbish heap in a field before it's burned, —if it was anybody but you, my dear, I couldn't abear it. And what's a tutor for, I should like to know?"

(Mrs. Bundle, who at no time liked blaming her darling, had now acquired a habit of laying the blame of any misdoings of mine on the tutor, on the ground that he "ought to have seen to" my acting differently.)

If Mr. Clerke discovered that he could confess to being puzzled by

some of my questions, without losing ground in his pupil's respect, I soon found out that my grown-up tutor had not altogether outlived boyish feelings. It dimly dawned on me that he liked a holiday quite as well, if not better, than myself; and as we grew more intimate we had many a race and scramble and game together, when bookwork was over for the day. He rode badly, but with courage, and the mishaps he managed to suffer when riding the quietest and oldest of my father's horses were food for fun with him as well as me.

He told me that he was going to be a clergyman, and on Sunday afternoons we commonly engaged in strong religious discussions. During the fruit season it was also our custom on that day to visit the kitchen garden after luncheon, where we ate gooseberries, and settled our theological differences. There is a little low, hot stone seat by one of the cucumber frames on which I never can seat myself now without recollections of the flavour of the little round, hairy, red gooseberries, and of a lengthy dispute with Mr. Clerke, which began with my saying that I looked forward to meeting Rubens "in a better world." I distinctly remember that I could bring forward so little authority for my belief, and the tutor so little against it, that we adjourned by common consent to the Rectory to take Mr. Andrewes' opinion, and taste his strawberries.

I feel quite sure that Mr. Clerke, as well as myself, strongly felt the Rector's influence. He often said in after years how much he owed to him for raising his aims and views about the sacred office which he purposed to fill. He had looked forward to being a clergyman as to a profession towards which his education and college career had tended, and which, he hoped, would at last secure him a comfortable livelihood through the interest of some of his patrons. But intercourse with the Rector gave a higher tone to his ideas. He would have been a clergyman of high character otherwise, but now he aimed at holiness; he would never have been an idle one, but now his wish was to learn how much he could do, and how well he could do that much for the people who should be committed to his charge. He was by no means a reticent man, he liked sympathy, and soon got into the habit of confiding in me for want of a better friend. Thus as he began to take a most earnest interest in parish work, and in schemes for the benefit of the people, our Sunday conversations became less controversial, and we gossiped about schools and school-

treats, cricket clubs, drunken fathers, slattern mothers, and spoiled children, and how the evening hymn "went" after the sermon on Sunday, like district visitors at a parish tea-party. What visions of improvement amongst our fellow-creatures we saw as we wandered about amongst the gooseberry-bushes, Rubens following at my heels, and eating a double share from the lower branches, since his mouth had not to be emptied for conversation! We often got parted when either of us wandered off towards special and favourite bushes. Those bearing long, smooth, green gooseberries like grapes, or the highly-ripened yellows, or the hairy little reds. Then we shouted bits of gossip, or happy ideas that struck us, to each other across the garden. And full of youth and hopefulness, in the sunshine of these summer Sundays, we gave ourselves credit for clear-sightedness in all our opinions, and promised ourselves success for every plan, and gratitude from all our protégés.

Mr. Andrewes had started a Sunday School with great success (Sunday Schools were novelties then), and Mr. Clerke was a teacher. At last, to my great delight, I was allowed to take the youngest class, and to teach them their letters and some of the Catechism.

About this time I firmly resolved to be a parson when I grew up. My great practical difficulty on this head was that I must, of course, live at Dacrefield, and yet I could not be the Rector. My final decision I announced to Mr. Andrewes.

"Mr. Clerke and I will always be curates, and work under you."

On which the tutor would sigh, and say, "I wish it could be so, Regie, for I do not think I shall ever like any other place, or church, or people so well again."

At this time my alms-box was well filled, thanks to the liberality of Mr. Clerke. He now taxed his small income as I taxed my pocket-money (a very different matter!), and, though I am sure he must sometimes have been inconveniently poor, he never failed to put by his share of our charitable store. At first he always kept back a certain sum, which he as regularly sent away, to whom I never knew. He briefly explained, "It is for a good object." But at last a day came when he announced, "I no longer have that call upon me." And as at the same time he put on a black tie, and looked grave for several days, I judged that some poor relation, that was now dead, had been the object of his kindness. He spoke once more on the subject,

when he thanked me for having led him to put by a fixed sum for such purposes, and added, "The person to whom I have been accustomed to send that share of the money said that it was worth double to have it regularly."

CHAPTER XX.

THE TUTOR'S PROPOSAL. A TEACHER'S MEETING.

I THINK it was Mr. Clerke who first suggested the idea that we should take the Sunday scholars and teachers for a holiday trip. Such things are matters of course now in every parish, but in my childhood it was considered a most marvellous idea by our rustic population. The tutor had heard of some extraordinarily active parson who had done the like by his schools, and partly from real kindness, and partly in that spirit of emulation which intrudes even upon schemes of benevolence, he was most anxious that we at Dacrefield should not "be behindhand" in good works. Competition is a feeling with which children have great sympathy, and I warmly echoed Mr. Clerke's resolve that we would not "be behindhand."

"Let us go to the Rectory at once," said I; "Mr. Andrewes said we might have some of those big yellow raspberries, and we must ask him about it. It's a splendid idea. But where shall we go?"

The matter resolved itself into this question. The Rector was quite willing for the treat. My father gave us a handsome subscription; the farmers followed the Squire's lead. Mr. Andrewes was not behindhand. The tutor and I considered the object a suitable one for aid from our alms-box. There was no difficulty whatever. Only—where were we to go?

Finally, we all decided that we would go to Oakford.

It was not because Oakford had been the end of our consultation long ago, after my illness; nor because Nurse Bundle had any voice in the matter. It was a certain bullet-headed, slow-tongued old farmer, one of our teachers, who voted for our going to Oakford; and more by persistently repeating his advice, than by any very strong reasons there seemed to be for our following it, he carried the day.

"I've know'd Oakford, man and boy, for twenty year," he repeated, at intervals of three minutes or so, during what would now be called a "teachers' meeting" in the schoolroom. In fact, Oakford was his native place, though he was passing his old age in Dacrefield, and he

had a natural desire to see it again, and a natural belief that the spot where he had been young and strong, and lighthearted, had especial merits of its own.

Even though we had nothing better to propose, old Giles' love for home would hardly have decided us, but he had something more to add. There was a "gentleman's place" on the outskirts of Oakford, which sometimes, in the absence of the family, was "shown" to the public: old Giles had seen it as a boy, and the picture he drew of its glories fairly carried us away, the Rector and tutor excepted. They shrugged their shoulders with faces of comical despair as the old man, having fairly taken the lead, babbled on about the "picters," the "stattys," and the "yaller satin cheers" in the grand drawing-room; whilst the other teachers listened with open mouths, and an evident and growing desire to see Oakford Grange. I did not half believe in old Giles' wonders, and yet I wished to see the place myself, if only to learn how much of all he described to us was true. I supposed that "the family" must have been at home when I was at Oakford, or Mr. and Mrs. Buckle would surely have taken me to see the Grange.

The Rector suggested that the family might be at home now, and we might have our expedition for nothing; but it appeared that Old Giles' sister's grandson had been over to see his great-uncle only a fortnight ago, "come Tuesday," and had distinctly stated that the family "was in furrin' parts," and would be so for months to come. Moreover, he had said that there was a rumour that the place was to be sold, and nobody knew if the next owner would allow it be "shown," even in his absence. Thus it was evident that if we wanted to see the Grange, it might be "now or never."

On hearing this, our fattest and richest farmer (he took an upper class in school more in deference to his position than to the rather scanty education which accompanied it) rose and addressed the Rector as follows:—

"Reverend sir. I takes the liberty of rising and addressin' of you, with my respec to yourself and Mr. Clerke, and the young gentleman as represents the Squire I've been tenant to, man and boy, this thirty year, and am proud to name it." (Murmurs of applause from one or two other farmers present, my father being very popular.)

"Reverend sir. I began with birdscaring, and not a penny in my pocket, that wouldn't have held coppers for holes, if I had, and clothes

that would have scared of themselves, letting alone clappers. The Squire knows how much of his land I have under my hand now, and your reverence is acquainted with the years I've been churchwarden.

"Reverend sir. I am proud to have rose by my own exertions. I never iggerantly set *myself* against improvements and oportoonities." (Gloom upon the face of the teacher of the fourth class, who objected to machinery, and disbelieved in artificial manures.) "*My* mottor 'as allus been, 'Never lose a chance;' and that's what I ses on this occasion: 'Never lose a chance.'"

As our churchwarden backed his advice by offering to lend waggons and horses to take us to Oakford, if the other farmers would do the same, his speech decided the matter. We all wanted to go to Oakford, and to Oakford it was decided that we should go.

(To be continued.)

OUR SONS.



WE had once four little boys,
Who used to play with books and toys,
And fill the house with fun and noise.

Besides these four, two others came,
Just lived, received a Christian name,
And vanished like a blown-out flame.

The other four, too, ceased to be
The children that they were, and we
Our little boys no longer see;

But in their place four youths so tall
And strong, we can no more recall
The noisy boys that were so small.

And having learned what time can do
On four, I wonder how the two
Have fared and changed whom God withdrew.


Oh, in their everlasting state
There must be powers which operate,
Transforming small things into great;

And they must have increased and grown,
Though how is not at present known,
But will at last be fully shown.

A. G.

LEAVES FROM A DIARY "UNDER THE RED CROSS."

AFTER THE SIEGE.

 HE early morning train from Saarbrück was moving out of the station when I hurried in, carpet-bag in hand. I was just in time to jump into the luggage van and take a seat on a pile of boxes and portmanteaus, rather out of breath after my run from the hotel. The ordinary route to Strasburg was closed. That impregnable little fortress, Bitsche, still held out. My way I found out was to go up to Neunkirchen, and there change for Neustadt. I had hoped to make this journey in company with Captain MacLaine and Mr. Hart, but found myself disappointed. On emerging from the luggage van at Neunkirchen not one or other could be seen. Again, however, fortune befriended me. Just when endeavouring to get some information relative to the irregular starting of the trains, I fell in with a young Scotchman whom I found to be travelling the same way as myself. This was a great comfort, for, independent as I liked to think myself, I was now breaking new ground, and visiting places the condition of which it was impossible to ascertain beforehand. How would Strasburg be the day but one after its capitulation? We were soon to learn.

The train bore us slowly (and it could hardly go too slow) through Kaiserslautern, Neustadt, Landau; a journey perhaps as beautiful in respect of scenery as is anywhere to be found. One moment we passed through dark pine woods which seemed to grow darker as we looked into their depths. Then we traversed the foot of some mountain range, with vineyards and quaint villages nestling on its slopes. Presently we entered a long tunnel that on its other side revealed more scenes of similar beauty and grandeur. At Neustadt we fortunately got something to eat, as I had again to experience the mistake of not taking provisions with me. It was about 5 P.M. when we entered Weissenburg, where, for the first time since leaving Saarbrück, I saw the familiar signs of war. The railway station was battered by shot and shell, and the adjacent country was trampled and torn in a similar way to that about Metz. Bavarian troops, in their queer Minerva-

looking helmets, were lounging about the station; and men in blouses were mending rails and shunting waggons, on which were placed heavy guns, destined for the batteries before Paris. I remember feeling tired and sleepy, and sitting down under an acacia-tree that had a seat round it, and going off into a sound doze. When I awoke the other part of the seat was occupied by the Bavarian soldiers, who were apparently amused at my selection of a bed, and welcomed my arrival to consciousness by presenting me with a large glass of wine from a bottle they had with them. While so drinking, my friend found me, and informed me our train was starting, and that he had got an ambulance carriage that was lashed on a waggon for us to travel in. The character of the train was rather novel. It consisted entirely of heavy guns, ambulance carriages, and vans, and, perched on the box of one of these carriages, I could take in a view of the whole train.

It was a lovely evening, and the sun was setting behind three poplar-trees that grow on the summit of the hill, and make a prominent feature of the surrounding battlefield. Just above these trees I could see a large hawk quivering its wings, preparatory to its downward swoop. What was it that it saw beneath?

The night closed in, and we continued slowly moving onwards. It was dark now, and I could hardly distinguish the country through which we passed. There had been some slight argument with a horrid-looking individual, the driver of this ambulance carriage, about our right of travelling in it. After a little talk, however, with my Scotch friend, who understood German, he had betaken himself to sleep in the straw at the bottom of the carriage. I was by no means pleased to see him wake up and take a seat beside me on the box, and commence a very angry-sounding conversation, which apparently was addressed at me. Of course I could understand nothing, and this fact seemed to make him more angry. He drew up closer, and I began to calculate the chance of a scuffle on the rickety top of the carriage, which already oscillated enough with the movement of the train. The Scotchman was soundly sleeping under the wheels, in some straw that lay in the waggon below. After considerable difficulty, and at a critical moment, I managed to make him hear, and he came to the rescue. The driver, as I suspected, was threatening to throw me out on to the rails, because, as he declared, I had grievously insulted him, the insult being that I had refused to answer him in German. It was

in vain the Scotchman told him I was an Englishman, nothing could persuade him that it was so; and we sat the remainder of the night, he and I, side by side, on the box of the carriage, both smoking, and he muttering curses in my ear between the whiffs of his pipe. I was not sorry when the train pulled up on the line, and we were told we were half a mile from Vendenheim, a village about eight miles from Strasburg. We could see fires of bivouacs in the fields by the railway, and the figures of sentries as they passed the blaze in their tramp to and fro. Shouldering our bags, we made off down the line in search of the village, in which, if possible, to get a bed. There was no possibility of going on by rail to Strasburg, as, at this point, the lines were torn up.

It was now midnight, and we were walking up and down the small village street, searching vainly and knocking vainly at the doors we passed. At last, at the far end of the street, we came upon a *gasthaus*, from which proceeded very evident sounds of a scrimmage going on inside. We could hear angry voices and blows, then suddenly the lamp went out. To what length these disorders would have gone I cannot say. I only know that just as I was trying to push in at the door the German patrol came up, and I found myself in their hands. My Scotch friend explained the position of things to them, and with a very curious result: every person in the inn parlour was ejected into the street, and we alone admitted. I shall never forget the sight of the French host, in his drawers and tasselled nightcap, standing, trembling with cold and fright, on the stone floor of the passage. No sooner were we safely inside than the host began to bar and close up everything; then setting a candle on one of the tables he shaded it so that its rays could not penetrate the chinks in the shutters. After this proceeding he opened a door that looked as if it led into the cellars, and there came out some thirty persons—men, and a few women with them—who ranged themselves on the wooden benches round the room without one word being uttered. I must own this performance astonished us not a little. Who were these people? I could only surmise, French folk belonging to Strasburg, and bound thither like ourselves after its capitulation. Not wishing to sleep on the hard benches, we got the host to show us the way to the hayloft over the stable; and there we soon made ourselves comfortable nests to rest in. Before sleeping, I implored to have some food given me.

I had eaten nothing for twelve hours. The host led me back to the house, and, after much difficulty, I managed to get a small crust and a drink of water; and with this I had to be content.

Daylight was streaming through the open windows of the hayloft when I awoke, and it fell upon a strange scene within. Beside the Scotchman and myself, there were some eight or ten persons lying around us in the hay, with their heads resting on their little bags or valises. Some were elderly, some young; all more or less dirty with dust and other signs of hard travelling. Most of us met at the pump in the yard below, and took our turn at a wash.

By five o'clock we were tramping on the road to Strasburg. The morning mist was hanging thick and heavy as we approached the outskirts of the old historic town. Towering above the mist, and pointing to the blue sky overhead, I could see the spire of the cathedral. No other signs of buildings were visible. We passed a bivouac of prisoners by the roadside, guarded by Prussian sentries in their thick overcoats; and I thought the Zouaves and Turcos looked cold and pinched after their night's lodging in the open air, with their thin fantastic uniforms. A few carts passed us, bearing provisions to the town. Some burnt and gutted houses marked the first entrance upon the suburbs. I saw trenches and earthworks, with guns yet in position. Further on a cemetery, literally one vast wreck of tombstones. The fighting had been severe at this point evidently. *Immortelles* still clung to some of the shattered railings, and flowers were growing untouched and untrampled round a few graves. There were Prussian soldiers in the trenches, through which we had to pass before we could get to the drawbridge before the city gate. I had never seen trenches, and was much interested in their construction. Fragments of shell, and débris of all kinds lay littered around, but the dead had been carried away. It was with something like awe I crossed the drawbridge and entered the town. A burnt-out row of houses presented themselves to my view. In a downstairs room of one of these, seated on a tub before the remains of a broken mirror that still hung on the wall, was a man being shaved; I suppose it had been a barber's shop once, and this was the barber returned, and his first customer. The house was gutted from roof to basement. The streets began to look better as we proceeded on our way. Every now and then we came upon the gaunt walls of a church or public building,

now nothing more than a charred ruin. We passed the library, which was in this condition. And yet, amid such a scene, came the sounds of bands playing lively tunes. A Prussian regiment was marching past. They formed in a big square, and an officer on horseback addressed them. I heard more than one muttered curse come from the lips of the passers by, and there was a horrid expression on some of their faces. Was it to be wondered at?

We found a café, and into it we went for breakfast. It produced a roar of laughter when I asked for butter and meat. Such necessities had been extinct for weeks. We breakfasted on dry bread and creamless coffee. After this we made our way to the cathedral. The outside tracery was not much damaged, though the spire seemed to have several large gaps in it. Inside we found some of the windows shot through, and a cannon-ball had entered the organ. The old clock was not going, but its curious performing works seemed safe and sound. Mass was being celebrated at one of the altars, and women, in deep mourning, were silently praying. We mounted the turret stairs, and made our way on to the roof. Those only who have been up there can understand the scene. The mist had cleared away, and a vast panorama of country lay stretched before our eyes. Away to the east loomed the Baden mountains, with the blue Rhine flowing at their feet. There was Kehl on one side sadly shelled and burnt, while below us was a picture, the sight of which it is impossible to forget. If a good many of the houses in the town had escaped more or less intact, the *roofs* of nearly all were perforated by shells. The appearance, to my eye, was like that of the top of a pepper-box. Here and there stood the gaunt ruins of large buildings; and whole streets, in some places, seemed crumbled into black heaps. And then we could trace the Prussian outworks beyond, and the trenches, reaching nearly to the very walls themselves. While looking at this piteous scene an old man came and struck the hour on the clock's bell. He was doing the duty of those curious figures in the cathedral below.

We dined off an excellent *horse steak*, and then continued our inspection of the town. I found nothing was wanted that the English Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded could supply from Saarbrück for the hospitals; and, feeling sickened myself at the sight of such a spectacle as Strasburg presented, I persuaded my Scotch friend to walk back to Vendenheim, and to await there a train to take us

home again. As we crossed the trenches we stopped before what the Scotchman called a cannon-ball, which lay intact on the top of a mound of earth. I maintained it was an unexploded shell; and in proof I kicked away the mud, and inserted my walking-stick into a hole in it that I saw. With almost a shriek, my Gaelic friend bolted from me, and it took me some time before I could get up to him. The reason of his running was soon explained. An unexploded shell is a very dangerous plaything, and often *goes off*.

I need not say the pleasure we experienced, on reaching Vendenheim, to find that night we could sleep on a mattress in a house by the station, which was a near approach to a real bed. It was a long train of wounded that took us back to Neunkirchen the following day, where I parted from my friend. I fortunately managed to get a bed there in a railway carriage that night, and the morning after arrived in Saarbrück once more.

At this point the interesting portion of my diary ends. I cannot, however, close it without commenting a little upon the scenes which it depicts—scenes of human anguish and misery which the sufferers alone can estimate. Who is to blame for it all? Are we to attribute it to the angry retort of a king to an ambassador? or again, to the ambitious designs of a mistaken ruler? Both these are doubtless parts of the great whole. As it is with individuals, so it is with the nations whom they compose. That insatiable love of gold and aggrandizement is the curse of the human race, and it has fallen heavily upon us in these days. Our civilization and enlightenment now form no guarantee to protect us from the horrors of a European war. The strong will rob the weak; and we may hear yet of future contests resulting from this golden curse. Let us hope that "the jingling of the guinea" may never corrupt our national honour, much as it may taint our social life. Gold can add acre to acre and house to house, but it cannot stifle the groans of the dying nor restore the dead. Yet it is for gold we see hearts broken, and lives sacrificed without a pang or scruple. I find sad tokens of all this in the shattered relics that now adorn my room, which I gathered barely a year since on some of the battlefields—ay, even in that little Lorraine rose, safe in the trusted keeping of a friend.

LL.B.

Summer Days.

Words by LL. B.
Andante.

Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

Broad leaves, broad leaves, now fill the chestnuts and limes,

The first system of the musical score for 'Summer Days'. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The lyrics 'Broad leaves, broad leaves, now fill the chestnuts and limes,' are written below the vocal line.

Swal - lows, swal - lows build where the ele - ma-tis climbs.

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'Swal - lows, swal - lows build where the ele - ma-tis climbs.' are written below the vocal line.

CHORUS. *piu lento.*

Summer days! . . . Sum-mer days! Lit - tle chil dren

The third system of the musical score, marked 'CHORUS. piu lento.' The tempo is slower. The lyrics 'Summer days! . . . Sum-mer days! Lit - tle chil dren' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features sustained chords.

sing your praise,

Sum - mer days,

rall.

Sum - mer days!

rall.

2

Cowslips, Cowslips,
 Spring in the meadows around,
 Blue bells, blue bells,
 Far in the forests are found.

CHORUS.

Summer days! Summer days!
 Little children sing your praise,
 Summer days!

3

Soft winds, soft winds,
 Light fleecy clouds overhead;
 Roses, roses,
 Bloom on the graves of the dead.

CHORUS.

Summer days! Summer days!
 Little children sing your praise,
 Summer days!

THE BALLOON.



WATCHED some children merrily at play.
 Enjoying their bright summer holiday;
 All woe forgotten in the present joy,
 Happy and merry every girl and boy.

Soon rose a cry, "Watch, for the master soon
 Will send on high for us a great balloon;
 Come, see it go; let's watch its upward flight,
 And see it slowly dwindle out of sight."

I hurried, too, to see it, and with me
 A band of very small ones—two or three
 Who could not join the others' sports, yet were
 As glad and joyous as the gayest there.

We saw the bubble rise; sped by the air,
 Its course was hastened, and it soon was where
 We scarce could see its shape and colour well;
 Then faltered it, and slowly, slowly fell.

"Ah!" thought I, "easy is it to uprise
 A little way toward the distant skies;
 But soon, impatient, we begin to stray,
 And fall ere we have risen half the way."

My musings ceased, for there was by my side
 A little one, who oft had vainly tried
 To catch my eye, and in my bended ear
 A question pour: I bent, alert to hear,

And Alice said, "Has it quite reached the sky?"
 What simple faith, that could at once soar high
 Above the things of earth to Heaven's own sphere,
 And so ignore the chains that bind us here!

Ah, little one, grant that to you be given
 Always so clear to see the path to Heaven;
 Even as we, when once safe landed there,
 Shall wonder that it seemed not plainer here!

E. M. L.

“LUCK-PETER.”

By Hans Christian Andersen.

XII.



ADAM HOF was expecting Peter, and he came.

“Now you shall know my Hof,” said she, “and you shall also become acquainted with my chimney-corner. I never thought of this when I danced ‘Circe,’ and ‘the Rose Elf in Provence;’ and there are not many now who think of the ballet and of little Frands. ‘Sic transit gloria to the moon,’ which is what the Latin means, as my Hof wittily remarks, when I talk about my time of glory. He is very fond of playing the fool, but goodnaturedly.”

‘The chimney-corner,’ was a pleasant low-walled apartment, with a carpet, and some portraits appropriate to a bookbinder. There were the pictures of Guttenberg and Franklin, as well as Shakespeare, Cervantes, Molière, and the two blind poets, Homer and Ossian. Lowest of all hung, in a glass and broad frame, a danseuse cut out in paper, with a large gold spangle and a skirt of muslin, the right leg raised towards the sky, and underneath a verse—

Who wins hearts in the dance?

Who is crowned innocence?

The fair Miss Emily Frands.

It was composed by Hof, who wrote lovely verses, quite full of humour. The picture he had himself cut out, pasted, and stitched, before he married his first wife. It had lain many years in a drawer, but now shone in the picture gallery, “my chimney-corner,” as Madame Hof called her little room. Here Peter and Hof were presented to one another.

“Is not he a handsome man?” said she to Peter. “For me he is the handsomest.”

“Yes, on Sundays when I am bound in my best garments,” said Herr Hof.

“You do not need them to be handsome,” said she, and made an inclination with her head; while he expressed a suspicion that now she was talking a little too childishly in her old age.

"Old affection does not grow rusty," said Herr Hof. "Fire in an old house burns down to the ground."

"It is like the bird Phoenix," said Madame Hof, "one rises up young from it. Here is my paradise, I do not trouble myself to go about to other places—well!—now and then up to see your mother and grandmother."

"And your sister," said Herr Hof.

"No! Hof my love, that is no longer paradise! I should tell you Peter that they are in poor circumstances and great embarrassment, one does not know what one may venture to say in the house. One does not dare to use the word "moor," for the eldest daughter is engaged to a man who has negro-blood: one must not say, "hump-backed," because one of the boys is deformed: one must not talk about bankruptcy; my brother-in-law has been in that trap: one must not on any occasion mention having driven in the wood; wood is an ugly word, for the man who ran off with the youngest is named Woode. When I am out I am not fond of sitting with my mouth shut. If I am not allowed to talk, I retire into myself, and remain in my chimney-corner. If it was not sinful, as they say it is, I could pray our Lord that we might live as long as our chimney-corner holds out: here one grows inwardly better. Here is my Paradise, and Hof has given it to me.

"She has a mill which grinds gold in her mouth," said he.

"And you have a golden grain in your heart," said she.

"Grind as full as the sacks will hold
The mill it is which makes the gold,"

said he, and she chucked him under the chin. "He composed that verse at this very moment: it might very well be printed!"

"Yes, and bound," said he.

So did these old folks banter one another.

The year passed, and Peter at once began to study a part; he chose "Joseph," but changed it for that of "George Brown" in the opera of "The White Lady." He quickly mastered words and music; and from Walter Scott's novel, which furnished the argument, he derived a clear and complete conception of the youthful, high-spirited officer, who visits the mountains of his native land, and arrives at the castle of his

ancestors without knowing it; an old song awakens the memories of childhood, good fortune follows him, and he wins a castle and a bride.

This libretto became like something he had himself lived through, a chapter from his own life's history; the rich melody of the music rendered this realization complete. Meanwhile, it was a long, long time before the first trials began. There was no hurry for his *début*, was the opinion of the singing master; but at length it drew near. He was no mere singer, he was an actor, he had in all respects a physical aptitude for the drama. Chorus and orchestra joyfully accorded the first strong applause; the evening of representation was looked for with the greatest anticipation.

"One can be a great actor in a dressing-gown at home," said a well-meaning companion, "be very great by daylight, but mediocre before the footlights in a crowded house—we shall see."

Peter experienced no fear, but an ardent longing for the decisive evening. The singing master, on the contrary, was quite in a fever; Peter's mother had not courage to come to the theatre, she would be ill with anxiety for her dear boy; grandmother was poorly, she must remain at home, the doctor had said; but that trusty friend Madame Hof promised to bring news of how it had gone, on the very same evening. She must and would go to the theatre, even if she lay at her last gasp.

How long the evening was! How three or four hours expanded themselves into an eternity. Grandmother sang a psalm, prayed with mother to the good God for little Peter, that he might on this evening too be a "Luck-Peter." The hands on the clock revolved slowly.

"Now Peter is beginning," said they. "Now he's in the middle of it. Now he has got over it." Mother and grandmother looked at one another, but said not a word more.

The rattling of carriages sounded in the street; it was people driving from the theatre. The two women looked down from the window. Folk went by talking with loud voices; they were coming from the theatre; they knew that which might bring happiness or deep distress up to the garret in the merchant's house.

At last some one came up-stairs; Madame Hof rushed in, followed by her husband. She flew to mother and grandmother and threw her arms round their necks, but said not a word; she cried and sobbed.

"Good Heavens!" said the mother and grandmother, "how has it gone with Peter?"

"Let me cry," said Madame Hof, she was so overcome, so moved. "I cannot bear it. You sweet creatures, you could never have borne it;" and then the tears streamed.



"Have they hissed him out?" cried the mother.

"No, not that," said Madame Hof. "They have—that I should live to see it!"

Then both mother and grandmother wept.

"Be quiet, Emily," said Herr Hof, "Peter has succeeded! has triumphed! The house was nearly crashing down, the people clapped so much. I can see the marks on my hands still. It was a storm of applause from pit to gallery; all the royal family clapped too. It was even what one may call a red-letter day in the annals of the theatre. It was more than talent, it was genius."

"Yes, genius," said Madame Hof, "that is my word. Heaven bless you, Hof, for saying it. You dear creatures! I had never imagined that any one could sing and act like that, and yet I have lived through a whole theatre-history." She wept again. Mother and grandmother laughed, while tears still trickled down their cheeks.

"Now sleep well upon it," said Herr Hof. "And come along, Emily. Good night, good night."

They left the attic, and two happy people in it. The two were not long alone. The door opened, and Peter, who had not promised to come and see them before the next morning, stood in the room. He well knew with what thoughts the old people followed him, what uncertainty they might still be in, and as he was driving past his home with the singing-master, he stopped outside; there was a light burning up there, and he would come to them.

"Beautiful! joyful! blessed! all went well," he exclaimed, and kissed his mother and grandmother. The singing-master nodded with beaming eyes and pressed their hands.

"And now he must go home to rest," said he, and the evening call was brought to an end.

"Oh Lord in heaven, how merciful and good thou art!" said the two poor women. They talked about Peter far into the night. All round in the large town people talked about him, the young, the handsome, the marvellous singer.

So far had Luck-Peter progressed.

XIII.

The 'Morning News' already announced with a flourish of trumpets the more than usually successful *début*, and the reporter reserved the right of expressing his opinion till the following number.

The merchant invited Peter and the singing-master to a great lunch.

It was a recognition, a token of his and his wife's interest in the young man, who had been born there in the house, and on the same year and day as their own son.

The merchant proposed, in a neat speech, the health of the singing-master, the man who had discovered and polished "the gem," a name with which one of the influential papers had distinguished Peter.

Felix sat by his side and was gaiety and amiability itself. After the repast he brought out his cigars, they were better than the merchant's. "He can well manage that," they said, "he has a rich father." Peter did not smoke, a great mistake, but one which, however, can easily be rectified.

"We must be friends," said Felix. "You are the lion of the town. You have taken all the young ladies, and the old ones too, by storm; you are a lucky fellow in everything. I envy you."

Peter received a letter from Madame Gabriel. She was in ecstasies over the triumphant account in the papers of his *début*, and all he promised to become as an artist. She and the maids had drunk his health in punch. Herr Gabriel also shared his glory, and felt sure that he pronounced the foreign words more correctly than most of the others. The apothecary ran round the town, and reminded them that at their little theatre they had before seen and wondered at the talent which had only just become known to the metropolis. The apothecary's daughter might well be vexed, added madame, now, when he could pay court to baronesses and countesses. The apothecary's daughter had been in too great a hurry, and accepted an offer; for a month back she had been engaged to the fat councillor; the banns were published, and the twentieth of the month was to be the wedding day.

It was just the twentieth of the month when Peter received this letter. He felt as it were a sting through the heart; in that moment it became so clear to him that she, in all the commotion of his soul, had been his constant thought, he loved her more than all else in this world. Tears came into his eyes; he crushed the letter in his hand. It was his first great grief of heart since he heard, with mother and grandmother, that his father had fallen in the war. It seemed to him that all joy had gone, his future empty and sorrowful. Sunshine no longer beamed from his fresh youthful face; sunshine was extinguished in his heart.

"He looks poorly," said mother and grandmother. "It is the exertion of the theatre."

He was not as before, and they both saw it; the singing-master saw it too.

"What can be the matter," said the latter, "may I not know what troubles you?"

Then his cheeks grew red, the tears ran freely, and he told his sorrow, his loss.

"I loved her so intensely," said he; "now for the first time, when it is too late, it has become fully clear to me."

"My poor afflicted friend! I understand you so well; but do not restrain your tears before me. Hold by the thought as long as you can, that whatever happens in the world happens in the best way for us. I too have known and do know what you now feel; I too once loved a maid, as you do; clever, beautiful, bewitching she was; she was to have been my wife. I could offer her a good position, and she was fond of me; but there was one condition for the wedding; her parents desired it, she desired it; I must become a Christian—"

"And you would not?"

"I could not! one cannot with a safe conscience run from one religion to another, without sinning either against that which one forsakes or against that which one goes over to."

"You have no faith," said Peter.

"I have my father's God: he shines before my feet and before my mind."

They sat an hour, both silent; then his hands glided over the keys and the singing-master played an old ballad air: neither of them sang a word. Surely each interpreted his own thoughts.

Madame Gabriel's letter was not read again. She little dreamed what sorrow it had occasioned.

A few days after came a letter from Herr Gabriel; he, too, wished to forward his congratulations, and a "commission" which, indeed, had especially given occasion for the letter. He requested Peter to buy a small piece of china, namely, Amor and Hymen, Affection and Matrimony. "It is 'sold out' in the town," wrote he, "but can easily be obtained in the metropolis. Money is enclosed. Send the thing as quickly as possible, it is a wedding gift for the councillor, at whose wedding I and my wife were present." In addition Peter learnt that

"Young Madsen will never be a student, he has left the house, and he painted the wall with foolery about my family. Bad subject, young Madsen, '*Sunt pueri pueri, pueri puerilia tractant,*' i.e., 'Boys are boys, boys do boyish things.' I translate it because you are not a Latinist."

Wherewith terminated the letter from Herr Gabriel.

XIV.

Often when Peter sat at the piano the thoughts that filled his heart and head sounded out from it in tones; the tones rose up in melody, which sometimes was accompanied by words, not to be distinguished from song; and in this [manner many little poems, rhythmical and harmonious, were produced. They were sung with lowered voice; it seemed as if they were shy, and fearful of being understood, and so floated away in solitude.

All passes away as the wind,
Nought that is steadfast is here:
The smile on the lips and the rose on the cheek
Are fleeting, alas! as the tear.

Ah! why is my spirit so sad?
Soon spent are both anger and grief;
Existence itself and the traces of men
Are frail as the dying year's leaf.

They are gone! for ever are gone!
Like the flutter of wind on the sea,
Thy youth and thy hope and the friend of thy heart
Will never return unto thee.

"Where did you get that song and accompaniment?" asked the singing-master, who accidentally saw the music and words written down.

"They came of themselves, and all these as well. They do not fly any further into the world."

"Even a heavy heart brings forth," said the singing-master. "but a heavy heart is not to be commended. Now let us set sail and steer towards our next *début*. What do you say to Hamlet, the melancholy young Prince of Denmark?"

"I know Shakespeare's tragedy," said Peter, "but not Thomas's opera as yet."

"‘Ophelia,’ the opera should be called," said the singing-master. "In the tragedy Shakespeare makes the queen describe to us Ophelia's death, and this is made as it were the crisis in the musical rendering: one sees before the eyes, and apprehends in tones, what before we only heard as a description by the queen.

"There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastick garlands did she make,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them;
There, on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress."

This the opera brings before our eyes; we see Ophelia; she comes playing, dancing, singing the old ballad about "the mermaid" who lures people down to her in the river, and while she is singing and plucking flowers one hears the same tones from the river depths; they sound in chorus, temptingly from the deep water; she listens, she smiles, draws near the bank, holds fast by the drooping-willow and stoops to pluck the white water-lilies: she softly glides out to these, rests singing on their broad leaves, and balanced on them is carried by the stream out to the deep, where, like a plucked-off blossom, she sinks in the moonbeams with a dirge of mermaids' melody.

With regard to all this great scene, it seems as if Hamlet, his mother, her paramour, and the vengeance-craving murdered king, were only to serve the purpose of a richly-carved picture frame.

We do not see Shakespeare's Hamlet, just as in the opera of Faust we do not see Goethe's Faust. The speculative is no material for music; it is the circumstances of sentiment in both these tragedies, which are elevated to a poem in sounds.

The opera of Hamlet was produced on the stage. The impersonator of Ophelia aroused transports, the death scene produced a deep effect; but Hamlet himself on this evening assumed a sympathetic greatness, a completeness of character which grew with every scene in which he

appeared. People, moreover, were amazed at the compass of the singer's voice, at its clearness in the high as well as the low notes, and at the fact that with equally brilliant success he could sing Hamlet and George Brown.

The parts in most of the Italian operas are each like a canvas, on which a talented singer disposes his soul and artistic power, and works up the variegated and undulating tints into the picture which the poem requires. How much more nobly must he be able to reveal himself when the tones are chosen and disposed in conformity with a conception of the character. This Gounod and Thomas have perceived.

The impersonation of Hamlet in the opera that evening acquired flesh and blood; it gathered together and elevated itself into the chief character in the poem. Never to be forgotten was the night scene on the ramparts, when Hamlet sees his father's ghost for the first time; the scene within the castle, before the temporary theatre, when he drives the poisoner from his self-possession; the fearful interview with his mother when his father's ghost stands calling on his son for vengeance; and lastly, what power in song, what music, at Ophelia's death! She was, and she still remained in virtue of her sympathetic power, the lotus-blossom on the deep dark water, whose waves rippling far and wide smote with all the more force on the spectator's soul. This evening Hamlet became the principal person. His triumph was complete.

"But where does the boy get it from?" said the rich wife of the merchant, as she thought about Peter's parents and the grandmother in the attic. His father had been a warehouseman, honest and respectable, had fallen as a soldier on the field of honour, his mother takes in washing—but that does not give the son cultivation, brought up as he was in a charity school—and what amount of higher school learning could a provincial professor afford him in a space of two years?

"It is genius," said the merchant. "Genius! it is born in him by God's grace."

"It must be," said the wife, and she clasped her hands at the thought when she talked to Peter. "Do you properly recognise, with a humble heart, what you possess? Heaven has been unspeakably gracious to you! It is all given. You do not know how enrapturing your Hamlet is. You yourself have scarcely a conception of it. I have heard that many great poets have no idea themselves of the excellence of what

they have produced; the philosophers must explain it for them. From where have you invoked your Hamlet?"

"I have thought over the character, read a part of what has been written about Shakespeare's poem, and afterwards on the stage completely given myself up to character and situation—I give my heart, and our Lord gives the rest."

"Our Lord!" said she with a half-rebuking look, "do not make use of that name, He gave you talent, but you surely do not think that He has anything to do with the theatre and the opera?"

"I am sure of it," answered Peter boldly. "There also He has a pulpit before the people."

She shook her head, "God is present in all that is good and beautiful, but let us be watchful, lest we take His name in vain. It is a gift of grace to be a great actor; but still it is better to be a good Christian." Felix would never, before her, have named the theatre and church together, she felt, and was glad of it.

"Now you have put yourself into disgrace with mamma," said Felix laughing.

"It was very far from my intention."

"Never trouble about it? you will be in her good graces again, if you go to church on Sunday. Stand in front of her seat, look up to the right, and there in the high pew is a little face which is well worth looking at—the young daughter of the widow-baroness. This is a well-meant piece of advice, and I'll give you another. You cannot live where you are now; move into a larger place, with a decent staircase; or if you will not leave the singing-master, get him to live better. He has means enough, and you have quite a good income. You must give a dinner too, in the evening. You are a lucky fellow; but I believe you have not yet a notion of how to enjoy yourself."

Peter had a very good notion, after his fashion. With all his full warm young heart he loved his art; it was his bride, and she returned his love; raised him to sunshine and gladness; the gloom which had oppressed him quickly dispersed, kind eyes looked at him, all met him with friendly sympathy. The amber heart, which he still constantly wore on his breast, was surely a talisman; indeed, so he thought, for he was not quite free from credulity, which may also be called childish faith. Every genial nature has something of this; it sees and trusts to its star.

Grandmother had shown him the strength that lay in the amber, which attracted to itself; his dream had shown him how from the heart there grew a tree, which forced up the ceiling and the roof, and bore, thousandfold, hearts of silver and gold: this surely betokened that in the heart, in his own warm heart, lay his artistic power, with which he won and should win thousands and still thousands.

Between him and Felix there was undeniably a close sympathy, howsoever different they were. Peter assumed that the difference between them lay in the fact that Felix, as a rich man's son, had grown up in temptations, and had inducements and desires to taste them; he, on the contrary, was more fortunately situated as a poor man's son.

Both the children of the house were meanwhile on the high road to greatness. Felix would soon be a groom of the chamber, and that was the first step towards chamberlain; in which capacity a gold key is carried at the back. Peter, always the more fortunate, already wore, though it was invisible, the golden key of genius, which opens up for all the treasures of the earth, and of hearts as well.

(To be continued.)

SCENES AND SKETCHES FROM THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

FIFTH EVENING *(continued)*.

SCENE XVII.



SUPPOSE we now pay a visit to the camp of the Altenberg, and see what was going on there.

The news of this daring exploit of the Swedes was by no means satisfactory to the Imperialists, and the officers could not conceal from themselves that the loss of so much forage and provisions was likely to cause want in the camp.

"His Excellency looks black as thunder," remarked Piccolomini; "he has put Gonzaga under arrest. Did you hear that?"

"What for?" exclaimed Illo.

"He is to be tried by court-martial because his regiment ran away," said Kinski; "however, I have no doubt he will clear himself."

"I say, Isolani," struck in another officer, "I never saw any men look so crest-fallen as your Croats do; half of them appear to be lying asleep in the sun, instead of being at their usual avocations of foraging and stealing."

Isolani, who was a young man, and commanded these active skirmishing troops in the absence of Count Pappenheim, was rather nettled by this disparaging observation, but only remarked, "They will soon recover themselves."

Gonzaga was brought to trial as Kinski had said, and most honourably acquitted; it was found that he was the only man of his regiment who had stood his ground: that being the case, it was impossible to visit upon him the transgression of his men.

SCENE XVIII.

"So our Croatians have redeemed their character," said Piccolomini, lounging into the apartment of Count Schaffgotsch, where that officer was standing considerably excited. Isolani was there also, covered with dust and sprinkled with blood, having evidently but that instant dismounted.

"I told you they would," said Isolani, pushing back the disordered black curls from his forehead and tossing off a large glass of choice Moselle, which Schaffgotsch had ordered in for his especial gratification. Isolani had in fact just surprised and defeated a Swedish detachment, and thereby restored confidence to his dispirited Red-mantles. The hero of the day was relating the particulars in a dashing off-hand style, and to do him justice the attack was very daring and cleverly executed. Just as he had finished, a page dressed in blue velvet and silver entered the room, and addressed Isolani, "Colonel, his Excellency desires to speak with you."

"Instantly, Count Egon von Klam," said Isolani; while Egon, a graceful, high-bred looking boy of fifteen, observed with an arch smile, "You are in a pretty plight, Colonel, to appear before the General."

"A la soldatesque, Egon," answered Isolani, and having finished the last glass of Moselle he followed the page, his sabre clattering along the parquet, his heavy boots and preposterously long jingling spurs with their rowel-balls making altogether as much noise as a small detachment of mounted life-guards.

Wallenstein received him very graciously and even smiled, a thing he seldom did.

"You have distinguished yourself to-day, Colonel. Your conduct has merited approbation. Let me hear the details."

Isolani obeyed, and Wallenstein, after adding some more words of praise, said, "I have taken care that the men should be recompensed, and my treasurer has orders to pay into your exchequer some four thousand crowns, which may not be unacceptable. No thanks," Wallenstein pursued, slightly waving his hand to check the officer's eager expression of gratitude. "I hear your charger was injured in the skirmish."

"A trifling hurt, your Excellency." This was a polite fiction on Isolani's part, for the horse had not received a scratch.

"No matter," returned Friedland; "you will find a fresh horse in your stables: he is active and strong, and will, I think, suit your purpose; he was bred in Styria, and is said to be very sure-footed as well as swift."

Isolani shared too much the general awe of the Duke of Friedland to say much, but his sparkling eyes expressed his satisfaction.

"I will not detain you longer at present, Colonel; be so good as to send Kinski to me, and, meanwhile, good-morning."

He held out his hand to the lucky commander, who kissed it respectfully and left the room, to be called back, however, on the threshold: "I shall expect you to dinner to-morrow."

Isolani walked about the rest of the evening the envy of all his brother officers, and the next day presented himself at the Duke's dinner-table in a state of extreme elation of spirits.

Count Michna, the commissary-general, performed the part of host, for though Wallenstein kept a gorgeous table, and was princely in his hospitality, with his characteristic reserve he never appeared himself. Indeed his absence was by no means considered as a privation by his guests, for they were all, except perhaps his brother-in-law and one or two intimates, exceedingly in awe of him, and the banquets of those days were generally accompanied by much drinking of wine, joking of jokes, and boisterous merriment, which Friedland's grave and stately presence would have put an end to effectually.

The meats had been removed, and only an abundance of choice wines and some beautiful fruits from the summer garden of Pilsen

remained upon the table. Piccolomini had withdrawn to the open window, and, lounging luxuriously in an antique looking arm-chair, was deep in conversation with his host Michna; the latter had a flask of rare wine before him, to which he applied himself repeatedly, but Piccolomini contented himself with the fresh fruit. It was an hour past mid-day, and those who have spent a July day in Nuremberg will acknowledge that the heat in Germany is quite a different thing from heat anywhere else, being excessively languid and oppressive. The windows of the old tower of the Alte Feste commanded a view of Nuremberg and of the formidable intrenchments and lines of the Swedish camp, bristling with cannon and containing now more than sixty thousand men. Up into the sunny blue sky lifted themselves the sister spires of those glorious old churches St. Sebald and St. Laurent, which to my mind rank among the finest in the world.

The two gentlemen, after discussing the chances of how soon the two armies would be tired of looking at one another, next proceeded to regret the absence of Pappenheim, that fiery hero, and, as Piccolomini spoke somewhat slightly of his merits, Michna thought it incumbent on him to sing his praises.

"Pappenheim has a profound admiration for the King of Sweden, and copies him in everything I am told. The reason that he so seldom touches wine, and that he is so irreproachable in his private conduct, is that he is so anxious to follow the example of Gustavus Adolphus."

"Oh, that is his line, is it?" said Piccolomini; "I never should have suspected it."

"He is a very lion in war," continued Michna; "he slew fifteen men with his own hand, you know, at Leipzig."

Piccolomini, who had nothing lion-like about himself in war or anywhere else, shrugged his shoulders. "Why isn't he here now? Is he jealous of the Duke?"

Michna shook his head. "Not that I know of; his orders are to keep a watch on the Elector of Saxony, for the present, I believe."

Piccolomini laughed contemptuously at the idea of John George requiring so much trouble. "I rather think you are mistaken, however, Michna; the Spaniards want to enlist him against the rebellious provinces—but what a noise they are making over there; they seem to be getting excited over their play," continued Piccolomini, glancing round to where Isolani, Kinski, Berthold Waldstein, and several others were

deep in some gambling game. "By-the-way," he pursued, "Michna, what is that story of a prediction in Pappenheim's family?—there is something of the kind, isn't there?"

"To be sure there is. Pappenheim believes in it devoutly. It is rather vague, however, as most of those prophecies are, but it is to the effect that a *Pappenheim Balafré, mounted on a white steed, should kill hand to hand, in a great battle, a mighty King come out of the North*. Did you never observe those magnificent white chargers that Pappenheim keeps? he rode one at Leipzig: the animal was killed, I believe."

"Then his ardent desire is to kill his model and pattern of perfection?" said Piccolomini.

"Oh, of course," said Michna.

By this time the noise at the other end of the room had become rather violent. Those of the guests who did not play had departed to their several avocations, but Isolani, with his heap of crowns not a little diminished, was deep in play with a single antagonist, an Irish officer, called Devereux. Gallas and Kinski stood by to see fair play, and others to excite the players. The run of luck was clearly against Isolani, who with a deep oath cried out that he staked his last hundred crowns upon the throw just as Michna and Piccolomini came to see what was going on. Isolani lost, but the fever of play was upon him, and nothing could stop him; and just as he had offered the valuable horse which Wallenstein had presented to him, Michna was called away by a summons from the commander-in-chief as he was about to remonstrate with the reckless gambler. With trembling anxiety did Isolani watch the result: alas! he was doomed again to be disappointed, and Devereux now beginning carelessly to gather up the amount of his winnings, said, laughing, "I shall send for the charger, Colonel, this afternoon."

"Not if I can redeem him, Devereux," said Isolani, who certainly bore his losses with great fortitude and temper.

"Certainly not, if you can redeem him before sunset; but I find that we soldiers of fortune have seldom many florins to jingle."

And Devereux rose with a look of triumph and went to search for his sword and plumed hat.

Isolani was really distressed and angry with himself; for the money he cared but little, but the horse—the gift of his general, the reward of his valour—to throw away so slightly such a valuable token of

the haughty Duke's favour seemed to him both an ungrateful and ungentlemanlike act, now that he had returned to his proper senses. As these reflections passed rapidly through his mind, Egon von Klam, the page, walked in, glided past Devereux, and touched Isolani on the shoulder.

"His Excellency desired me to present you with this, Colonel Isolani," said the boy, pouring out on the table a large heap of gold.

Egon von Klam-Martinic was a good-looking boy, but Isolani thought him an Antinous at that moment, and if he had not been so petrified with astonishment and delight he would have embraced the welcome messenger, who said laughingly to Devereux, as he ran out, "The horse is ransomed, Captain Devereux; we were afraid he would be too spirited for an Irishman."

Isolani's rapture soon found an expression: "Two thousand ducats, I vow, by St. Stephen! Quick, take the money, Devereux—how much do you want? There, never be so particular; take it all if you will, and let me begone."

Isolani did not mean the whole of the two thousand ducats, but alluded to a tolerable sized heap which Devereux had carelessly as it were drawn towards him, and from which he was deliberately and carefully putting back the surplus piece by piece, so that Isolani, who could wait no longer, snatched up the remainder and rushed to Wallenstein's apartment to thank him for his generous gift.

Michna was with the Duke, but drew back with a half-suppressed smile when the impetuous Hulan rushed into the room and proceeded to pour out his gratitude in a voluble flow of choice Slavonic. Wallenstein listened patiently till Isolani had exhausted his breath and his imagination, and then said:

"Enough, Colonel; the subject is hardly worth this stir. Have you seen this?" and the Duke pushed over to him across the table a written report. "It arrived ten minutes ago. Michna, I am going to ride towards Fürth presently. Let Gonzaga and Butler attend me. You are off, Colonel Isolani, I see; are you too much occupied this afternoon to accompany me?"

"I—I am—your Excellency perhaps will excuse me? In fact, I am on duty this afternoon."

"I will not detain you, Colonel, or interfere with the orders of the day."

And Isolani made his exit with such precipitation that all ceremonies of leave-taking were omitted. The above-mentioned document was the cause of this extreme haste; therein Isolani had seen inscribed that a Swedish convoy was now on its way from Würzburg to Nuremberg: with diligence and haste it might be intercepted, and Isolani, a generous, impetuous soldier, appreciated the delicate manner in which Wallenstein had put it in his power to prove his gratitude for the generosity with which he had been treated.

In a very few minutes a large body of those active troops the Croats were scouring over the rough ground in the direction of Würzburg, Isolani, on his Styrian charger, at their head.

* * * * *

There were sounds of rejoicing that night in the camp of the Altenberg, when two hundred waggons loaded with provisions rumbled in, and three standards and two hundred unfortunate prisoners swelled the triumph of the weary victors.

SCENE XIX.

Wallenstein's campaigning was succeeding but too well, and famine was slowly but surely increasing in the Swedish camp; the enormous reinforcements contributed by the German princes and sent by Oxenstiern only increased the evil, discipline grew loose, and the German troops especially began to indulge in such violent excesses that Gustavus was obliged to adopt strong measures to restrain them, and all offenders who could be discovered were instantly and severely punished. Gustavus, moreover, sent for all his officers to his tent from the highest to the lowest, and administered to the German officers a reproof that they did not soon forget. With downcast eyes they stood before the indignant King, while he addressed them in terms of singular and touching eloquence. He set before their eyes the horror and atrocity of Germans plundering and murdering their own countrymen; he told them how often it had cut him to the heart to hear it said that the Swedes were more cruel than the Imperialists, when the Germans alone were to blame—the Germans, for whose sake he had undertaken this war. "But," he continued, "my fellow soldiers, have you not the spirit and dignity of sentiment to reflect a little what kind of idea posterity will form concerning you in future histories? Remember likewise, I conjure you, what perplexities you are creating

to your honour and consciences, and what visitations and punishments you are now drawing down, not only on your own persons, but on your country and successors, by such outrageous acts of oppression and inhumanity. And oh, that you could once reflect what an account you have to settle at the Great Tribunal!"


He concluded by exposing the unseasonableness of their demand for money, by showing that he himself, far from gaining anything by this war, bore a great part of the burden himself. Slightly yet gracefully he touched on the merits of those friends who had fallen in battle, and whose loss no money could ever repay, and finally said, "Henceforth, therefore, I request and command you to despoil no man of his goods and possessions. As you have spirit or intrepidity, leave the marks of them on the breasts of your enemies, but stain not the honour of a warrior by committing outrages on the unarmed and the innocent. Be content with your wages as a soldier ought, and subsist not by pilfering and plunder, like banditti and Croats. Otherwise you, from the highest to the lowest, will always be infamous, and I, with such assistants, shall never become victorious."

Tears flowed down more than one rough cheek during this speech; no one attempted to justify or excuse himself; in sorrowful, not sullen silence, they withdrew from the presence of their justly offended master, and Gustavus was much gratified to observe that his words had a practical effect; he heard no more complaints against them.

But it was becoming daily more evident to Gustavus that he must either make a decisive effort to drive Wallenstein from his position, or that he must himself break up his camp on account of the rapid increase of famine and disease amongst his troops. No one could doubt which of these two courses he would pursue.

(To be continued.)

BOOK NOTICES.

OLONIAL Adventures and Experiences, by a University Man." (Bell and Daldy, York Street, Covent Garden.) It is always pleasant to meet an old friend, and in the volume before us we meet an old and valued one; one whose contributions to our own pages

have enriched them with many a tale of thrilling interest, and which the critics have several times referred to with approbation, even in the short notices they give our Magazine. Most of our young readers will remember with pleasure the first of these papers, "A Family Man for Six Days;" and the name

of George Carrington must have since become familiar to them from the many life-like adventures he has given us of his sojourn in Australia. Necessarily, however, what he wrote for us were such pickings from his experiences as he considered suitable for our pages, and hence they lacked the interest of a continuous narrative. In "Colonial Adventures and Experiences" a sufficiently connecting thread is given to supply this want. We know now why he went out, somewhat of the order in which the adventures occurred, and above all, why he came home. To such of our readers, therefore, as are old enough to look a little beyond the mere amusement of the hour this volume will be a great treat, and it will add a new zest to the pleasure they have already derived from Mr. Carrington's writings. In its own line this book stands quite unrivalled, written, as it is, with a Defoe-like simplicity and strength, and we can cordially recommend it to readers young and old. There is some sadness about it, as we fear must often be the case in most truthful accounts of colonial life.


"Aunt Judy's Song Book for Children" (Bell & Daldy) can require no recommendation from us, as it is a collection of the songs by A. S. Gatty which have already appeared in the pages of "Aunt Judy's Magazine." Most of them have been published as full-sized music, and found acceptance in that more expensive form. In this pretty volume twenty-four songs, both grave and gay,

are offered at a very reasonable price; and we do not know a set of songs better adapted by their pleasant melodies for common use in families where the younger members are musical.

"The Christian Day, and other Poems, by the Rev. Edward Horton, M.A." (Nisbet and Co.). These devotional poems are from the pen of a scholar and a divine; but their principal charm arises from their being the outpourings of his heart. They contain many tender passages which the reader will feel could only come from the experience of personal trial, thereby ensuring sympathy; whilst a very high tone of piety pervades the volume, and a great variety of subjects is treated with poetical skill. The accomplished writer is no more, but he has left his mark in our pages by pleasant accounts of vacations passed at Looe and Flamborough Head, as well as two pleasant papers on entomology.

"English Nursery Rhymes translated into French, by John Roberts, M.A., Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge." (Rivingtons.) We are glad to find the learned fellow of a college condescending to amuse the little ones by his ingenious transfer of some of our most familiar nursery rhymes into French verse, successfully imitating both the style and rhythm of the original. As physicians of late have made their medicines more palatable, so the work of the schoolroom is now often administered in small doses of pleasant amusement.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

 **EPTIMA.** The words of the song "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true," by the author of "John Halifax, Gent.," are founded on the devoted attachment entertained towards Mary, Queen of Scots, by the youth George

Douglas, who was killed at the battle of Langside. "Septima" is counselled to read of this in Walter Scott's "Abbot."

"Sibyl Hill," "A. M. Hellier," and "Emily C.," all write to inform "Mortimer Lightwood," in answer to his third question, that the hymn is by Charles

Wesley, and begins "Love divine, all love excelling." It is to be found in "The People's Hymnal," and the hymn-book published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

"Evelyn Mary" is referred to the correspondence in our Magazine for April, 1868, for the best explanation we can give on the subject of her inquiry.

"Cecilia" begs to remind "Ursula" of Mrs. Markham's interesting History of Germany. She also offers "Edith" the following solutions to her two riddles. (1) "Vial," the "king," being Hamlet's father, and the "wise man" Hamlet himself. (2) The dials at each end of the telegraph. The first reply is scarcely satisfactory; surely in this case the riddle ought to run, "To six and five and forty-five," &c.?

"Daisy Bruce." The Magazine is no longer published in half-yearly volumes, except with regard to the numbers before Christmas, 1869; and covers for binding it in that manner are not made. But separate half-yearly covers for the old volumes can be obtained from the publishers (Messrs. Bell & Daldy), and any binder can easily alter these to suit the date of current volumes.

"Egeria." You will find the words of the "Marseillaise" in "War Songs of France and Germany," published by Metzler and Co., and in several other similar publications. It is difficult to answer your other question without knowing whether you confine your ideas of Sunday reading to books on strictly religious subjects; if not, the field is so wide, you can hardly go wrong if you get hold of a trustworthy author, such as Miss Sewell, Miss Yonge, Mrs. Ewing, &c.

"Palmyra" wants to know, as so many have done before, where the line comes from, "Not lost but gone before." We have already answered another corre-

spondent on this subject, but the answer amounted to an admission that neither the authorship, nor the place where it was originally used, have been satisfactorily ascertained.

"Spotty." We recommend you S. P. Woodward's "Rudimentary Treatise on Recent and Fossil Shells," 5s. 6d. There is also a popular book on the subject by Mary Roberts in Reeves' Natural History series; and Hardwicke has published a charming little volume on Freshwater Mollusks, by Mr. Cooke.

"J. U." Judging from experience, we should say your parrot will leave off shrieking gradually, as he learns to talk. It is dangerous to scold him, as he will in time pick up those sounds, and scold in the same way. People forget this in teaching parrots. He will learn best at night. Go to his cage, look at him steadily, and repeat what you want him to learn very distinctly—perhaps for five or ten minutes at a time—uttering it slowly and quickly, loudly and softly. If he is a teachable parrot he will fix his eyes upon you as if to watch how you utter. He must never be teased or irritated in any way. They are very nervous birds, and their teacher should always be composed. We can suggest no specific for stopping the screaming. It is the old story, that a bad habit must be got rid of by substituting a good one.

"H. M. P." informs us that the second of "Edith's" riddles appeared in the "Family Herald" three years ago, and another version of it recently in "Bell's Life." We beg correspondents to send us only what is original. An answer given to the riddle was this:

Decapitate man, and straightway you shall find
That 'twas an (*Ann*) wrote a letter, express'd in
one word;

'Twas a cypher she wrote (*O*)—*nought* was read by
the blind,

While *nought* said the dumb, and *nought* the deaf
heard.

Report of the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot," at the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street.

"The contributors to the 'Cot Fund' will be gratified to know that George F—— has had his long-deferred hopes realized, and has been sent to the Convalescent branch at Cromwell House, Highgate. He is rapidly becoming well and his strength is increasing steadily since his removal to the fresh air; he has exercise in the playground daily.

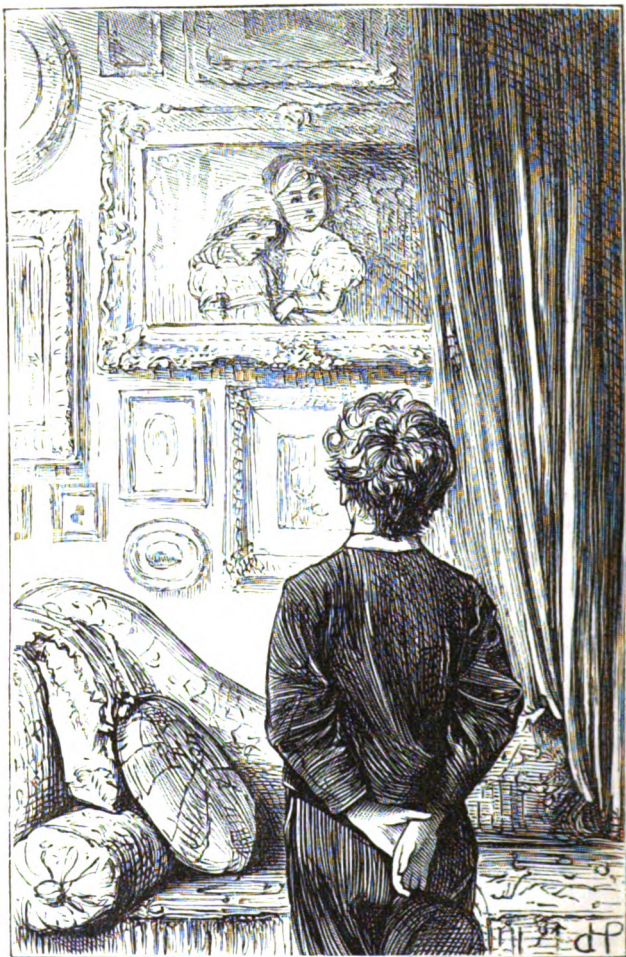
"The 'Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot' has been placed in the girls' ward again, and is now tenanted by a bright little maiden, whose age is about three years and a half. Her name is Mary Anne T——: she was brought to the Hospital in an apparently dying state, suffering from a disease of the chest: immediate danger has, happily, passed away, the brightness is returning to her intelligent brown eyes, and she is improving gradually. Her companions have called her 'Tommy' (probably to distinguish her from other patients of the same name as her own) and she seems rather pleased with her new name."

Contributions to the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot," received to June 15th, 1871.

	£	s.	d.
A. G. (monthly).	0	0	3
Miss Frederica Williams, Tring Park, Tring (annual).	1	1	0
"Da," Watford; with a bunch of wild flowers (annual).	0	5	0
Maude and Mildred (monthly).	0	2	0
Beaver (monthly).	0	2	6
Helen, Halesworth (collected quarterly).	0	13	6
Nina, Willie and Violet, West Hill House, Guildford	0	2	0
Florence Mary Harris, Percy House, Enfield (collected).	0	8	0
School Fines, Lodge Lane, Liverpool	0	1	0
Katie, 10½d., Marian, 9d., Edith, 4½d.	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Lizzie, Jessie, Gerty, and Effie Ward, Forest Lodge, Forest Gate (collected).	1	0	5
Mamma, 2s. 6d., Charlie, 2s. 6d., Arthur, a small hamper of old toys, Carlisle	0	5	0
Laura Maud Hills, 9 Chapel Place, Ramsgate (collected).	0	5	0
Mabel and Margie	0	3	0
Miss G. Macdonald, Bath (collected).	0	3	5
Em, Nelly, Willy, Mamma, Aunty, Longlands	0	7	0
Willie, Ada, and Rosa Moes	0	2	9
Jemima Marks, 3d., Josephine Turner, 3d., Bury	0	0	6
Lannette (collected).	0	2	0
Dora	0	7	0
"Letcat" (Rede Rectory)	0	3	9
"From a little girl, E. B."	0	1	0
Annie, 21 Marlborough Road	1	0	0
Fanny	0	0	6
Gertrude Maude, 80, Lancaster Gate	1	5	0
Jessie Emma Blackie, King's Lynn, 6d., (collected) 1s. 8d.	0	2	2
Mary and Emily, Harrow	0	12	0
G. M. Gwyn, Marlow Place, Marlow	0	1	0
Miss L. M. Rutter, Eilerslie, Hobart Town (Collected)	0	10	0
X. P., Torquay	0	10	0
Further gleanings from Headingley	0	2	0
Mabel and Eva Johns	0	2	6
Ursula, Maud and Dorothy, a scrap-book.			
"May 17th, 1871," Bury, a scrap-book.			
Mrs. Gilmore, Tufnel Park, clothes and old linen.			
"Tittums," a toy carriage and horses.			
Dora, Gilbert, Herbert and Ellin, Herefordshire, cowslips.			
Annie and Bessie, a scrap-book, some worked cuffs and neckties, and 10 hymn-books.			






A FLAT IRON FOR A FARTHING.

A FLAT IRON FOR A FARTHING;
OR, SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN ONLY SON.

CHAPTER XXI.

OAKFORD AGAIN. THE SATIN CHAIRS. THE HOUSEKEEPER. THE LITTLE
LADIES AGAIN. FAMILY MONUMENTS.

 HE expedition was very successful, and we all returned in safety to Dacrefield; rather, I think, to the astonishment of some of the goodwives of the village, who looked upon any one who passed the parish bounds as a traveller, and thought our jaunt to Oakford "venturesome" almost to a "tempting of Providence."

It is a curious study to observe what things strike different people on occasions of this kind.

It was not the house itself, though the building was remarkably fine (a modern erection on the site of the old "Grange"), nor the natural features of the place, though they were especially beautiful, that roused the admiration of our teachers and their scholars. Somebody said that the house was "a deal bigger than the Hall" (at Dacrefield), and one or two criticisms were passed upon the timber; but the noble park, the grand slopes, the lovely peeps of distance, the exquisite taste displayed in the grounds and gardens about the house, drew little attention from our party. Within, the succession of big rooms became confusing. One or two bits in certain pictures were pronounced by the farmers "as natteral as life;" the "stattys" rather scandalized them, and the historical legends attached by the housekeeper to various pieces of furniture fell upon ears too little educated to be interested. But when we got to the big drawing-room the yellow satin chairs gave general and complete satisfaction. When old Giles said, "Here they be!" we felt that all he had told us before was justified, and that we had not come to Oakford in vain. We stroked them, some of the more adventurous sat upon them, and we echoed the churchwarden's remark, "Yaller satin sure enough, and the backs gilded like a picter-frame."

I cannot but think that the housekeeper must have had friends visiting her that day, which made our arrival inconvenient and tried her temper—she was so very cross. She ran through a hasty account of each room in injured tones, but she resented questions,

refused explanations, and was particularly irritable if anybody strayed from the exact order in which she chose to marshal us through the house. A vein of sarcasm in her remarks quite overpowered our farmers.

"Please to stand off the walls. There ain't no need to crowd up against them in spacyous rooms like these, and the paper ain't one of your cheap ones with a spotty pattern as can be patched or matched anywhere. It come direct from the Indies, and the butterflies and the dragons is as natural as life. Whose picter's that in the last room? You should have kept with the party, young woman, and then you'd 'ave knowed. Parties who don't keep with the party, and then wants the information repeated, will be considered as another party, and must pay accordingly. Next room, through the white door to the left. Now, sir, we're a-waiting for you! All together, if you please!"

But in spite of the good lady, I generally managed to linger behind, or run before, and so to look at things in my own way. Once, as she was rehearsing the history of a certain picture, I made my way out of the room, and catching sight of some pretty things through an open door at the end of the passage, I went in to see what I could see. Some others were following me when the housekeeper spied them, and bustled up, angrily recalling us, for the room, as we found, was a private *boudoir*, and not one of those shown to the public. In my brief glance, however, I had seen something which made me try to get some information out of the housekeeper, in spite of her displeasure.

"Who are those little girls in the picture by the sofa?" I asked. "Please tell me."

"I gives all information in reference to the public rooms," replied the housekeeper loftily, "as in duty bound; but the private rooms is not in my instructions."

And nothing more could I get out of her to explain the picture which had so seized upon my fancy.

It was a very pretty painting—a modern one. Just the heads and shoulders of two little girls, one of them having her face nestled just below that of the other, whose little arms were round her sister's neck. I knew them in an instant. There was no mistaking that look of decision in the face of the protecting little damsel, nor the wistful appealing glance in the eyes of the other. The artist had caught both most happily; and though the fair locks I had admired were uncovered, I knew my little ladies of the beaver bonnets again.

Having failed to learn anything about them from the housekeeper, I went to old Giles and asked him the name of the gentleman to whom the place belonged.

"St. John," he replied.

"I suppose he has got children?" I continued.

"Only one living," said old Giles. "They do say he've buried six, most on 'em in galloping consumptions. It do stand to reason they've had all done for 'em that gold could buy, but afflictions, sir, they be as heavy on the rich man as the poor; and when a body's time be come it ain't outlandish oils nor furrin parts can cure 'em."

I wondered which of the quaint little ladies had died, and whether they had taken her to "furrin parts" before her death; and I thought if it were the grey-eyed little maid, how sad and helpless her little sister must be.

"Only one left?" I said, mechanically.

"Ay, ay," said old Giles; "and he be pretty bad, I fancy. They've got him in furrin parts where the sun shines all along; but they do say he be wild to get back home, but that'll not be, but in his coffin, to be laid with the rest in the big vault. Ay, ay, affliction spares none, sir, nor yet death."

So this last of the St. John family was a boy. If the little ladies were his sisters, both must be dead; if not, I did not know who they were. I felt very angry with the housekeeper for her sulky reticence. I was also not highly pleased by her manner of treating me, for she evidently took me for one of the Sunday-school boys. I fear it was partly a shabby pride on this point which led me to "tip" her with half-a-crown on my own account when we were taking leave. In a moment she became civil to slavishness, hoped I'd enjoyed myself, and professed her willingness to show me anything about the place any day when there were not "so many of them school children crowding and putting a body out, sir. There's such a many common people comes, sir," she added, "I'm quite wored out, and having no need to be in service, and all my friends a-begging of me to leave, I only stays to oblige Mr. St. John."

It was, I think, chiefly in the way I had of thinking aloud that I said, more to myself than to her, "I'm sure I don't know what makes him keep you, you do it so very badly. But perhaps you're respectable."

The half-crown had been unexpected, and this blow fairly took away her breath. Before her rage found words, we were gone.

I did not fail to call on Mr. and Mrs. Buckle. The shop looked just the same as when I was there with Mrs. Bundle. One would have said those were the very rolls of leather that used to stand near the door. The good people were delighted to see me, and proud to be introduced to Mr. Andrewes and my tutor. I had brought some little presents with me, both from myself and Nurse Bundle, which gave great satisfaction.

"And where is *Jemima*?" I asked, as I sat nursing an imposing-looking parcel addressed to her, which was a large toilette pincushion made and ready furnished with pins for her by Mrs. Bundle herself.

"Now did ever!" cried Mrs. Buckle in her old style; "To think of his remembering our *Jemima*, and she married to Jim Espin the tinsmith this six months past."

So to the tinsmith's I went, and *Jemima* was, as she expressed it, "that pleased she didn't know where to put herself," by my visit. She presented me with a small tin lantern on which I had made some remark, and which pleased me well. I saw the drawer of farthing wares also, and might have had a flat iron had I been so minded; but I was too old now to want it for a plaything, and too young yet to take it as a remembrance of the past.

I asked Mrs. Buckle about the two little beaver-bonneted ladies, but she did not help me much. She did not remember them. They might be Mr. St. John's little girls; he had buried four. A many ladies wore beaver bonnets then. This was all she could say, so I gave up my inquiries. It was as we were on our way from the Buckles to join the rest of the party that Mr. Clerke caught sight of the quaint little village church, and as churches and church services were matters of great interest to us just then, the two parsons, the churchwarden, five elder scholars and myself got the key from the sexton and went to examine the interior.

It was an old and rather dilapidated building. The glass in the east window was in squares of the tint and consistency of "bottle glass," except where one fragment of what is technically known as "ruby" bore witness that there had once been a stained window there. There were dirty calico blinds to do duty for stained glass in moderating the light; dirt, long gathered, had blunted the sharpness of the tracery on the old carved stalls in the chancel, where the wood-

worms of several generations had eaten fresh patterns of their own, and the squat, solemn little carved figures seemed to moulder under one's eyes. In the body of the church were high pews painted white, and four or five old tombs with life-sized recumbent figures fitted in oddly with these, and a skimpy looking prayer-desk, pulpit, and font, which were squeezed together between the half-rotten screen and a stone knight in armour.

"Pretty tidy," said our churchwarden, tapping one of the pews with a patronising finger; "but bless and save us, Mr. Andrewes, sir, the walls be disgraceful dirty, and ten shillings' worth of lime and labour would make 'em as white as the driven snow. The sexton says there be a rate, and if so, why don't they whitewash and paint a bit, and get rid of them rotten old seats, and make things a bit decent? You don't find a many places to beat Dacrefield, sir, go as far as you will," he added complacently, and with an air of having exhausted experience in the matter of country churches.

"Them old figures," he went on, "they puts me in mind of one my father used to tell us about, that was in Dacrefield Church. A man with a kind of a cap on his face, and his feet crossed, and very pointed toes, and a sword by his side."

"At Dacrefield?" cried Mr. Andrewes; "surely there isn't a Templar at Dacrefield."

"It were in the old church that came down," continued the churchwarden, "in the old Squire's time. There was a deal of ancient rubbish cleared out then, sir, I've heard, and laid in the stackyard at the Hall. It was when my father was employed as mason under 'brick and mortar Benson,' as they called him, for repairs of a wall, and they were short of stones, and they chipped up the figure I be a telling you of. My father allus said he knowed the head was put in whole, and many's the time I've looked for it when a boy."

I think Mr. Andrewes could endure the churchwarden's tale of former destructiveness no longer, and he abruptly called us to come away. I was just running to join the rest at the door, when my eye fell upon a modern tablet of marble above a large cushioned pew. Like the other monuments in the church, it was sacred to the memory of members of the St. John family, and, as I found, recorded the names of the wife and six children of the present owner of the estate. Very pathetic, after the record of such desolation, were the words of

Job (cut below the bas-relief at the bottom, which, not very gracefully, represented a broken flower): "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Mr. Clerke was hurrying back up the church to fetch me, as I read the text. I had just time to see that the two last names were the names of girls before I had to join him.

Amy and Lucy! Were those indeed the dainty little children who such a short time ago were living, and busy like myself, happy with the tinsmith's toys, and sad for a drenched doll? Wild speculations floated through my head as I followed the tutor, without hearing one word of what he was saying about tea and teachers, and reaching Dacrefield before dark.

I had wished to be their brother. Supposing it had been so, and that I were now withering under the family doom, homesick and sick unto death "in furrin parts!" My last supposition I thought aloud:

"I suppose they know all the old knights, and those people in ruffs, with their sons and daughters kneeling behind them, now. That is if they were good, and went to heaven."

"*Who* do you suppose know the people in the ruffs?" asked the bewildered tutor.

"Amy and Lucy St. John," said I; "the children who died last."

"Well, Regie, you certainly *do* say *the* most *singular* things," said Mr. Clerke.

But that was a speech he often made with the emphasis as it is given here.

CHAPTER XXII.

NURSE BUNDLE FINDS A VOCATION. RAGGED ROBIN'S WIFE. MRS. BUNDLE'S IDEAS ON HUSBANDS AND PUBLIC-HOUSES.

I WAS very happy under Mr. Clerke's sway, and yet I was glad to go to school.

The tutor himself, who had been "on the foundation" at Eton, had helped to fill me with anticipations of public school life. It was decided that I also should go to Eton, but as an oppidan, and, becoming already a partisan of my own part of the school, I often now disputed conclusions or questioned facts in my tutor's school anecdotes, which commonly tended to the sole glorification of the "collegers."

I must not omit to mention an interview that about this period took place between my father and Mrs. Bundle. It was one morning

just after the Eton matter had been settled, that my nurse presented herself in my father's library, her face fatter and redder than usual from being swollen and inflamed by weeping.

"Well?" said my father, looking up pleasantly from his accounts. But he added hastily, "Why, bless me, Mrs. Bundle, what is the matter?"

"Asking your pardon for troubling you, sir," Nurse Bundle began in a chokey voice, "but as you made no mention of it yourself, sir, your kindness being what it is, and the young gentleman as good as gone to school, and me eating the bread of idleness ever since that tutor come, I wished to know, sir, when you thought of giving me notice."

"Give you notice to do what?" asked my father.

"To leave your service, sir," said Mrs. Bundle, steadily. "There's no nurse wanted in this establishment now, sir."

My father laid one hand on Mrs. Bundle's shoulder, and with the other he drew forward a miniature of my mother that always hung on a standing frame on the writing-table.

"It is like yourself to be so scrupulous," he said; "but you will never again speak of leaving us, Mrs. Bundle. Please, for her sake," added my father, his own voice faltering as he looked towards the miniature. As for Nurse Bundle, her tears utterly forbade her to get out a word.

"If you have too much to do," my father went on, "let a young girl be got to relieve you of any work that troubles you; or, if you very much wish for a home to yourself, I have no right to refuse that, though I wish you could be happy under my roof, and I will see about one of those cottages near the gate. But you will not desert me—and Reginald—after so many years."

"The day I do leave will be the breaking of my heart," sobbed Nurse Bundle, "and if there was any ways in which I could be useful—but take wages for nothing, I could not, sir."

"Mrs. Bundle," said my father, "if your wages were a matter of any importance to me, if I could not afford even to pay you for your work, I should still ask you to share my home, with such comforts as I had to offer, and to help me so far as you could, for the sake of the past. I must always be under an obligation to you which I can never repay," added my father, in his rather elaborate style. "And as to being useful, well, ahem, if you will kindly continue to superintend and repair my linen and Master Reginald's——"

"Why, bless your innocence, sir, and meaning no disrespect," said Mrs. Bundle, "but there ain't no mending in *your* linen. There was some darning in the tutor's socks, but you give away half-a-dozen pair last Monday, sir, as hadn't a darn in 'em no bigger than a pea."

I think it was the allusion to "giving away" that suggested an idea to my father in his perplexity for employing Nurse Bundle.

"Stay," he exclaimed, "Mrs. Bundle; there is a way in which you could be of the greatest service to me. I often feel that the loss of a lady at the head of my household must be especially felt among the poor people around us—additionally so, as Mr. Andrewes is not married, and there is no lady either at the Rectory or here to visit the sick and encourage the mothers and children. I fear that when I do anything for them it is often in a wrong way, or for wrong objects."

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Bundle, an old grievance rushing to her mind, "I had thought myself of making so bold as to speak to you about that there Tommy Masden as you give half-crowns to, as tells you one big lie on the top of another, and his father drinks every penny he earns, and his mother at the back-door all along for scraps, and throwed the Christmas soup to the pig, and said they wasn't come to the workus yet; and a coat as good as new of yours, sir, hanging out of the door of the pawnshop, and giving me such a turn I thought my legs would never have carried me home, till I found you'd given it to that Tommy, who won't do a hand's turn for sixpence, but begs at every decent house in the parish every week as comes round, and tells everybody as he tells yourself, sir, that he never gets nothing from nobody."

"Well, well," said my father, laughing, "you see how I want somebody to look out the real cases of distress and deserving poverty. Of course, I must speak to Mr. Andrewes first, Mrs. Bundle, but I am sure he will be as glad as myself that you should do what we have neither of us a wife to undertake."

I know Nurse Bundle was only too glad to reconcile her honest conscience to staying at Dacrefield; and I think the allusion to the lack of a lady head to our household decided her at all risks to remove that reason for a second Mrs. Dacre. Moreover, the duties proposed for her suited her tastes to a shade.

Mr. Andrewes was delighted. And thus it came about that, though my father would have been horrified at the idea of employing a Sister

of Mercy, and though Bible-woman and district visitor were names not familiar in our simple parochial machinery, Mrs. Bundle did the work of all three to the great benefit of our poor neighbours.

Not, however, to the satisfaction of those who had hitherto leant most upon the charity of the Hall. A certain picturesquely tattered man, living at some distance from the village, who was in the habit of waylaying my father at certain points on the estate, with well-timed agricultural remarks and a cunning affectation of half-wittedness and good-humour, got henceforward no half-crowns for his pains.

"Mrs. Bundle has knocked off all my pensioners," my father would laughingly complain. But he was quite willing that the half-crowns should now be taken direct to the man's wife and children, instead of passing from his hands to the public-house. "Though really the good woman—for I understand she is a most excellent person—is singularly hard-favoured," my father added, "and looks more as if she thrashed old Ragged Robin, than as if he beat her, as I hear he does."

"Nothing inside, and the poker outside makes a many women as they've no wish to sit for their picter," said Mrs. Bundle, severely, in reply to some remark of mine, reflecting, like my father's, on the said woman's appearance. "And when a woman has children, and their father brings home nothing but kicks and bad language, in all reason if it isn't the death or the ruin of her, it makes her as she 'asn't much time nor spirits to spare for dropping curtsies and telling long tales like some people as is always scrap-seeking at gentry's back-doors. But I knows a clean place when I takes it unawares, and clothes with more patch than stuff, and all the colour washed out of them, and bruises hid, and a bad husband made the best of, and children as knows how to behave themselves."

The warmth of Mrs. Bundle's feelings only prompted me to tease her; and it was chiefly for "the fun of working her up" that I said—

"Ah, but, Nurse, you know we heard she went after him one night to the public-house, and made a row before everybody. I don't mean he ought to go to the public-house, but still, I'm sure if I'd a wife who came and hunted me up when she thought I ought to be indoors, I'd—well, I'd try and teach her to stay at home. Besides, women ought to be gentle, and perhaps if she were sweeter-tempered with him, he'd be kinder to her."

"Do you know what she went for, Master Reginald?" said Nurse

Bundle. "Not a halfpenny does he give her to feed the children with, and everything in that house that's got she gets by washing. And the rich folk she washed for kept her waiting for her money—more shame to 'em; there was weeks run on, and she borrowed a bit, and pawned a bit, and when she went the day they said they'd pay her, he'd been before and drawed the money, and was drinking it up when she went to see if she could get any, and then laughed at her, and sent her back to the children as was starving, and the neighbour she'd borrowed of as called her a thief and threatened to have her up. Gentle! why, bless your innocence, who ever knowed gentleness do good to a drunkard? She should have stood up to him sooner, and he'd never have got so bad. She's kept his brute ways to herself and made his home comfortable with her own earnings, till he thinks he may do anything and never bring in nothing. She did lay out some of his behaviour before him that day, and he beat her for it afterwards. But if it had been me, Master Reginald, I'd have had money to feed them children, or I'd have fought him while I'd a bit of breath in my body."

And with all my respect for Nurse Bundle, I am bound to say that I think she would have been as good as her word.

"Go to your tutor, my dear," she concluded, "and talk Latin and Greek and such like, as you knows about; but don't talk rubbish about pretty looks and ways for a woman as is tied to a drunkard, for I can't abear it. I seed enough of husbands and public-houses in my young days to keep me a single woman and my own missis. Not but what I've had my feelings like other folk, and plenty of offers, besides a young cabinet-maker as had high wages and the beautifulest complexion you ever saw. But he was overfond of company; so I went to service, and cried myself to sleep every night for three months; and when next I see him he was staggering along the street, and I says, 'I'm sorry to see you like this, William,' and he says, 'It's your doing, Mary; your No's drove me to the glass.' And I says, 'Then it's best as it is. If one No drove you to the glass, you and married life wouldn't suit, for there's plenty of Nos there.' So I left him wiping his eyes, for he always cried when he was in beer. And I says to myself, 'I'll go back to place, where I knows what I'm working for, and can leave if we don't suit.' And it was always the same, my dear. If it was a nice-looking footman, he'd have his evening out and come

home fresh; and if it was an elderly butler as had put a little by he wanted to set up in the public line. So I kept myself to myself, my dear, for I'm short-tempered at the best, and could never put up with the abuse of a man in liquor."

I was so thoroughly converted to the side of Ragged Robin's wife, that I at once pressed some of my charity money on Mrs. Bundle for her benefit; but I tried to dispute my nurse's unfavourable view of husbands by instancing her worthy brother-in-law at Oakford.

"Ah, yes, Buckle," said Mrs. Bundle, in a tone which seemed to do less justice to the saddler's good qualities than they deserved. "He's a good, soft, easy body, is Buckle."

Whence I concluded that Mrs. Bundle, like some other ladies, was not altogether easy to please.

I think it was during our last walk through the village before Mr. Clerke left us, that he and I called on Ragged Robin's wife. She was thankful, but not communicative, and the eyes, deep set in her bony and discoloured face, seemed to have lost the power of lighting up with hope.

"My dear Regie," said Mr. Clerke, as we turned homewards, "I never saw anything more pitiable than the look in that woman's eyes, and the tone in which she said 'There be a better world afore us all, sir—I'll be well off then,' when I said I hoped she'd be better off and happier now, quite went to my heart. I'm afraid she never will have much comfort in this world, unless she outlives her lord and master. Do you know, Regie, she reminds me very much of an ill-treated donkey; her bones look so battered, and there's a sort of stubborn hopelessness about her, like some poor Neddy who is thwacked and tugged this way and that, work he never so hard. Poor thing! she may well look forward to Heaven," added my tutor, whose kind heart was very sore on this subject, "and it's a blessed thought how it will make up, even for such a life here!"

"What will make it up to the donkeys?" I asked, taking Mr. Clerke at a disadvantage on that standing subject of dispute between us—a "better world" for beasts.

But my tutor only said, "My dear Regie, you *do* say *the* most singular things!" which, as I pointed out, was no argument, one way or another.

Meanwhile, through Mrs. Bundle, we did our best for Robin's wife and certain other ill-treated women about the place. Mrs. Bundle could be very severe on the dirt and discomfort which "drove some

men to the public as would stay at home if there was a clean kitchen to stay in, and less of that nagging at a man and screaming after children as never made a decent husband nor a well-behaved child yet." But in certain cases of undeserved brutality, like Robin's, I fear she sometimes counselled resistance, on the principle that "it couldn't make him do worse, and might make him do better."

I am sure that my father had never thought of Mrs. Bundle acting as sick-nurse in the village; but matters seemed to develop of themselves. She was so experienced and capable that she could hardly fail to smooth the disordered bed-clothes, open the window, clear the room of the shiftless gossips who flocked like ravens to predict death, and take the control of mismanaged sick-rooms. It came to be a common thing that some wan child should present itself at our door with the message that "Missis Bundle she wants her things, for as mother be so bad, she says she'll see her over the night."

As for herself, I doubt if she had ever been happier in her life. Her conscience was at ease, for she certainly worked hard enough for her wages, and it was good to see the glow of pleasure that an oft-repeated remark of my father's never failed to bring over her honest face.

"Don't overwork yourself, Mrs. Bundle. What should we do if you were laid up?"

(*To be continued.*)

CARNIVOROUS AND INSECTIVOROUS PLANTS.

(*By a contributor in South Africa.*)



THROUGHOUT the whole of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, in every great division and class, there are to be found species which bear to each other a certain degree of similitude, not in appearance, for in that they greatly differ, but in their peculiar habits and manner of existence, and likewise in the relative positions which they hold in their various classes.

To commence with the animal kingdom. In the great class of *Mammalia*, the order *Carnivora* will be found to consist almost entirely of flesh-eating animals; in that of birds (*Aves*), the *Raptores*, or birds of prey; and passing on from these to fishes, reptiles, insects, and animalculæ—dispersed throughout the whole of these classes are families consisting of creatures that are predatory in their habits,

preying upon other creatures. Moreover, it will likewise appear that the vegetable kingdom is not without its representatives, for included in its innumerable species are those that are also of a predaceous nature; plants that cannot, for any length of time, exist in a healthy state without the assistance of animal food; in fact, plants that are insectivorous, and to a certain degree carnivorous also.

First and foremost amongst these, let me mention those marvellous productions of nature, the glorious "Pitcher plants" (*Nepenthes*) of the Oriental world; for is it not sufficiently evident to every observer of nature that these plants are predaceous in their habits, and that their splendid and highly-coloured chalice is in reality nothing more or less than snares and fly-traps; their brilliant colours serving as a decoy, for the purpose of attracting small animals, and reptiles and insects of various kinds, that are in search of food or drink, into the fatal pitchers, from whence (owing to the peculiar construction of these metamorphosed leaf cups) their struggles to escape will prove fruitless? It is a well-known fact that multitudes of insects, and small animals of various kinds, are drowned in these pitchers—the inner surface of which is thickly beset with innumerable glands, which, like so many small mouths, are employed in the consumption of these creatures during their decomposition.* The "Side-saddle" plants of North America (*Sarracenia*, *Darlingtonia*, &c., &c.) must also be enumerated in the long list of predaceous plants, for, like their allies of India and Borneo, they employ their curiously-shaped leaf-pitchers in the capture of living creatures. According to Dr. Torrey, "the cavity (of their cup-leaves) is often found partly full of water, which seems to be derived from the rains and dews. It always contains dead insects, and is sometimes one-third filled with them, so that in warm weather I have known their putrescence to render the swamps where the plant abounds highly offensive: the insects in creeping over the hairy surface of the lamina find it difficult to return, in consequence of their feet becoming wedged in the short stiff hairs which extend beyond the orifice. Passing over the smooth upper surface of the tube, they are

* "While the men were cooking their rice, we sat before the tent enjoying our chocolate, and observing one of our followers carrying water in a splendid specimen of *Nepenthes Rajah*, desired him to bring it to us, and found that it held exactly *four pint bottles*! We afterwards saw others apparently much larger, and Mr. Low, while wandering in search of flowers, came upon one in which was a *drowned rat*."—*Travels in Northern Borneo*. By Spenser St. John, Esq., F.R.G.S., &c.

again detained by the hairs below, where they are either drowned in the water usually contained in the tube, or starved to death." Neither must I omit the very perfect, though small Australian representative, the little bog fly-trap, *Cephalotus follicularis*, with its surrounding pitchers resting upon the moss-clad earth of the bogs in which they grow, and its beautifully constructed lids standing crest-like above each pitcher in an ornamental manner beneath its slender spike of white blossoms.

The pitcher-lid of these plants, so varied and wonderful in their construction, appears to be of service only during the growth of the young pitcher, at which time it is firmly closed, preventing the entrance of rain-water or dews during its imperfect and immature condition; when once the pitcher has attained its full size, and is prepared for the purpose for which it is designed, the lid is opened, or raised, and is, I believe, never again closed.

Of these remarkable productions of nature, I shall, however, say no more, although they certainly do stand pre-eminently at the head of the list of carnivorous and insectivorous plants. But as they do not occur in South Africa, and my acquaintance with them is slight, formed only from books and illustrations, I shall therefore confine my remarks to plants of my own country; plants resembling those great Oriental wonders, and their allies, only in the manner of their existence—the way in which they provide for their daily requirements.

These plants will be found described in various botanical works under the natural order of *Droseraceæ*, an order of world-wide distribution. In England it is represented by the different species of *Drosera* ("Sun-dew"). In this country the order has an extensive range; the species, however, are described under two genera, *Drosera* and *Roridula*: "Branches of the last named are hung up in farmhouses for the purpose of catching flies." (See "Flora Capensis.")

It will, however, be sufficient for my purpose if I describe a single species of this order, for although these plants vary considerably in appearance, in their habits and manner of living they are the same; let me therefore select *Drosera trinervia*.—"Spreng-Aulist," I., p. 298.

This little plant will be found growing abundantly in most sub-alpine localities, frequenting bogs or permanent springs of water, clustering in sheltered nooks, often as many as a dozen or two of plants together, growing either in, or surrounded by water, where they may

be observed, at almost every season of the year, spreading out their small rotate forms to the sunshine, every leaf of which is "armed to the teeth" with glandular hairs, each gland secreting a glutinous substance partaking of the nature of bird-lime, which stands in small bright bead-like drops upon the apex of each hair, forming, together with the highly-coloured leaves of the plant (which are often of a glowing red or bronze), a minute but beautiful object, not unlike some of the radiate species of *Echinodermata*, so frequent in the rock-pools of salt-water on the sea-shore. Its small pink blossoms, although pretty, are by no means conspicuous, and in the event of an insect visiting the plant, it would not be the blossoms that would "bear away the palm." The attraction would be the highly-coloured leaves with their bright and tempting pearly drops; it would be these that would seem fair in the eyes of a thirsty insect, and upon these snares, with their bird-lime secretion, the deluded creature would at once be taken. Vain, indeed, would be its struggles to escape, for coming in contact with other glands which thickly beset the leaf, it would inevitably become more hopelessly entangled. When an insect has been secured in this manner, the apex of the leaf upon which it is fixed turns gradually over upon its victim, enfolding it within its grasp, in the same way as you would do by closing the four fingers of your hand upon any object (this movement of the leaf is, however, too slow to be visible). By this means another set of glands are brought upon the opposite side of the insect's body, and then the absorbing process at once commences, the juices of the victim being completely drained by the many mouth-like glands that surround it in a very short time, leaving nothing but a small portion of dust of what was previously the perfect body of a live insect. After this operation has been completed the leaf unfolds and returns again to its original position, the glands once more exude their glutinous secretions, and the leaf is prepared for the capture of another insect.

I have frequently observed as many as four or five leaves turned down upon a single plant, and beneath each fold was the partly consumed body of an insect, while upon others I have witnessed the victim vainly struggling for its freedom, and the apex of the leaf significantly turned towards it.

In seasons of great drought, when from the scarcity of food insect life has become rare, these plants assume a stunted and unhealthy

appearance, not because they require moisture, for those that are surrounded by it are affected in the same manner. Hence, I must infer, that it is because in such seasons of dearth they cannot obtain a sufficient supply of animal food, for no sooner is the earth supplied with refreshing rains, and replete with insect life, than these predaceous plants speedily regain their accustomed vigour.

The different species of the order *Droseraceæ* are capable of enduring long seasons of protracted drought; at such times they cease to grow, and become almost dormant; for dry and moss-like, they await the return of rainy seasons, but seldom perish. It is, however, in spring and summer time that these plants *set their traps*, when the earth and air are teeming with life, and the warm sunbeams are shedding their influence over the land; it is then that *Drosera trinervia* may be seen in all its freshness, with its leaves fully arrayed for the capture of insects. In winter they cease to grow, and their leaves are comparatively dry, exuding but little moisture; the glands becoming almost dry, and the whole plant assuming a deeper red or autumnal tint.


Many, I have no doubt, have observed upon warm summer evenings, more especially after rain has fallen, a species of midge, or bog-fly, making its appearance in such dense multitudes as even to darken the air in certain localities, like small clouds of misty vapour; it is this insect, more than any other, that becomes a prey to these plants, although it is by no means their only victim, for many others, such, for instance, as gnats and small flies of various kinds, together with ants and flower insects, are captured upon the leaf-traps of *Drosera trinervia*.

Probably some may object to several of the terms employed in this paper, as being inapplicable to species of the vegetable kingdom, their first objection being to the title itself; but let me plead, in self-defence, that these terms are equally correct when applied to these predaceous plants as they are when applied to vampires, wild cats, and spiders, &c.; creatures that *do not eat, but suck the blood and those juices of their victims*; and, moreover, I cannot so fully and clearly express my meaning unless I make use of them in the manner that I have done.

M. E. BARBER.



MORE EGYPTIAN SKETCHES.

"M not asleep, Auntie"—this from our poor little friend Charlie, who had been lying with his eyes closed while his aunt had been looking at the pretty boy, and wishing that she could bring a little colour to the pale cheeks and take away the lines which suffering had traced about the delicate mouth.

"I'm not asleep; I only shut my eyes that I might see over again those Eastern pictures you made for me the other day. I can bring them before me quite well!"

"Perhaps, then, Charlie, you would like me to paint you some more?"

"Oh, that I should, if you can find the time, Auntie; it is the nicest amusement that has been found out yet. I do so like hearing what is true, what you saw your own self."

"And I like going over the old ground again in memory, especially when it pleases my poor patient little Charlie," said his aunt; "so now for it. Shall we go and look at Thebes by moonlight?"

"Oh, yes, I should like that. There are great temples there, are there not?"

"Some of the finest and most interesting ruins in the world," said his aunt. "We had of course visited them carefully by daylight, but this night scene pleased me the best. Look then upon the broad Nile, and see the 'Clothilde,' and two or three other boats like her, but not so large, moored close to the bank at Luxor, and just beside a lovely temple, with palm-trees and a poor Arab village round it. Luxor, however, is not the part of Thebes we are bound for. That is called Karnak, and is some distance off; so behold a motley party on horseback, on donkeys, and on foot, dressed in every variety of garb, and speaking, if you could only hear them, a curious medley of languages. That picturesque-looking individual, wearing a scarlet *abba*, or loose cloak, and mounted on a pretty white Arab, is a German savant, great at reading hieroglyphics, and sent to Karnak by the King of Prussia to prepare a work upon the remains of ancient Egypt. Beside him is your Aunt Emma upon a tiny but very lively donkey. Next you see the consul, gaudily attired and attended by a couple of dragomen.

Then there are two or three English gentlemen and a Frenchman, who had come up in the other boats; and as the moon has not yet fully risen, sundry little boys carry *fanoos*, or paper lanterns, and several of the boatmen have great flaring torches called *mashals* in their hands. These *mashals* are iron frames fastened upon long poles and filled with oak wood, which is brought all the way from Constantinople.

"By the weird glow of these torches everything looks unusually fantastic, and as the light falls now upon some half-mutilated sphinx, and now upon some majestic pylon or gateway, then glances upon a group of turbaned figures intermingled with English ladies and gentlemen, you would be quite puzzled to know what they could be doing.

"But look again: they are now arrived at Karnak, and seated in the smaller temple. M. Brücksh, that is the name of the German gentleman, has been living here for six weeks. You see he has curtained off a part of the large hall for a sleeping apartment. In that recess to the left the Arab cook is busy preparing for tea, and his fire shows quite plainly some inscriptions running round that part of the building. The part where our travellers are seated has been arranged as a dining-room, with divan, table, chairs, plenty of books and writing materials, and is quite comfortable. The *mashals* are placed here and there so as to throw some parts into bright light and some into deep shadow, making the farther recesses seem quite cavernous, and suggesting the presence of wolves, jackals, and snakes, which, indeed, do abound in all the ruins.

"But look to the right! positively, that is the stable—yes, indeed, there is the horse and two or three donkeys, and actually a small flock of sheep, with four of the large strong dogs of Erment as their guard. M. Brücksh is, of course, obliged to have his means of living about him, and seems to like dwelling in this patriarchal manner."

"I should think so," said Charlie; "why, it must be a jolly life! Just like going gipsying, only with a few more comforts, and much more novelty and adventure. But, Auntie, I've seen hieroglyphics, you know, in the British Museum, and they are not like writing. Did you say the German gentleman could read them?"

"Yes, and so can many others who have studied them. Those signs are but the letters of an alphabet. Many of them are painted, and the colours still quite fresh; but more are only carved, or, if they ever were coloured, the painting has worn away.

"The historical sculptures set forth often quite plainly the deeds of the kings who caused them to be recorded. There are battle-scenes done in a most spirited manner. There are processions offering captives and booty to the various gods. There is the River Nile with its crocodiles and fish, ay, and a *bridge* over it even in that early time! There are forts with scaling ladders; and there is a pursuit through a wooded country, with trees which appear to be cedar-trees, the place being called *Lemanon*, most likely Lebanon, and captives supposed to represent those taken by Shishak in his expedition against Jerusalem.

"But our party have now been served with delicious caravan tea, such as is not to be had every day, and fine oranges, the produce of some pacha's garden, and have now left the gipsy camp within the temple, and are contemplating the grander scene without.

"The torches are left within; the moon alone now illumines the picture—but such a moon! so bright, and the atmosphere so clear that where her beams fall directly upon a wall or column you can see the sculpture quite plainly.

"But it is the whole picture that is so grand. See that magnificent portal, that double row of simple but very lofty columns, with those black statues at the entrance of that sanctuary. See that mass of building behind throwing its shadow upon that chaos of blocks tumbled down and thrown into the most utter confusion. Those single blocks are so large that a man and horse standing behind some of them would be quite hidden.

"Then see those sphinxes, broken and mutilated to be sure, but still grand-looking. There was once an avenue of them which reached to Luxor, a distance of a mile and a half. Their form is half human, half animal; by daylight you can see that the head is that of a woman, but now one could imagine an array of panthers ready to spring upon the unsuspecting traveller.

"Some of the most ancient columns are in the form of the lotus-plant, the shaft being the stalk and the capital the flower; and there are whole ranges of them standing, and many huge gateways and wide courts and halls quite perfect. But you see also fragments of pillars, broken statues, great masses of building, all hurled down and lying in confusion, partly covered with drifts of sand; and amongst them here and there are palm trees and Arab huts, and now and then an Arab himself appears with a long lance in his hand."

"Thank you, Auntie," said Charlie. "Thebes must have once been a grand place."

"Yes, it was one of the richest, as well as one of the most ancient of the Egyptian cities, and was called the city of the hundred gates. It stood on both banks of the Nile, and the number and extent of the ruins now remaining show how large it must have been."

"What destroyed it, Aunty?"

"Cambyses rifled it of its treasures and made great havoc of the city, but its ruin was only effected some centuries later by a terrible earthquake."

"Did you see any mummies, Aunt Emma?"

"Not on that occasion, but I had heard so much from M. Brücksh and others about the mummy-pits they had explored that I could not be satisfied without seeing one too; but I had enough of it in a short time, I can assure you."

"Oh, how was that? Do please tell me about it."

"Well, a party was arranged for an exploring expedition, and we were to meet, at a place called Medeenet Haboo, M. Brücksh and his Arab Timsig (Crocodile), who were to be our conductors; but, alas! they proved faithless, and after waiting a long time, we decided to go on alone, as our own boatmen declared they could guide us. So on we went, and *would not* find the sun extremely hot, and the road very rough and disagreeable! Presently we had to dismount from our donkeys, and climb a hill. Steep, toilsome, and glaring was the way; the white limestone terrible to the eyes and sharp to the feet. No matter! mummies in the pits we must see. At last we reached the spot indicated, and there, truly, were pits enough, but without a ladder no two-legged animal, save a monkey or a schoolboy, would have a chance of getting into them. One of our party made his way down a sort of chimney, and from thence saw indeed plenty of mummies, but most effectually protected by the depth at which they lay.

"This could not be the cave of which we had been told, so now commenced a questioning of the guides, which invariably ended in the reply, 'Mafish mummie'—'no mummies;' to which we rejoined, 'Mafish mummie, mafish backsheesh'—'no mummies, no backsheesh;' and the fear of losing their present stirred up our conductors to new efforts.

"Presently we were shown some very interesting tombs, easy of

access, and partly adorned with sculpture, partly with paintings, but containing no sarcophagi or relics of any kind.

"Of course these disappointments only made us still more determined to persevere, and away we rode again across the hills to Dayr-el-Medeeneh, where is a small temple erected by Ptolemy Philopator, and which afterwards served as an abode for some of the early Christians. Under the shade of its gateway we rested for a while, and then again climbed on foot a pretty steep ascent, and arrived panting and exhausted at the top.

"There we entered a small cavern, and looking down a slope of some six feet or so, saw at the bottom a small hole which had been dug out, and were told that if we went through that we should find large chambers full of mummies beyond.

"It looked anything but inviting, but 'nothing venture, nothing have,' you know, so I slid down, and getting flat on my face, wriggled myself through, for there was no room to go even on hands and knees, and called to my companions 'All right!' They speedily followed me, and we proceeded to examine the place.

"There were three chambers of considerable height, cut out of the limestone, and packed I know not how deep with mummies—not respectable mummies in painted coffins, such as you see in museums, but mummies wrapped in decaying cloths smelling of old spices and drugs, the air suffocating from the closeness and dust, and huge bats disturbed by our candles flapping about us in all directions. A very short inspection of the place satisfied us. I do not even know if the mummies were those of animals or of human beings. We made the best of our way out into the sweet light and air of heaven, and only stopping in the entrance cave to pick up a few bits of linen and such scraps as we could find of some painted sarcophagus which had been broken up, regained our donkeys after a hearty laugh at the whole proceeding."

"Oh, really, Aunt Emma, I can hardly imagine *you* taking part in such an adventure! It sounds just like what *I* should do," said Charlie.

"You think it was too undignified for your staid aunt, but you must remember that it took place some years ago, and that I do not like to be beaten in anything I attempt any more than you do."

"Did you say that there are mummies of *animals* as well as human beings?"

"Yes; cats, wolves, and many other sacred animals were embalmed. I brought home an ibis mummy which I bought at Memphis, and I also obtained some necklaces and little idols which had been found in some of these pits, though I never tried to enter one again myself. Some of the mummies of distinguished persons are found wrapped in gold beaten out into very thin plates, and gold ornaments are also found upon them. The pits were consequently often rifled in the search for these things to sell to foreigners; but the present Pacha of Egypt punishes such theft severely, and the trade has been rendered much less profitable. However, as the people could not afford to lose it altogether, they manufacture a great number of idols, and even import them from Birmingham to sell to the unwary collector."

"What a shame! Fancy how disgusted a fellow would feel after bringing a nice collection carefully home to find that half the things were sham!"

"Yes; but I must own I was wicked enough to hope that a hammer of mine would have been placed in some museum as a genuine relic of antiquity; but I was disappointed: it was brought back to me and I have it still."

"What, that grim, rough old hammer, Aunt, that you take out geologising? it looks old enough for anything," said Charlie. "Has it a history?"

"Yes, it has been in the inside of the famous statue called the vocal Memnon on the plain of Thebes."

"The ancients said that this statue used to speak at sunrise. It is formed of a different kind of stone from the other colossal statues which stand near it, and as I had heard that when struck it emitted a peculiar metallic sound, we got an Arab to climb up and try, when, lo! at the first stroke, off went the head of the hammer down into the hollow figure, and I did so hope that it would be some day discovered by an antiquary and attributed to the Egyptian priests."

"But no; the hope of all powerful backsheesh induced an urchin to rescue the valuable implement, for which I now have quite an affection, and I would not change it for the best tool that could be manufactured. But I must leave off for to-day; another time perhaps I may tell you about our ascent of the great Pyramid and our desert journey, if you care to hear of them."

QUIET TIMES.



REST comes with the noontide hour :

The sun is high o'er head,
The drooping cattle on the plain
Beneath the shade are led.

When all things at their busiest are
A sudden hush comes down,
And the rude sounds of labour cease
By meadow, stream, and town.

So, 'mid our life's impetuous stir,
Not once but many times,
Thy voice, O God, a rest commands,
Soft as the noonday chimes.

Sometimes it comes when sickness lays
Us pale and still apart,
From all our busy works and plans
Resistless forced to part.

Or else when bitter loss and trial
Have made a silence round,
And the dull earth, with tears bestrew'd,
Is turned to holy ground.

Howe'er they come, these quiet times
Are thy good gifts, O Lord:
Not lightly to be trifled by,
Or restlessly abhorred.

Thou lead'st us then, like him of old,
Into the desert lone,
That we may hear Thy still small voice
In deeper, sweeter tone.

Then, when the present seems to fade,
The past more clear may rise,
And all the way Thou leddest us
Shine out before our eyes :


The dim peaks of the "far-off" land
May dawn upon our view ;
Time's shadows pass aside, and show
The world where all is true.

M. M. M.

“LUCK PETER.”

By Hans Christian Andersen.

XV.

T was still wintertime; the sleigh-bells rang, the clouds were laden with snow; but when a sunbeam broke forth it heralded the spring. It heaved and tingled in the young bosom; it sounded in expressive tones, which expanded themselves into words—

The earth is asleep in its snowy weed,
O'er the ice-bound lake glad skaters speed,
The frosty branches with rooks are dight,
But a thaw must come with the morrow's light.
Through the sullen clouds the sun gleams down
As Spring leads Summer towards the town,
The willow-tree drops its woolly shroud,
Then up! ye minstrels, and play aloud;
Join, little birds all;—sing on, sing on!
“Dull Winter-time at length is gone.”

What warm sun-kisses the meadow-lands greet!
Come gather the stone-wart and violet sweet;
The forest itself seems its breath to hold,
While in one night's space the fresh buds unfold.
And the cuckoo begins—dost thou understand?—
Telling how long thou shalt live in the land.
The earth is new-born; with the young one be young,
And giving full play to both heart and tongue,
Repeat Spring's burden in joyful tone,
“The time of youth is never gone.”

No, Youth's Spring season will never be gone.
With a magical power earth's life flows on;
Like tempest and sunshine are grief and mirth—
And in man's own heart is a very earth.
It vanishes not like a fallen star,
For fashioned in God's own form we are;
And God and Nature are ever young:—
Then teach us, O Spring, to sing thy song!
Chaunt, little birds all, with the voice of one,
“The time of youth is never gone.”

"That is quite a tone-picture," said the singing-master, "and well adapted for a chorus and orchestra. As yet it is the best of all your attempts at harmony. You must really learn thorough-bass, though it is not your destiny to be a composer."

Meanwhile, a young music publisher soon brought out the song at a large concert, where it excited some attention, but no anticipations. Our young friend's road lay open to him; his greatness and peculiar significance lay not merely in the sympathetic harmoniousness of his voice, but in his distinct dramatic talent. This he had shown both as George Brown, and as Hamlet. For the rest he preferred the opera proper to the musical piece; it was opposed to his healthy and natural sense, this changing over from song to speech, and back again to song. "It is," he said "like stepping from a marble staircase on to a wooden one; sometimes, perhaps, on to a 'cock-ladder;' and then again on to marble. The whole poem must continue living and breathing in harmony."

The Music of the Future, as the more modern school in operatic music is called, and of which Wagner especially is the standard-bearer, gained a supporter and admirer in our young friend. Here he found the character so clearly defined, the recitatives so full of idea; the whole development, in the progress of the drama, devoid of pause, or of constantly recurring melodies. "They are certainly monstrosities, these long inserted airs."

"Inserted, I grant you," said the singing-master, "but when, as with most of the great masters, they stand out an important portion of the whole, they must and ought to remain; if the lyric belongs to any place it is to the opera," and he mentioned in "Don Juan," Don Ottavio's air "Tears cease to flow," "where it is like a lovely woodland lake, on the margin of which one rests, and is completely filled with the harmonies of the forest of melody. I bow before the ability of the new school of music, but I do not with you, dance round their golden calf. This is surely not the opinion of your heart that you express; or else it is not itself quite clear to you."

"I will appear in one of Wagner's operas," said our young friend. "If not in words, at least in song and in action, I will pronounce the opinion of my heart."

His choice fell upon "Lohengrin," the youthful, mysterious knight, who in a bark drawn by swans glides up the river Schelde to fight for Elsa of Brabant. Who had either sung or acted as he did, the first

song at the meeting, the love-dialogue in the bridal chamber, or the song of departure, when the white dove of the Holy Grail flutters round the young knight who came, conquered and—vanished? This evening was, if possible, a still further step in artistic power and greatness for our young friend, and for the singing-master a step towards recognition of the music of the future.

"With reservations," said he.

XVI.

One day, at the large annual exhibition of paintings, Peter and Felix met before the portrait of a young and beautiful lady, the daughter of the "Widow-Baroness," as she was commonly called, whose salon was the rendezvous for the fashionable world, and for every one of reputation in art and literature. The young Baroness was in her sixteenth year, an innocent beautiful child. The picture was a likeness and executed with taste.

"Here, come into the room close by," said Felix, "there is the young beauty herself with her mother."

They stood wrapped in the contemplation of a picture which showed considerable character: it represented a plain over which two young people, husband and wife, came riding on one horse, tightly clasping each other. The principal figure, however, was a young monk, who was contemplating the two happy wayfarers. An anxious dreamy expression lay in the young man's countenance, one read in it his thoughts, the story of his life—an aim defeated, the prize of happiness lost. Human joy in love he had not grasped.

The elder lady noticed Felix, who respectfully saluted her and her pretty daughter. Peter showed the same ordinary politeness. The Widow-Baroness recognised him directly, from having seen him on the stage, and after having spoken to Felix, she said a few kind and friendly words to Peter, at the same time giving him her hand.

"I and my daughter are amongst your admirers." How perfectly beautiful the young maiden was at this moment! She looked at him with her soft, clear eyes, with almost gratitude.

"I see at my house," said the Widow-Baroness, "many of the best known artists; we ordinary people long for a breath of the spirit; you will be heartily welcome. Our young diplomat," and she nodded to Felix, "will introduce you the first time; another time I hope you will find your way by yourself," she smiled to him; the young damsel gave

him her hand, as naturally and cordially as if they had been long acquainted.

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Late in the Autumn, on a cold sleety evening, were to be seen two



young men—the two children of the rich merchant's mansion. It was weather rather for driving than walking, for the rich man's son and the first singer on the stage; but nevertheless they walked, well

wrapped up, with galoshes on their feet and broad-brimmed hats on their heads.

It was a perfect fairy transformation, coming out of the raw atmosphere into that luxurious and tastefully furnished dwelling. In the vestibule, in front of the softly carpeted stairs, shone a screen of flowers, amongst shrubs and fan-palms; a small jet of water splashed in its basin, surrounded by trellis-work.

The large reception room was brilliantly lighted, and a great portion of the company had already assembled. It was soon almost suffocation; one trod on silken trains and lace; one was confused by the noisy mosaic of conversation, in its entirety certainly the least estimable component of the whole of the splendid entertainment.

Had Peter been a vain youth, which he was not, he might have imagined that it was a fête in his honour, so cordial was his reception by the lady of the house and her radiant daughter. Ladies young and old were attentive to him. There was instrumental music; a young author read a well-written poem; there was singing; and such tact was shown, that no one solicited our courted young singer to put the finishing touch to the whole. The lady of the house, *spirituelle* yet cordial, in that rich salon, was a most attentive hostess.

Such was his introduction into the great world, and soon our young friend was one of the *élite* of the small family circle.

The singing-master shook his head and smiled. "You are young, my dear friend," he said, "and it pleases you to associate with these people; amongst and for themselves they can be good enough, but they overlook us plain people. With some of them it is simply a matter of vanity, a diversion, for others a sort of badge of culture, to take up into their circle artists and the favourites of the moment; such belong to the drawing-room as flowers to the vase; they make a show and then are thrown away."

"How bitter and unfair," said Peter. "You do not know these people, and you will not know them."

"No," answered the singing-master, "I do not belong to them, no more do you. And this they all remember and are conscious of. They applaud and inspect you, as one applauds and inspects a horse which is favourite for a race. You belong to another species than they. They drop you when you are no longer in fashion. Do you not see that? You are not proud enough; you are frivolous, and you shew it by visiting these aristocrats."

"How completely otherwise you would talk and judge," said Peter, "if you knew the Baroness and a few of my new friends there."

"I do not intend to know them," said the singing-master.

* * * * *

"When is the engagement to be announced," asked Felix one day. "Is it the mother or the daughter?" and he laughed. "Don't take the daughter, or you will have all the youthful nobility against you; I, too, should become your enemy, and the most blood-thirsty."

"What do you mean?" asked Peter.

"You are certainly the most highly favoured; can go out and in at all times. You will get money with the mother, and be taken into a noble family."

"Be quiet with that nonsense," said Peter, "there is no joke in what you are saying."

"It is certainly not a joke," said Felix, "it is solemn seriousness; for you surely will not allow her ladyship to sit still and grieve, to be doubly widowed—"

"Leave the Baroness out of your conversation," said Peter, "exhibit your wit on me, and me only, and I will answer you."

"No one will believe that it is a love match on your part," said Felix, "she is a little beyond the line of beauty; one lives not on the spirit alone."

"I thought that you had more refinement and good sense," said Peter, "than to like to talk in this way about a lady you ought to respect, and whose house you visit; and I'll tolerate it no longer."

"What will you do," asked Felix, "will you fight?"

"I know that you have learnt, and that I have not; but I can learn it." And he left Felix.

A few days afterwards the two children of the house, the son from the first floor and the son from the attic, again met one another. Felix spoke to Peter as if there had been no quarrel between them; the latter answered politely but shortly.

"Now what is the matter," said Felix, "we two were a little angry the other day, but one must have a joke to keep one from getting flat. I don't like being on bad terms; let us forget and forgive."

"Can you forgive yourself for the way in which you talked of a lady whom we both ought to respect?"

"I spoke very good-naturedly," said Felix, "in the fashionable

world, too, one may speak 'with an edge,' but it means nothing ill; it is the salt for 'the stale fish of every day life,' as the poet calls it. We are all of us a little malicious. You, too, if you like, may drop a word, my friend; let fall one innocent drop which may cause a smart."

The two were soon seen arm and arm. Felix knew well enough that more than one handsome young lady, who otherwise would pass without looking at him, now took note of one who was walking with "the stage Ideal." Gaslight always throws a reflexion of beauty over the theatre hero or lover; it still shines around him when he shews himself in the street by daylight, but then it is generally extinguished. Most stage performers are like swans; one must see them in their element, not on paving stones, not on the public promenade. Meanwhile there are exceptions, and amongst these was our young friend. His appearance off the stage never destroyed the conception one had of him as George Brown, Hamlet, and Lohengrin. It was these beings of poetry and harmony which many a young heart identified with the man himself, and so elevated him towards the ideal. He knew that this was the case, and found, too, a sort of pleasure in it. He was fortunate in his art and in the means he possessed for exercising it; yet a shade would come over the glad youthful countenance, and from the piano sounded the melody to the words,

They are gone! for ever are gone!
Like the flutter of wind on the sea,
Thy youth and thy hope and the friend of thy heart
Will never return unto thee.

"How melancholy!" said the Baroness, "yet you have fortune in its full measure; I know no one who is fortunate as you are."

"The sage Solon said, 'Call no one fortunate before he is in his grave,'" replied he, and smiled, but with seriousness; "it would be wrong, sinful, were I not gratefully glad in my heart. I am so, I am grateful for what is entrusted to me, but I myself set a very different value on it from what others do. It is a fine firework which goes up and is extinguished; the dramatic artist's work is transient. The eternally shining stars can be forgotten before the meteors of the moment; but of these, when they are extinguished, no trace remains but in old chronicles. A new generation knows them not, and cannot realize to itself those who from the stage enraptured its ancestors. The youth applauds the glitter of tinsel perhaps as loudly and as

cordially as their elders did the glitter of the genuine gold. Much more fortunate than the scenic artist are the poet, the sculptor, the painter, and the composer. In living life they might experience narrowness of circumstances, might miss a merited recognition, whilst the owner of their works lives in luxury, and the pride of self-deification; let the crowd admire the richly-tinted cloud, while it forgets the sun. The cloud evaporates, the sun gives heat and light for new generations."*

He sat down to the piano and gave play to his fancy with such thought and power as he had never done before.

"Wonderfully beautiful!" exclaimed the Baroness, "I seemed to hear a whole life's history. You gave us the heart's hymn of praise in sounds."

"It made me think of the 'Thousand and One Nights,'" said the young lady, "of the lamp of fortune, of Aladdin," and she looked before her with innocent tearful eyes.

"Aladdin?" repeated he.

That evening was a turning point in his life. A new epoch had surely commenced. What happened to him in this swift speeding year? The fresh colour forsook his cheeks, his eyes shone far more brightly than before. He passed sleepless nights, but not in wild orgies, in riot and revelling, like so many great actors; he became less communicative, but more happy.

"What is it that you are so preoccupied with?" said his friend the singing-master, "you do not confide everything to me."

"I am thinking how fortunate I am," answered he, "I think of the poor boy! I think of Aladdin."

(To be continued.)

* Readers who know Schiller's fine prologue to "Wallenstein" will recall the lines beginning—

"Denn schnell und spurlos geht des Mimen Kunst,
Die wunderbare, an dem sinn vortüber," u. s. w.

TRANS.



SCENES AND SKETCHES FROM THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

FIFTH EVENING (*continued*).

SCENE XX.



ON the day of St. Bartholomew the camp was in a great state of commotion, and it must have been as striking a sight as can be imagined to see that noble and well-disciplined army march forth in full military display. Squadron after squadron of cavalry passed out, followed by the rumbling of the artillery; then appeared the infantry, and the flower of them all, the Scotch troops. But of this nation there was one who had never been known to be absent from his post, but who was not there to-day. Sir John Hepburn was not present, and Munro had taken his place. What had happened to Hepburn, who was, if possible, too eager and impetuous, who never shrank from danger, who was so high in the confidence of the Great King that he had only a few days ago been appointed to the command of nearly all the infantry in the army? Unfortunately, he and Gustavus had quarrelled. What the subject of dispute was has never clearly been ascertained; but it appears that high words took place between them. Hepburn was probably provoking—perhaps insolent; and Gustavus, naturally hot-tempered and hasty, though in general possessed of great self-control, in this instance lost his patience, and said what he would not have permitted himself to utter in cooler moments. Hepburn fired up, threw up his commission on the spot, and left the room in anger. He would have left the camp also had it been possible, but beleaguered as it was this would have been difficult; he was therefore obliged to remain in rather an anomalous position.

Gustavus, when the momentary anger had passed away, regretted deeply what had happened; he had the greatest esteem for Hepburn's private virtues, as well as for his great military talents, and, willing to forget any provocation that Hepburn might have given him in the heat of argument, he nobly and frankly apologized to his officer for his own hasty language, confessing himself in the wrong, and even as a friend pleading for reconciliation with one who fancied himself injured, he condescended to ask Hepburn "for a continuance of his friendship."

Nothing could melt the pride or disarm the resentment of this most conceited and touchy of Scottish heroes. "Sire," he answered warmly, laying his hand on the hilt of his sword, "I will never more unsheath this sword in the quarrels of Sweden."

But Hepburn was too true a soldier to remain behind altogether when a great action was to take place, and he had not served under Gustavus Adolphus so long not to feel a strong attachment to him; so that, though he did not occupy his usual post in the army, he rode in the King's staff. Hepburn was always dressed and equipped to perfection; he now wore a magnificent suit of inlaid armour, and looked like one of Bayard's or Gonsalvo's knights in his glittering steel and mounted on his powerful war horse.

Gustavus was plainly dressed, but his charger was magnificent and very richly accoutred, it being his custom to ride horses conspicuous both in colour and beauty of form. Marching in order of battle, the whole army crossed the little Rednitz, and took up a position close to the old town of Fürth. Above them on the heights of the Altenberg, secure behind their formidable entrenchments, lay the Imperialists, and as the Swedes advanced to the attack a furious cannonade from the Austrian lines began.

Four detachments from the Green Brigade were ordered by Gustavus to storm the old fortress of the Alte Feste, and gallantly they breasted the hill in the face of this tremendous fire. Gustavus watched them in a fever of anxiety, while Wallenstein, who was gazing at them quite as eagerly, exclaimed, "I will not believe there is a God in heaven if they take that castle from me!"

Unfortunately, Wallenstein's confidence was but too well founded. The attempt was absolutely impracticable; the columns of the Scots were mowed down by hundreds; in vain they rushed desperately forward—to quote from Hepburn's Life, "they were compelled to halt, to waver, to make one more desperate attempt, and then to retire down the steep precipices over which their dead and wounded were rolling in scores, only to give way to fresh columns who dauntlessly dashed on to destruction."

Meanwhile, the rest of the Swedish army was not idle. Wallenstein had now issued forth from his entrenchments, and gave the order that the Imperial cavalry should charge the Swedish left wing, which was posted among the thickets of the Rednitz, and which was led by

the young Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar. The charge was well and firmly borne, but a desperate conflict immediately took place, and Gustavus presently came down at speed to see if his presence was necessary. As he approached, one of his aides-de-camp exclaimed in alarm—

“Heavens, Sire, Duke Bernard has fallen!”

“Bernard!” exclaimed the King, anxiously; “God forbid!” and putting spurs to his horse, he came up in time to see Bernard on his feet.

“Are you wounded, Bernard?” was his first question.

“Not a whit, Sire, only my horse killed. Quick, men, a horse here!” cried Bernard, who was in a wild state of excitement; “we shall have hot work here; but we must drive back those rascally fellows, especially if your Majesty will get so near them.”

As he spoke, a ball carried off the top part of the King’s boot, the wind of the shot making him reel in his saddle, as he drew rein to observe more minutely a movement of the Imperialists which was next to invisible from the clouds of smoke.

“They are meditating mischief there,” said the King, and followed by one or two officers, he rode off towards the infantry. At this instant, as the clouds of smoke suddenly drifted away, there emerged a compact body of cuirassiers, glittering in steel—magnificent troops, and the flower of Wallenstein’s army. Down the hill they came at dashing speed, rode right through the Swedish infantry, and carried off prisoner Leonard Torstensohn, that youthful hero who was afterwards to become so celebrated. At the same moment, that famous regiment called Cronenberg’s Invincibles, who, arrayed in their black armour, had leisurely and proudly paced across the bloody field of Leipzig in unbroken order, and made good their retreat, now poured down, 1500 in number, on a detachment of 200 Finland horse. That charge cost them their vainglorious title; they were repulsed, driven back in confusion across the plain and up the heights, pursued by the gallant Swedes, who were only brought up by the cannon of the Altenberg, which opened upon them.

The battle had now lasted many hours; no impression had as yet been made, and the sultry heat of an August day began to tell upon the troops. Several plans for a last attempt upon those impregnable defences were proposed to the King, when one of Bernard’s aides-de-camp galloped up with a proposition from the young duke which struck Gustavus as the most practicable.

"Is there any one here who can examine the ground and bring me a report?" said the King, looking anxiously round.

There was only one person near who was capable of performing this duty, and this was Hepburn, who had silently followed the King the whole day, as composed and cool as if he had been an aide-de-camp assisting at a review. He now came forward, and touching his hat, said—

"May I be of use to your majesty?"

Both involuntarily coloured; but the King smiled gratefully, as he exclaimed, "Go, Colonel Hepburn, I am much obliged to you."

And Hepburn, putting spurs to his charger, dashed off across the field of battle.

"But scarce yon level sun
Could pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,"

as Hepburn, by the light of his slanting beams, reconnoitred the ground to the best of his ability, and soon returned, shouting to the anxious King, "Sire, the attempt is practicable."

"Come with me, Colonel, I must look at the ground myself, first," and regardless of the fire of the Imperialists, which still swept the field, the King galloped off.

"Yes," he said, after carefully observing the ground for a few minutes, "yes, Colonel, you have made me a faithful report; but," he added, shaking his head regretfully, "I must not make my principal impression here; it demands at least my whole body of infantry, and then the artillery and cavalry are at the mercy of the enemy, who may thus, if he chooses, assault me in two places at once." And the King rode off towards Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, who had driven the enemy from the hill under the Altenberg, seconded by Munro's brave Scots, who were far in advance close under the walls of the fortifications.

"It is of no use attempting anything more to-night, Bernard," said Gustavus, pointing to the heavens, where a broad streak of golden light above a bank of stormy-looking clouds seemed to prognosticate approaching bad weather; "it is getting late, and it will be too dark very soon. Draw off your men into the plain. Where are my Scots?"

"They have pushed on so impetuously, Sire, that they are almost out of sight. I think, however, they will be safe in their position till morning."

"What are those regiments out yonder, at the base of the hill?" said the King, scanning the field of battle with his eye-glass; "they are

in a most critical situation ; I must bring them off if possible." He turned instantly to Hepburn, who was, as before, standing silently by his side.

"Colonel Hepburn," he said, "will you again let me ask the use of your courage and military skill? I have no one who can perform the service I ask of you but yourself. Will you go to those regiments and order the men to retire?" and he pointed out the troops in question.

The Scotchman bowed low as he answered, "Sire, this is the only service I cannot refuse your majesty, for it is a hazardous one;" and once more unsheathing his sword he sped across the field.

The beauty of Hepburn's still unwearied horse, its rich housings, and the splendid suit of armour which he wore were quite sufficient to make the Scottish hero a point of attraction to the straggling Croats who were skirmishing about the field. They dashed across his path, striving to frighten his horse with their wild unearthly shouts, saluting him now and then with a shower of bullets, or endeavouring to ride round him. Hepburn's progress was in no wise impeded by them; he rode straight on, rolling them over with their slight wiry palfreys, parrying their wild blows with imperturbable coolness. Spurring up to the regiments, he delivered the orders of Gustavus, and quickly forming them in column he gave the order to march. Hepburn was well known to the troops, and they obeyed him with great alacrity; he conducted their retreat with masterly skill, the Croats holding aloof this time as they recognized the foam-covered charger of their formidable antagonist. Hepburn led the men up to the point where the King was anxiously awaiting them, then dropping his rapier with a clanging sound into its sheath, he said, "And now, Sire, never more shall this sword be drawn in your service; this is the last time I will ever serve so ungrateful a prince."

Gustavus Adolphus was silent; these words proved to him that however vigorously Hepburn had exerted himself that day, his resentment of his imagined injuries was as keen as ever; and perhaps the able manner in which Hepburn had executed his commands during the action made him regret more deeply the unhappy misunderstanding which deprived him of the services of so clever and, in the main, so high-principled an officer.

But night was fast approaching, and by degrees all warlike sounds died away. Stretched on the plain lay the wearied Swedish troops, wrapped in the profound repose they had earned so well, while

friends and camarados lay around them sunk in that far deeper rest from which no *réveillée* call would wake them till that day when the last trumpet shall wake all from the sleep of the grave. The refreshing coolness of the summer night soon gave place to mist and rain, and constant showers swept across the plain. The King, who lay on the bare earth wrapped in his cloak, slept but little, his mind being disturbed with anxiety for the safety of his Scotch troops, who, under Munio and Sinclair, were close under the walls of the Altenberg. As soon as the daylight was sufficiently advanced to render objects tolerably distinct Gustavus raised himself on his elbow and looked round. A few dark-looking forms fast asleep lay near him, their horses picketed close by, and some paces off was his own white steed, whose accommodation was hardly better than his master's.

"Is Lübeling there?" said the King, and the page, who was lying at his sovereign's feet, rose instantly. "Lübeling, do you know if there is any officer of the field near me?" he asked.

"I will see directly, Sire." In a moment the youth returned. "There is no one but Colonel Hepburn, Sire; he is ready to attend your majesty;" and Hepburn, who had slept in his armour by his charger's side, in a few moments made his appearance. Gustavus placed his hand upon his arm, and said, as if he was asking for a favour—

"May I beg of you, Colonel Hepburn, to make one visit to our poor soldiers in the Altenberg, and observe also if there is any place whence ordnance may act against the old castle."

Who could refuse a *request* of Gustavus's? Hepburn at least could not: touched by the King's confidence, and anxious too to know how his old companions fared, Hepburn sprang cheerfully into the saddle, and rode off towards their position.

"Well met, camarado," was the hearty greeting of old Munro, who with great difficulty rose from the ground, and came hobbling towards Hepburn; "still on duty, eh?"

Hepburn thought of his petulant speech to Gustavus the evening before, and hardly knew what to say, when his attention was directed to his old friend's excessive lameness.

"Why you are wounded, Munro—not badly, I hope!—and what a position you have here!"

"A little swampy," said Munro, who was stationed with his men in a sort of morass, in which they stood up above their ankles in mud

and slush, so that what with water from the clouds, and water under their feet, the stout Scotch presented but a deplorable aspect. "As for myself," said Munro, "I got my armour battered in by a shot; it is of no consequence, but is rather painful at present."

"I want to see also if it is practicable to make any attack on the Altenberg from here," said Hepburn.

"Not from here, but there is a bit of ground—if it were not for this lame leg! By-the-by, Captain Sinclair will show it to you. Sinclair, have the goodness to show Colonel Hepburn that piece of ground we were looking at last night—you know."

Sinclair did know, and he led Hepburn to a spot where both officers agreed in thinking that if the earth were raised a little, artillery might be brought to bear on the Castle of Altenberg at the distance of forty paces.

"I will be off to give in my report," said Hepburn to Sinclair, as he remounted his horse; "it is rather lucky that our Imperialist friends are not so alert as we are."

Munro stopped Hepburn as he passed, and, making him stoop down, whispered something in his ear. Hepburn bridled and coloured up as he replied aloud—

"When my resolution is once formed, Munro, I never break it. I leave the camp on the first opportunity."

Old Munro shook his head half-reproachfully as he stepped back, and Hepburn, as if glad to be released, dashed back, full gallop, to the King's post. He gave in his report, but the King looked grave at the mention of the forty paces. "I had rather," he said, "you had found me a place at ten times that distance. I cannot bear to see my brave soldiers cut to pieces a second time."

After reflecting a few minutes, Gustavus sent Hepburn to summon Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, desiring him to take charge of the other's troop in the meantime. Hepburn went off on this mission rather wondering at himself, and half amused to find himself doing the business of half a dozen aides-de-camp, when he had so resolutely forsworn the King's service.

The young Duke of Saxe-Weimar made his appearance instantly, and Gassion, Barrier, and Horne speedily following, Gustavus held a short consultation, which ended by a retreat being resolved upon.

"Is my horse ready?" asked the King, at the close of the conference.

"Here, Lübeling!—no, young Lilijenhorn! tell half a dozen of my Finlanders to get to horse. You may come, if you are ready, Lübeling."

The King's orders were very promptly obeyed, and, mounting his charger, Gustavus cantered across the field with his little staff to where his Scotch troops still lay. His noble, good-natured face was hailed with looks of pleasure by his gallant soldiers of fortune; he smiled, and took off his hat to them as he rode up, while the air rang with their hearty cheer, "Vivat Gustavus!"

But the smile gave way to a sadder expression as Gustavus observed the devastation in their ranks, and missed many a well-known face. "Munro," he said, "you must draw off the men instantly. I am not going to renew the attack at present. Lead them into the plain to our former position near Fürth."

Gustavus rode forward to see the hill Hepburn had spoken of, and then returned just as Munro was getting his troops into motion. That brave old soldier was walking with great difficulty, limping at every step, and his brow and lip contracted as if in pain. Gustavus, who had been talking to the men and complimenting them on their gallantry, suddenly observed Munro's condition. "I am afraid you are wounded, Munro!" he exclaimed.

It was useless for Munro to try and deny what was so evident, and Gustavus instantly dismounted. "Here, Lübeling, give Munro your mare; she is quiet, and take charge of my beast. Can you manage to mount, my friend? or shall we send for my coach for you?"

Munro tried to expostulate, but the King was peremptory; and the Colonel having contrived to get on the horse, the King bade him retire as fast as he could.

"No resistance, Colonel," he said, good-humouredly; "you know I always will be obeyed; give me your pike. Lübeling, take the horsemen and accompany the Colonel to head-quarters, and send my surgeon to him. Now, men! eyes front—steady!—march!" and closing up the rear like a subaltern officer, the King marched the Scotch troops across the plain. The enemy watched the manoeuvre in silence, nor did they venture to offer the slightest molestation.

And so terminated a conflict which had no results, and to which might perhaps be applied the description of a former engagement by a Scotch eye-witness as, "a mighty pretty and comical sort of a battle."

(To be continued.)

Pig and Pepper!

Words from "Alice in Wonderland."

Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

DUCHESS. *Agitato.*

Speak roughly, speak roughly, speak rough-ly to your lit-tle

mp

This system contains the first line of the musical score. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo/mood is marked 'Agitato' and the dynamic is 'mp' (mezzo-piano). The lyrics 'Speak roughly, speak roughly, speak rough-ly to your lit-tle' are written below the vocal line.

boy, speak rough - ly, speak rough - ly, speak

This system contains the second line of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'boy, speak rough - ly, speak rough - ly, speak' are written below the vocal line.

rough-ly to your lit - tle boy, speak rough-ly to your

This system contains the third line of the musical score, concluding the phrase. It features the final notes of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'rough-ly to your lit - tle boy, speak rough-ly to your' are written below the vocal line.

lit - tle boy, and beat him when he sneezes; He

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The lyrics are "lit - tle boy, and beat him when he sneezes; He". The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part in treble clef with chords and a left-hand part in bass clef with a simple melodic line.

on - ly does it to an - noy, Be - cause he knows it teases,

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "on - ly does it to an - noy, Be - cause he knows it teases,". The piano accompaniment continues with similar chordal and melodic patterns.

Be - cause he knows it teases.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes the phrase with the lyrics "Be - cause he knows it teases.". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and a steady bass line.

CHORUS (in which the Cook and BABY join).

Wow! wow! wow!

The chorus section of the musical score. It begins with a double bar line. The vocal line has the lyrics "Wow! wow! wow!". The piano accompaniment features more complex chordal textures and a more active bass line, indicating a change in the musical mood.

Wow! wow! wow! Wow! . . .

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes, with the lyrics 'Wow! wow! wow! Wow! . . .' written below it. The piano accompaniment provides a rhythmic and harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines in both hands.

For 2nd verse only as far as first double bar.

.. I'll speak se - vere - ly to my

The second system continues the musical score. It includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a double bar line after the first measure, followed by the lyrics 'I'll speak se - vere - ly to my'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. A note above the first measure of the vocal line indicates a repeat for the second verse.

boy, I'll speak se - vere-ly to my boy, &c.

The third system concludes the musical score on this page. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with the lyrics 'boy, I'll speak se - vere-ly to my boy, &c.' and a double bar line. The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic support.

2

"I speak severely to my boy,
I beat him when he sneezes;
For he can thoroughly enjoy
The pepper when he pleases!"

CHORUS.

"Wow! wow! wow!
Wow! wow! wow! wow!"

OF PET BIRDS IN GENERAL, AND PET LINNETS IN PARTICULAR.

“Within the bush, her covert nest,
A little linnet fondly prest;
The dew sat chilly on her breast,
Sae early in the morning.”

BURNS.



LINARIA *cannabina*, from *linum*, flax, and *canna*, a cane; still, probably none but the learned know that is Latin for a linnet; and to the unlearned it remains for ever a problem whether those who gave the bird his name meant that he ate the flax and sang in the canes, or whether they merely Latinised his old English, and also French, name of linnet, and linnet beginning with lin, and *lin* meaning flax, he was given the pretty name of *linaria*. The country people's theory about his name is, that he is called linnet because one little note he often repeats sounds like *lin*; just as they tell you the chaffinch says all day long "Be quick, be quick, Julie dear;" the missel-thrush, "My dear, my pretty dear, my pretty little dear," and the yellow-hammer, with a very strong and lingering emphasis on the last request, "A little bit of bread and *no* cheese." So, perhaps, if the country folks are right in their idea, and I am inclined to think they are, linnet is, after all, the linnet's name for himself—the pretty little note he has called from time immemorial from many a broom spray and tuft of yellow gorse blossom.

He is the linnet of many a pretty old ballad in England and Scotland, and in Wales he is *Llinos*, *Aderyn y llin*; and there, on the sunny slope of a Welsh hill, where, like a Field of the Cloth of Gold, a gorse bank is blazing in the sunshine, you may always see these little red and brown birds, scattered here and there, perched airily on the topmost sprays of the gorse, warbling their clear, sweet song, the sweetest little song you will probably hear all that summer day.

The nests are in the gorse, or in other low bushes, or perhaps in the heather, if there is any; for the little linnet lives his summer life on wild and broken ground. On moor and hill and upland bog, in the

still fine air you will hear him "lilting" his song when you hear no other sound but the hum of the bees in the heather, the lark in the sky, or, far away, the distant cackle of a grouse amongst the grey boulder stones. If you get near enough to watch him as he sings, and you see he droops his wings, and his throat quivers with his warbling song, then you may be sure his nest is near, and that the little hen-bird is sitting on her tiny eggs, or nestling her young birds under her wings. The nest is of slender twigs, felted with moss and wool; but how the birds weave moss and wool into their little basket-work of twigs, and with only a beak a-piece to do it with, it is impossible to make out. It is lined soft and warm with feathers and cow's hair, and there are from four to six little spotted eggs, of a bluish white.

The hen linnet sits very close, and is a very fearless little mother; and, like other mother birds, she has been known to try to decoy people from her nest by pretending to be a sick or wounded bird, and tempting them to follow her and catch her, and then, when she thought she had led them away from her nest, fly away quite well. This well-known fact of birds acting the part of a sick bird is one of the most wonderful things in the history of animals. Many birds will do it; and I have followed a partridge, fluttering along a furrow, with, apparently, a very bad broken wing, who acted her part so cleverly that not until she had led me two or three hundred yards, and I was within a few feet of her, and must have caught her if she had really been a wounded bird, did she rise with a whirr of her quick flight over hedge and ditch, and fly away out of sight.

No one, I fancy, suspected the linnet of this curious power of acting, until one day a clergyman in Hampshire saw a poor little scared mother-bird going through the whole drama. He was passing a low furze bush, and says, "My attention was attracted to a bird, which fluttered and fell a few feet before me, as in a fit. My first impulse was to step forward and pick it up, the former of which I did; but, when within two feet of it, it rose and fluttered on a few yards further. Thinking it was wounded, I again attempted to pick it up, when it again appeared to receive a fresh amount of strength, and made another intoxicated sort of progress of a few yards. This it did several times, and I began to doubt if I should catch it after all, when at last, to my great surprise, just as I was near enough 'to put some salt on its tail,' it rose up and flew away, twittering (laughing at

me, as I afterwards found) like the pertest and strongest linnet in the world.

"At first I was puzzled to account for its very eccentric behaviour; but it struck me that possibly, like the partridge, it might have performed the antics described to decoy me from its nest. I therefore returned, and searched the furze bush, where, sure enough, I found it with five eggs, which were still warm from the heat of that body which the faithful little bird had exposed for their preservation, for, had I been so inclined, I could without difficulty have knocked her down.

"This trait in the character of the linnet was new to me, and delighted me much."

In autumn the linnets collect in large flocks, and fly away from hill and moor, their summer home, where the snow will drift and the wind drive, keen and strong, for many a bitter day and dreary night before summer and the birds and bees come back again.

Before the first cold days of October the linnets, which flocked together, with perhaps a few of their cousins the finches amongst them—a small compact brown army—sweep along the sky with their rapid, beautiful flight, till they settle down in what they mean to be winter quarters. Some go to the sea-shore, and feed amongst the tangle and sea-weed; but most of the flights settle down upon some cosy spots, comparatively warm and sheltered, where there are corn-stacks and stubble-fields to feed in by day, and snug hedge-rows for winter nights, and where, in the early dusk, with many a flutter, they disappear in the bushes, and twitter to each other their last good-nights.

The plumage is nearly all brown in winter, but in summer the male bird gets delicate reddish hues on his head and breast. Their eyes are singularly large and beautiful.

Linnets fly very close together when "packed" (as the winter gathering of the smaller birds is sometimes called); a single shot fired into a flock has been said to have brought a hundred and forty to the ground. Uselessly and cruelly, of course; for though we still eat our larks, and the bird "who at heaven's gate sings" appears at second course on toast, and is eaten with a little gravy, yet, in England, I think we do not yet eat either our nightingales or our linnets.

The drill of a flock of birds in flight is perfect; and a most wonder-

ful thing it is to watch how, in the most rapid evolutions, a whole flock flies as one bird, every bird apparently keeping its distance to a hair's breadth, every wing turning simultaneously. This perfection of drill may be seen perhaps most perfectly in the starling flight, when a flock wheels to right and left in its rapid, strong flight, and the sheen on their wings is now brown in the shadow, and then silver in the sun.

Nothing in the way of motion is so beautiful as the flight of a bird, and no two birds fly exactly alike; and, perhaps, of all pretty flying of the smaller birds the linnet is the prettiest. There is something so glad and free in its joyous springing on and on into the sky, with its rapid pulsations of wing, the little wings clasped and expanded alternately, and the bird, if he is flying alone, sometimes singing as he flies. So sang, at all events, a poor little prisoner bird, ransomed and freed, as he escaped from his prison-bars, and flew away and away, till he was lost in the blue of the sky, one summer day a year ago. Poor little bird! he was one of many little hedge-row birds, caught by a black man, who was making a summer tour in Wales, with the help of a little bird-lime and an old cage as his stock in trade, selling the miserable little birds caught over-night as tame birds the next morning.

Two shillings *was* perhaps a good deal to pay for a linnet's liberty; but the bird's glad notes as he flew away into the sunshine was quite worth it.

Those Turks and infidels, whom we pray for once a year, are kinder-hearted, somehow, to animals than most Christian people, and one of a Mahomedan's many "acts of mercy" to his humbler fellow-creatures is to give freedom to caged birds.

What should we, I wonder, think of a grave old London merchant, if we saw him conscientiously and deliberately buying up the birds in the market, and then opening wide the cage-doors till they all flew away? We should think he was demented; but Mahomedan gentlemen will, I have heard, sometimes go into the bazaar of an Eastern town, and free and ransom the poor caged birds.

I wish a few Turks would walk into a certain market, in a great northern town I know of, and take pity on the poor birds there. First I should ask them to ransom a few hundred cocks and hens, tied by the legs, and flung on the ground, or carried about slung over boys'

arms and shoulders, screaming and fluttering in their pain and helplessness; after that the caged birds in the market seem lucky birds in comparison; but look at the cages to which a Yorkshireman condemns a linnet! In that old foreign-looking market of which I am thinking, you will generally see stalls of cage-birds, and there are sure to be linnets amongst them in the orthodox linnet-cage—a little barred box as big as a mouse-trap, in which the bird can hardly turn round.

There, dirty and miserable, the bird of moor and hill, who would have sung the summer long amongst purple heather and golden gorses, sings on still to cottage walls, or in some dark, dreary room, where, in a close, poisoned town alley, his poor owner works his life away, you hear that same thrilling song, warbled full and sweet, which the bird would have sung in his glad liberty. And the more miserable he is the more he sings; at least it must be so, if it is true as the Yorkshire people, who are great bird-fanciers, tell you, that their linnets sing best in these little boxes, where it is impossible for them to move about.

Their idea is that, as the bird cannot hop about, he has got nothing to do but to sit still and sing. Being a very industrious person, with a strong practical turn himself, the Yorkshireman does not mean to be cruel, he only means to make his linnet business-like and stick to his singing; so he stops that idle habit of hopping up and down, at once, and the bird sings on in his restlessness and misery, and his practical-minded master is delighted as he sits and listens, and works away at his cobbling or tailoring with the linnet's cage hung on a nail above his head.

Not the least use to send a larger cage, with a petition that the poor little prisoner may have the benefit of it; he must sing on, till one day his master finds him, the first thing in the morning, nothing but a little ruffled bunch of brown feathers at the bottom of his miserable cage, whereupon he throws him away, and goes into the market, and expends eighteenpence upon another linnet.

Some of the little miseries live three or four years in this way, and, singing as they do all the time, their bird-loving masters are of course naturally convinced they are supremely happy.

But what is the mystery of a bird's song, if the same sweet notes, with scarcely a sadder cadence in their music, are sung all the same, whether the bird is blithe or sad? A bird will sing in its distress for

hours, above a bush where its nest has been robbed ; a sick caged bird will sing till it drops down dead ; and the poor blind German canaries, blinded for their song, sing better than any others. This wicked cruelty is the German's practical way of making his bird sing his best ; but, to the credit of Englishmen, he finds it no use to bring his mutilated birds here, as no one will purchase the miserable little creatures in England. So, amongst the quantity of foreign canaries which come over every spring, it is very rare to find, though one does sometimes, one of these poor blinded, but most beautiful singers. Great pains are taken with the education of these German birds. They are kept in rooms where they only hear the music of the first masters, and where they learn, one after another, the songs of their three teachers—the nightingale, the wood-lark, and our own little linnet.

The linnet has himself the gift of singing other people's songs—he can even sing through the nightingale's song ; and there are traditions of his having been taught to speak a few words quite distinctly.

Winter and summer find him in very different dress. This is for summer : back and wings of a rich chesnut brown, chin and throat brownish grey, and breast and head vermilion. So he is sometimes called the red-headed finch, from that red head of his. But all this finery disappears with the autumnal moult, and *gros-bec linot*, as the French call him, turns out then in sober, sad, brown shades, to suit himself to the browns of bare hedge and tree, when he must sit in the cold with ruffled feathers many a winter day and night.

His winter plumage is also his prison-dress. Winter and summer, I suppose, are all the same in prison ; so in a cage the bird never gets his lovely vermilion feathers, but remains a dowdy brown bird, and his practical Yorkshire master never sees him as he would have been had he been left to sing his summer song above his nest amongst the gorse blossoms.

No bird becomes so tame ; there is as much difference in bird brains, as to quality and quantity, as between any other brains, and the linnet has quite his share, and, by his clear, large, soft eyes, and all his intelligent little ways, I pronounce him a most wise little bird ; and he is as affectionate as he is wise.

And here shall come a homily upon the cruelty of caging up our little English birds, that upon my conscience may not rest the capture and captivity of any more poor little linnets, if I venture to tell how

tame they can be—tell the true stories of two pet birds as they were told to me.

And, first, upon caging creatures in general. It is altogether cruel work. The law of motion is one of the laws of life. All things are full of it, and to all the living creatures of His hand has God given this delight of movement, of which we so often deprive them, and deprive them too often of it thoughtlessly, and, alas! only for our own amusement. From tying up a miserable house-dog, from one year's end to another, to a yard or so of kennel chain, to the rather more extreme case of caging the "great cats" in the Zoological, or shutting up a great giraffe with his long legs (the legs with which he would have swept over many an African plain) in a horse-box, it is all, from beginning to end, cruelty.

The poor house-dog would keep off the beggars just as well, and rather better, if he was allowed to be free, and taught to consider himself on guard, without his traditional kennel and chain; and as to the poor wild beasts, one feels sick with pity at the sufferings one has paid a shilling to go and see, and begin to have misgivings that neither the so-called requirements of science, or the amusement of people in general, or even the immense importance of their being properly instructed as to what a wild beast is really like (if it is so important), condone the cruelty of this caging up of miserable living creatures.

Better kill them and stuff them, and put them all into glass cases, to be stared at by astonished children and the holiday folks in their best clothes, who, after all, are the people who patronise the "wild beasts." I am sure, for them, the live lion stuffed with straw will generally do as well as the real, living, prisoner lion—the regal creature with his grand, sad eyes looking out from his bars, as one so often sees him and pities him; the strong, beautiful limbs cramped with pain and stiffness, as he moves drearily backwards and forwards in his den.

But from lions to linnets is a very long way, and so to come back rather nearer the subject, the cruelty inflicted by shutting up four-footed beasts can be nothing to the cruelty of caging "the birds of the air."

It is certainly the *stupidest* thing (no other word will do), if one thinks of it, to put a winged creature, with that glad gift of flight, into a little prison of iron bars, and all for our amusement.

it can be to any who think for themselves, to see their bird trying to tire out the restlessness which is his nature by endless movement within his little prison, the wings that would have borne him, "blithe as a bird," from tree to tree in the glad air, unless for our *amusement*, and his song only another phase of the restlessness which consumes him.

Of course the most extreme case of all such cruelty is a skylark in a cage. I had much rather see him at second course, brown and roasted, crunched up, bones and all, by pretty people in pretty toilettes, than see him and hear him in his cage at a cottage door, or in some dingy town alley, singing with quivering drooping wings that wild sweet song which he should have sung below the clouds. As he stands on his wretched bit of sod he always as he sings looks upward to the sky; and if you listen you hear the rising and falling cadence of the song, sung as the bird sings them as he rises and falls in the air. The fullest song being that when he is lost to sight, at the highest pitch of his flight, in the blue of the summer sky.

"Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

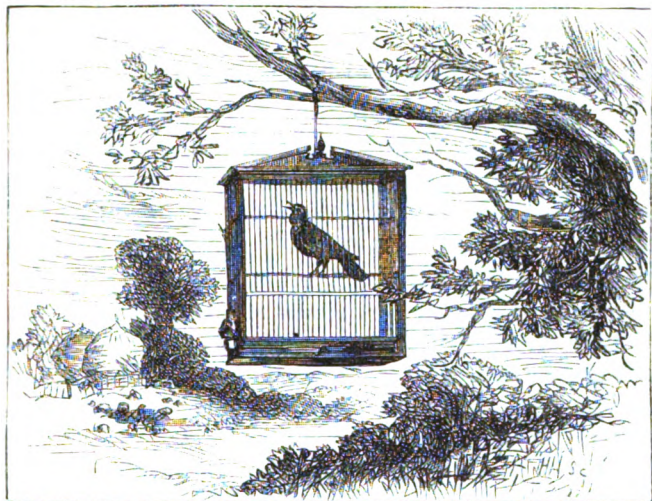
"Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view."

So sings the poet of the poets, Shelley, of the sweet singing which comes to us out of the sky, when the bird itself is lost in light.


(*To be continued.*)



EMBLEM.



THE "HEAVY WEIGHT OF CUSTOM."


 HE expression is Wordsworth's, and it enunciates one of the lessons, but one only, which our emblem can teach. Moreover, it is the favourite one with emblematisers.

The heavy weight of custom. Yes! by it the slave becomes so used to his degrading slavery, that his mind ceases to revolt from its unworthy chains—nay, lowers itself so as to have no wish beyond. Just as the bird, although gifted with wings to soar, becomes contented enough with confinement to lift up its voice in song. Let those who are falling under the tyranny of the world, the flesh, or the devil, take the warning.

But now look at the picture from another point of view. Change the motto to "*the softening influence of use*," and you will recognise the merciful law of nature, which (provided he does not stubbornly resist) enables a man to bear up, even with cheerfulness, under trials the most distasteful to his nature.

What evil equals that of a bird, with its large lungs, broad wings, and capacity for flight over land and sea, pent up in a narrow cage, where all use of its powers is impossible? Not many. And yet in time the poor little thing sings even there. Afflicted ones, the application is for you! Be sure that nature works herein with grace—that there is no ill the flesh is heir to which will not be modified by *the softening influence of use*.—ED.

A DOG WHO WAS A TORY.

O you know what a Tory is? If not, you had better ask somebody, like a little boy whom I once knew. It was a long while ago, we were several children together, and were very fond of talking loud about "Tories" and "Radicals;" and this boy shouted louder than any one, "I'm a Tory! I'm a Tory!" (then, in a voice aside to his sister) "*Avarina, what is a Tory?*"

His brother is a Member of Parliament now, and a "Radical" in earnest (I wonder whether his eyes are as bright and his cheeks as rosy as when he was a Tory in play), and perhaps he has little children who will read "Aunt Judy" and wonder whether this was *their* "Aunt Avarina."

But we are a long way from the dog. He was a Tory too, and a staunch one, and I suppose he knew just as much about it as my friend Johnny.

His name was Fox, for he was of the kind called "Pomeranian" or "fox dog," an active, sharp-eared, bright-eyed little fellow, with long yellow hair, and a magnificent bushy squirrel-like tail turned over his back. He lived alone with his mistress, and was a loving, understanding little companion to her.

In the same village lived a gentleman who also had a dog. The lady and gentleman had what is called a bowing acquaintance, and their dogs had a bow-wowling acquaintance. One day, however, it happened that some poor travellers settled themselves on the green near the gentleman's house to have supper and to sleep, and he was so rude and cross to them that the lady determined never to bow to him again!

Now I do not know whether she mentioned this circumstance to Fox, but it is certain that Fox quite understood that things were altered, and that he and the gentleman's dog must no longer be on their former terms with one another. It so happened, however, that the four did not meet each other until one day when there was an election going on (you must ask again if you do not know what an election is), and Fox, the lady's dog, went out for a walk with his mistress *with a blue ribbon round his neck*. Now you must know that at

elections people on one side wear ribbons of one colour, and those on the other another colour, that it may be seen which side they take. In this place blue was the Tory colour.

By-and-by the gentleman came in sight with his dog, and his dog had a yellow ribbon—a Radical ribbon—tied round his neck!

In one moment the two dogs flew at each other and began to fight vigorously—as they had never done before. A crowd collected round them; and it was soon observed that all Fox's efforts were directed against—not the *dog*, but the *dog's ribbon*! He pulled, he bit, he tore, and at last he dragged the yellow ribbon from his adversary's neck!

No sooner had he got possession of the badge of Radicalism than he seemed altogether to forget the dog's existence. He touzled his trophy, he worried it, he threw it in the air and caught it again, he made fun of it in every possible way, till the people around were hoarse with laughing and cheering; and finally, having demolished the obnoxious badge and turned the Radical into ridicule, he trotted quietly home by his mistress's side—a triumphant Tory.

HÉRISSE.

THE SIX LITTLE GIRLS AND THE FIVE LITTLE PIGS.



HERE was once a poor widow who had brought up her only child so well that the little lass was more helpful and handy than many a grown-up person.

When other women's children were tearing and dirtying their clothes, clamouring at their mothers' skirts for this and that, losing and breaking, and spoiling things, and getting into mischief of all kinds, the widow's little girl, with her tiny thimble on her finger, could patch quite neatly. She was to be trusted to put anything in its proper place, and when meals were done she would stand on a little stool at the table washing up the dishes. Moreover, she could darn stockings so well that the darn looked like a part of the stocking. The slatternly mothers who spoiled and scolded their children by turns, and had never taught them to be tidy and obedient, used often to quote the widow's little girl to their troublesome brats, and say, "Why don't you help your mother as the widow's daughter helps her?"

Thus it came about that the helpless, useless, untidy little girls hated the very name of the widow's daughter, because they were always being told of her usefulness and neatness.

Now the widow's child often earned a few pence by herding sheep or pigs for the farmers, or by darning stockings for their wives, and as she could be trusted, people were very glad to employ her. One day, she was keeping watch over five little pigs in a field, and, not to waste time, was darning a pair of stockings as well, when some of the little girls who had a spite against her resolved to play her a trick. Near the field where the little maid and the pigs were there was a wood, into which all children were strictly forbidden to go. For in the depths of the wood there lived a terrible Ogre and Ogress, who kidnapped all children who strayed near their dwelling. Every morning the Ogre threw a big black bag over his shoulder, and stalked through the forest, making the ground shake as he walked. If he found any truant children he popped them into his bag, and when he got home his wife cooked them for supper.

The trick played upon the widow's daughter was this. Five little girls came up to the field where she was herding the five little pigs, and each chasing a pig, they drove them into the Ogre's wood. In vain the little maid called to her flock; the pigs ran in a frightened troop into the wood, and she ran after them. When the five little girls saw that she had got them together again, they ran in to chase them away once more, and so they were all in the wood together, when the ground shook under them, upsetting the six little girls and the five little pigs; and as they rolled over the Ogre picked them up, and put them one after another into his bag.

When they were jolting about with the pigs in the poke as the Ogre strode homewards, the five spiteful children were as sorry as you please; and as the pigs were always fighting and struggling to get to the top, they did not escape without some scratches. And their screams, and the squealing of the little pigs made such a noise that the Ogre's wife heard it a mile and a half away in the depths of the wood; and she lighted a fire under the copper, and filled it with water, ready to cook whatever her husband brought home.

As for the widow's little daughter she pulled her needle-book from her pocket, and every now and then she pushed a needle through the sack, that it might fall on the ground, and serve as a

guide if she should ever have the chance of finding her way home again.

When the Ogre arrived, he emptied the sack, and sent the six little girls and the five little pigs all sprawling on to the floor, saying,

"These will last us some time. Cook the fattest, and put the rest into the cellar. And whilst you get dinner ready, I will take another stroll with the bag. Luck seldom comes singly."

When he had gone, the Ogress looked over the children, and picked out the widow's daughter, saying,

"You look the most good-humoured. And the best-tempered always make the best eating."

So she set her down on a stool by the fire till the water should boil, and locked the others up in the cellar.

"Tears won't put the fire out," thought the little maid. So instead of crying she pulled out the old stocking, and went on with her darning. When the Ogress came back from the cellar she went up to her and looked at her work.

"How you darn!" she cried. "Now that's a sort of thing I hate. And the Ogre does wear such big holes in his stockings, and his feet are so large, that, though my hand is not a small one, I cannot fill out the heel with my fist, and then who's to darn it neatly I should like to know?"

"If I had a basin big enough to fill out the heel, I think I could do it," said the little maid.

The Ogress scratched her big ear thoughtfully for a minute, and then she said,

"To lose a chance is to cheat oneself. Why shouldn't this one darn while the others boil? Yes, I think you shall try. Six days ought to serve for mending all the stockings, though the Ogre hasn't a whole pair left, and angry enough he'll be. And when household matters are not to his mind he puts that big sack over my head, and ties it round my neck. And if you had ever done housework with your head in a poke, you'd know what it is! So you shall darn the stockings, and if you do them well, I'll cook one of the others first instead of you."

Saying which, the Ogress fetched one of the Ogre's stockings, and the widow's child put a big basin into the heel to stretch it, and began to darn. The Ogress watched her till she had put all the

threads one way, and when she began to run the cross threads, interlacing them with the utmost exactness, the old creature was delighted, and went to fetch another child to be cooked instead of the widow's.

When the other little girl came up, she cried and screamed so that the room rang with her lamentations, and the widow's child laid down her needle and ceased working.

"Why don't you go on darning?" asked the Ogress.

"Alas! dear mother," said she, "the little sister's cries make my heart beat so that I cannot darn evenly."

"Then she must go back to the cellar for a bit," said the Ogress. "And meanwhile I'll sharpen the knife."

So after she had taken back the crying child, and had watched the little girl, who now darned away as skilfully as ever, the Ogress took down a huge knife from the wall, and began to sharpen it on a grindstone in a corner of the kitchen. As she sharpened the knife, she glanced from time to time at the little maid, and soon perceived that she had once more ceased working.

"Why don't you go on darning?" asked the Ogress.

"Alas! dear mother," said the child, "when I hear you sharpening that terrible knife my hands tremble so that I cannot thread my needle."

"Well, it will do now," growled the Ogress, feeling the edge of the blade with her horny finger; and, having seen the darning-needle once more at work, she went to fetch up one of the children. As she went, she hummed what cookmaids sing—

"Dilly, dilly duckling, come and be killed!"

But it sounded like the wheezing and groaning of a heavy old door upon its rusty hinges.

When she came in, with the child in one hand, and the huge knife in the other, she went up to the little darning to look at her work. The heel of the Ogre's sock was exquisitely mended, all but seven threads; but the little maid sat idle with her hands before her.

"Why don't you go on darning?" asked the Ogress.

"Alas! dear mother," was the reply, "when I think of my little playmate about to die, the tears blind my eyes, so that I cannot see what stitches I take. Wherefore, I beg of you, dear mother, to cook one of the little pigs instead, that I may be able to go on with my

work, and that a pair of socks may be ready to-morrow morning when the Ogre will ask for them ; so my playmate's life will be spared, and your head will not be put into the poke."

At first the Ogress would not hear of such a thing, but at last she



consented, and having killed one of the little pigs she made a stew of it instead of cooking the child.

"But supposing the Ogre goes to count the children," said she ; "he will find one too many."

"Then let her go, dear mother," said the widow's daughter ; "she will find her way home, and you will never be blamed."

"But she must stir the stew with her forefinger first," said the Ogress, "that it may have a human flavour."

So the little girl had to stir the hot stew with her finger, which scalded it badly; and then she was set at liberty, and ran home as hard as she could; and as the little maid's needles sparkled here and there on the path, she had no difficulty in finding her way.

The Ogre was quite contented with his dinner, and the Ogress got great praise for the way in which she had darned his stockings. Thus it went on for four days more. As the widow's little girl wouldn't work if her companions were killed, the Ogress cooked the pigs one after another, and the children were all sent away with burnt forefingers.

When the fifth had been dismissed, and all the pigs were eaten, the Ogress said—

"To-morrow you will have to be stewed, and now I wish I had kept one of the others that I might have saved you altogether to work for me. However, there is one comfort, the stockings are finished."

But meanwhile the other children had got safely home, and had told their tale. And all the men of the place set off at once to attack the Ogre, and release the widow's child. Guided by the needles, they arrived just as the Ogress was sharpening the big knife for the last time.

So they killed the Ogre and his wife, and took the industrious little maid back to her mother.

The other little girls were now very repentant; and when their fingers were well, they all learned to darn stockings at once. And as there was now no danger about going into the wood, it was no longer forbidden. And this [being the case, the children were much less anxious to play there than formerly.

J. H. E.


BURIED RIVERS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

1. Where do fishes seize on flies,
Ever nibbling, never wise?
2. Where I, worn and tired to death,
Am escaped to gain my breath.
3. In this river may you see
Much that can delightful be.

4. Fifty new delights are found
In this stream's enchanting bound.
5. Dull be the heart that is not charmed,
Wayward the spirit here uncalmed.
6. Not in Earth's busy hum be rest,
But on thy bright and peaceful breast.
7. By nature's wiles and not by art
We educate the human heart!
8. Thy lovely banks with joy I saw,
Yet grieved I could not them explore.
9. Oh dearly I love thy sweet valley so fair,
For the years of my childhood passed happily there.
10. Thy stream it is long and thy breezes are sweet,
A year on thy banks would to me be a treat.
11. Give us kind friends, fair scenes, and love sincere,
Then have we what can make us happy here.
12. Oh fair little stream, for thy waters I cry,
For well love I the town which thou passest close by.

E. M. L.

BOOK NOTICES.

 **ENGLISH Nursery Rhymes** translated into French, by John Roberts, M.A., Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge." (Rivingtons.) We are glad to find the learned fellow of a college condescending to amuse the little ones by his ingenious transfer of some of our most familiar nursery rhymes into French verse, successfully imitating both the style and rhythm of the original. As physicians of late have made their medicines more palatable, so the work of the schoolroom is now often administered in small doses of pleasant amusement.

"The Ladye Skakerley, a Cheshire Story. By one of the House of Egerton." (Hurst and Blackett.) The sad history of the great civil war of England is an inexhaustible source of romantic episodes.

"The Ladye Skakerley" tells her story in the quaint language of the time, somewhat after the manner of Lady Willoughby's Diary; and, with Prince Rupert as a prominent character, we find much life and action in the pages, which are admirably suited for family reading.

"Historical Narratives from the Russian. By H. C. Romanoff." (Rivingtons.) These chapters from Russian history are interesting, but not much adapted for fixing the attention of our younger readers. We know but little of Russia; and the work before us almost suggests the question, whether the full truth is allowed to be told. It is difficult, nay, impossible, to learn the real characters of the eminent personages who are biographically treated in this volume.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.



YOUNG correspondent asks, What is the story of Columbus and the egg? The Italian historian, Benzoni, first told it. Columbus was entertained at a banquet by Pedro Gonzales de Mendoza, the grand cardinal of Spain, who gave the great navigator the place of honour among his guests. A jealous courtier who was present sneeringly asked Columbus if he thought there were not others who would have discovered the Indies, if he had failed to do so? Columbus made no reply, but took an egg, and challenged the company to make it stand on one end. When they had all tried in vain, he took it, and by slightly crushing one end, made it stand. The moral being, that it was easy to find the New World when the way to it had once been shown. Hogarth made a picture of this transaction. We know that a steady hand can so balance a raw egg as to make it stand, without injuring the shell. Let our correspondent try to do so, and it will impress the anecdote on her memory.

"Fanny Melton" would like the names of some nice English books, in Miss Yonge's style, that would interest a girl about 15 years old.

"Eonone" asks advice about entering a Sisterhood, for which she feels a vocation. As she has parents, they are the persons for her to consult, and not Aunt Judy; who cannot presume to offer parental advice beyond her own family.

"Maud" informs "Palmyra" that the words, "The buried are not lost, but gone before," are in Ebenezer Elliott's "Excursion." We may add that Rogers, in "Human Life," has, "Not dead, but gone before." In an epitaph, at Stepney, dated 1693, two lines are—

"This only fell from death to earth,
Not lost, but gone before."

The sentiment is very ancient, and may be traced as far back as Seneca, who says, "He whom we think has perished, has been sent before." We believe it is impossible to trace who originated the thought.

"E. H. G." and "B. B." ask for the names of some "very pretty, rather easy, English songs, for one or two voices." Aunt Judy recommends, "O that we two were maying," a duet, by A. S. Gatty, published by R. Cocks and Co., also "Rothersey Bay," a ballad, by Comyn Vaughan, published by J. Boocry and Co. Most of Claribel's songs answer the description.

The book which "Mignonnette" asks about is Mr. Alexander's "Hymns for Little Children," published by Masters.

"A Travelled Monkey" had better apply to a good London music-seller. The Monkey also asks for the answer to the following charade:—

"A man cannot live without my first,
By day and night 'tis used;
My second is a thing accursed,
By day and night abused.
My whole is never seen by day,
And never heard by night;
'Tis dear to friends when far away,
And hated when in sight."

"Hilda" asks the origin of the Lion and Unicorn in the Royal Arms of England? They were made the supporters of the English arms when James I. ascended the throne of Great Britain: the Unicorn having previously been the supporter of the Scotch, as the Lion was of the English shield. The two animals are found in conjunction in the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt, symbols of strength and agility.

"Kate B." offers eggs of the Privet Hawk Moth, should any young reader of "Aunt Judy's Magazine," who is a moth collector, wish to have them—address, Hewish Rectory, Marlborough.

The superstition that when silence falls upon a company, an Angel is passing over the house, is a very common one. It is considered unlucky to break the silence. The writer of "A Flat Iron," &c. believes that this, like many other superstitions, has a heathen origin—the angel in pre-Christian times being Mercury. She cannot quote her authority for this idea, but will try to find it.

"Mortimer Lightwood" is informed by "Eugene Wrayburn" that the words of "Home, Sweet Home" are written by J. Howard Payne. They occur in the opera "Clari, or the Maid of Milan."

"Edith" is informed that the price of Aunt Judy's Song Book is 4s. 6d., and that it is to be had of the publishers of the Magazine.

"A. G." wants to know of a cheap book as a guide to a beginner in the art of drawing on wood.

"Blue Bottle Fly," "Brown Spider," "Frog," "Tadpole," desire the loan of a postage stamp snake. They will take great care of it, and return it in two days. They only want it for a pattern.

"Fanny Constance Langdale" offers any young friends the opportunity of purchasing dolls' under-clothing at 2d. apiece. They are made by the girls at the National School, and the money produced by the sale is put into the school S. P. G. box. Any orders sent should say length of garment required and enclose stamps for the amount, including 1d. for postage, and be addressed to

F. C. L.,

Compton Vicarage,
Petersfield.

"A. G." Postage stamps are still thankfully received as contributions to the "Cot Fund;" the restrictions as to purchase having been withdrawn, the regulations remain as formerly. Post orders for any amount under ten shillings can now be obtained for one penny, how-

ever; and this mode of transmission is recommended as preferable.

Report of the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot," at the Hospital for Sick Children, 49 Great Ormond Street.

"It is with much pleasure that a good account can be rendered in reference to the progress of Mary Anne T—— (or, as her fellow-patients call her, 'Tommy') who was received into the Hospital under circumstances of great danger. She is recovering rapidly, and, being of a lively temperament, is now again as merry and bright a little damsel as any of the former occupants of 'Aunt Judy's Cot.' She will soon return to her home quite well.

"During the prevalence of Small-pox and Fever in the homes of the poor, it was thought prudent to suspend the rule allowing visits of the patients' parents and friends. The necessity for the continuance of this prohibition no longer exists, and the parents are now again admitted, as usual, on Sundays and Wednesdays, to the great delight of both parents and children. Provisionally the Hospital has been exempt from any serious attack of infectious disease, the free admission of fresh air from open windows contributing materially to this immunity."

Contributions to the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot," received to July 15th, 1871.

	£	s.	d.
G. A. F. (monthly)	0	2	6
Nelly, 3 Broad Sanctuary, Westminster (annual)	0	2	6
C. A. Edmondstone, 21 Westbourne Street (annual)	0	2	6
Fanny and Esther, ditto (annual)	0	2	6
Maude and Mildred (monthly)	0	2	0
M. A. F. (June and July) (monthly)	0	1	0
G. A. F. (July) (monthly)	0	2	4
Susan and Harriet, Chirnside (June and July) (monthly)	0	2	0
Beaver (monthly)	0	2	6
Amy	0	1	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
"Abahihaveyou," Surrey . . .	0	0	6	Mrs. Wilson-Todd, Hainay Hall.			
Amy, Blanch, Edith, Horiston,				Darlington	0	10	0
Torquay	0	1	6	Ditto, contributed by her four			
A. G.	0	0	3	eldest children, with 5 com-			
Pan, a Friend	0	0	6	forters, 7 pairs of cuffs, and 2			
Sisa and Gerty, 2s. 3d., their old				shawls	0	10	0
Cousin, 2s., Brampton Bryan	0	4	3	Proceeds of a Fancy Fair for			
"Little Hilda"	2	0	0	"Aunt Judy's Cot," from			
Mary, Margaret, Evelyn, and				Newark House, Richmond . . .	1	13	8½
Arthur	0	17	0	E. O.	0	5	0
Willie, 1s., Emma, 1s., Tom, 1s.,				Henriette	0	2	6
Mary, 1s., Jack, 1s., Mother, 1s.	0	6	0	A Thank-offering for preservation			
Amy and Carrie, Brussels (col-				during a visitation of Scarlet			
lected)	0	7	6	Fever, from Harry, Charlie,			
Ettie and Edith	0	10	0	Polly, Carrie, Willie, and Teddie			
Clara and Mary Elliott, Wink-				Alderson, Wakefield	1	0	0
field Vicarage (collected) . . .	0	10	0	Mary, Susan, and Alice Blagg.			
Ethel Lucas, 11 Westbourne Ter-				Green Hill, Chcadle	0	4	0
race (collected)	0	10	0	Janet	0	2	0
E. H. T., S. H. T., and				"Found in our deceased darling's			
W. P. H. T., Philadelphia,				purse, Cecil O. Lingard			
United States	5	0	0	Guthrie"	1	12	9
Granny, Bickley, Bromley . . .	1	0	0	H. and F.	0	2	6
Gina	0	1	0	Mrs. S. S. Lloyd, 2s. 6d., C. H.,			
Little Mike, 3d., Mike's Sister, 1d.	0	0	4	1s., A. B. East, 1s., G. H., 6d.	0	5	0
Alice, 6d., May, 6d., M. C. B., 6d.,				Minnie Taunton, Freeland Lodge			
Ses, 6d., Pen, 3d., Ethel, 3d.,				(collected)	0	3	3
The Peak, Derbyshire	0	2	6	Isabel M. Archer, Woolmers,			
Bunnie, 2½d., Hermie, 2d., Dottie,				Tasmania (collected)	3	0	0
2d., Mother, 6d., Father, 1s.,				Arthur Durham, Carlisle, a small			
Hall Royd, Shipley	0	2	0½	hamper of toys.			
Annie and Emma	0	1	0	M. B., monthly numbers of			
Maggie Browell, Freshfield,				"Esher Parish Magazine."			
Southampton	0	2	6	A. C. T., Lymptone, 2 scrap-			
"Bobus"	0	0	4	books.			
Father, 2s. 6d., Mother, 2s., Aunt,				Flowers from "the Sphynx's			
1s., Isey, 1s., Fanny, 1s., Cece, 6d.	0	8	0	Garden" for little Mary Anne;			
Miss Braithwaite, 6d., Emily				Flowers from "the Sphynx" for			
Weston, 2s., Alice, 1d., Katie,				the "Aunt Judy's Cot" child.			
1d., Little Nelly, 1d., Joey, 7½d.,				Friends at Isleworth, a parcel of			
Little Fan, 2d., Granny, 1d.,				clothes, toys, and scrap-books,			
Wee Carrie, 6d., Papa, 2s. 6d.				with some bags of beautiful			
(collected by Carrie Weston)	0	6	7½	shells.			
"Two Little Foxes," Malpas,				Anonymous (per Midland Rail-			
Newport, Monmouthshire . . .	0	5	0	way), a box of toys, a large			
"Jupiter Tonans," Devonshire	0	1	6	doll, and some books.			
F. M. D. Blantyre	0	0	6	Susan H., some odd numbers of			
Maud, Berkeswell	0	1	0	"Chatterbox."			



A FLAT IRON FOR A FARTHING.

A FLAT IRON FOR A FARTHING;
OR, SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN ONLY SON.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I GO TO ETON. MY MASTER. I SERVE HIM WELL.

I WENT joyfully to school the first time, but each succeeding half with less and less willingness. And yet my schooldays were very happy ones, especially to look back upon.

"You will be in the same tutor's house as Lionel Damer," said my father; "and I have written to ask him to befriend you."

"Just the sort of idiotic thing parents do do," said Sir Lionel, on our first meeting. "You may thank your stars I don't pay you off for it."

Leo had grown much taller since we met, but he had lost none of his beauty. I was overpowered by his noble appearance and the air of authority he wore, and then and there gave him the hero-worship of my heart. It was with a thrill of delight that I heard him add, "However, I want a fag, and I dare say I can take you. Any sock with you?"

"Oh, yes, Leo," said I hastily; "a big hamper. And there are two cakes, and a pigeon pie, and lots of jam, and some macaroons and turnovers, and two bottles of raspberry vinegar."

"My name's Damer," said Leo. "Can you cook?"

"Not yet, Damer," said I, hoping that my answer conveyed my willingness to learn. For I was quite prepared for all the duties of fag life from Mr. Clerke's descriptions. And I was also prepared to perform them, pending the time when I should have a fag of my own.

I must do Leo justice. His tyranny was merciful. I was soon expert in preparing his breakfast. I used to fetch him hot dishes from the shop. My own cooking was not good, and I made, so he said, the most execrable coffee, which led him to fling the contents of the pot at me one morning, ruining my shirt, trickling hot and wet down my body under my clothes, and giving me infinite trouble in cleaning his carpet. (As to *his* coffee, and the salad dressing he made, and his

cooking generally, when he chose to do it, I have never met with anything like it since. However, things taste well in one's school-days.)

Leo Damer was one of those people who seem able to do everything just a little better than anybody else, without attaining overwhelming superiority in any one line. The masters always complained that he did not do as much in school as he might have done, and yet he stood well with them. His conduct was of the highest. I may say here that, knowing him intimately in boyhood and youth, I am able to assert that his moral conduct was always "without reproach." His own freedom from vice, and the tight hand he kept over me, who lived but to admire and imitate him, were of such benefit to me in the manifold temptations of school-life as I can never forget. His self-respect amounted to self-esteem, his love for other people's good opinion to a failing, he was refined to fastidiousness; but I think these characteristics helped him towards the exceptional character he bore. A keen sensitiveness to pain and discomfort, and considerable natural indolence, further tended to keep him out of scrapes into which an adventurous spirit led many more reckless boys. He had never been flogged, and he said he never would be. "I would drown myself sooner," he said to me. And if any dark touch were wanting to complete my hero's portrait, it was given by this terrible threat, in which I put full faith.

He was a dandy, and his dressing-table was the plague of my life. Well do I remember breaking some invaluable toilette preparation on it, and the fit of rage in which he flung the broken bottle at my head. He was very sorry when his first wrath was past, and bound up my head, and gave me a pound of sausages, and a superbly bound copy of Young's "Night Thoughts," which I still possess. I also retain a white scar above one of my eyes in common with at least eight out of every ten men I know.

"Do you ever hear from your cousins?" Sir Lionel asked one day in careless tones.

"Polly writes to me sometimes," said I.

"You can show me the next letter you get," said Sir Lionel, condescendingly; which I accordingly did, and thenceforward he saw all my letters from her. I was soon clever enough to discover that Leo liked to be asked after by his old friends, and to receive messages from them, which led me to write to Polly, begging her always to send

"nice messages" to Sir Lionel, as he would then treat me well, and perhaps give me some of his smoked bacon for breakfast. Her reply was characteristic:—

"MY DEAR REGIE,—

"I shan't send nice messages to Leo. I am sorry you showed him the letter where I said he was handsome. Handsome is that handsome does, and if he treats you badly he is very ugly, and I hate him. If he doesn't give you any bacon he's very mean. You may tell him what I say.

"I am your affectionate cousin,

"POLLY."

I was obliged to hide this letter from Leo; but when he asked me if I had heard from Polly I could not lie to him, and he sent me to Coventry for withholding the letter. I bore a day and a half of his silence and neglect; then I could endure it no longer, and showed him the letter. He was less angry than I expected. He coloured and laughed, and called me a little fool for writing such stuff to Polly, and said her answer was just like her. Then he gave me some of the bacon, and we were good friends again.

But the seal of our friendship was a certain occasion when I saved him from the only flogging with which he was ever threatened.

He was unjustly believed to be concerned in an insolent breach of certain orders, and was sentenced to a flogging which was really the due of another lad whom he was too proud to betray. He would not even condescend to remonstrate with the boy who was meanly allowing him to suffer, and betrayed his anguish in the matter so little that I doubt if the real culprit (who never was a week unflogged himself) had any idea what the punishment was to poor Leo.

He hid himself from us all; but in the evening I got into his room, where I found him, pale and silent, putting some things into a little bag.

"Little one!" he cried, "I know you can keep a secret. I want you to help me off. I'm going to run away."

"Oh, Damer!" I cried; "but supposing you're caught; it'll be much worse then."

"They won't catch me," he said, his lip quivering. "I can disguise myself. And I shall never come back till I'm a man. My guardian

would bring me here again. He thinks a man can hardly be a gentle man unless he was well flogged in his youth. Look here, old fellow I've left everything here to you. Keep out of mischief as I've shown you how, and—and—you'll tell Polly I wasn't to blame."

I was now weeping bitterly. "Dear Damer," said I, "you can disguise yourself. Anybody would know you; you're too good looking. Damer," I added abruptly, "did you ever pray for things I used to at home, and do you know, they always came true. Wait for me, I'll be back soon," I concluded, and rushing to my own room, I flung myself on my knees, and prayed with all my heart for the averting of this, to my young mind, terrible tragedy. I dared not stay long, not knowing what Leo might do, and on the stairs I met the real culprit, who was in our house. To this day I remember with amusement the flood of speech with which, in my excitement, I overwhelmed him. I painted his meanness in the darkest colours, and the universal contempt of his friends. I made him a hero if he took his burden on his own back. I dwelt forcibly on Leo's bitter distress and superior generosity. I bribed him to confess all with my many-weaponed pocket-knife (the envy of the school). I darkly hinted a threat of "blabbing" myself, as my meanness in telling tales would be as nothing to his in allowing Leo to suffer for his fault. Which argument prevailed I shall never know. I fancy Leo's distress and the knife did it between them, for he was both good-natured and greedy. He told the truth by a great effort, and took his flogging with complete indifference.

Thenceforward Leo and I were as brothers. He taught me to sketch, we kept divers pets together, and fused our botanical collections. He cooked unparalleled dishes for us, and read poetry aloud to me with an exquisite justness and delicacy of taste that I have never heard surpassed.

His praise was nectar to me. When he said, "I tell you what, Regie, you've an uncommon lot of general information, I can tell you," my head was quite turned. Whatever he did seemed right to me. When I first came to school, my hat was duly peppered and pickled by the boys, and replaced by me with one of unexceptionable shape. My shirts then gave offence to my new master.

"I suppose," he said, surveying me deliberately, "a good many of your things are made by Mrs. Baggage?"

"Nurse Bundle makes my shirts, Damer," said I.

"It's all the same," said Damer. "I knew it was connected with a *parcel* somehow. Well, the *Package* patterns are very pretty, no doubt, but I think it's time you were properly rigged out."

Which was duly done; and when holidays came and the scandalized Mrs. Bundle asked what I had done "with them bran-new fine linen shirts," and where "them rubbishing cotton rags" had come from that I brought in their place, I could only inform her, with a feeble imitation of Leo's lofty coolness, that I had used the first to clean Damer's lamp, and that the second were the "correct thing."

One day I said to him, "I don't know why, Damer, but you always make me think of a vision of one of the Greek heroes when I see you walking in the playing fields."

I believe my simply-spoken compliment deeply gratified him; but he only said, like Mr. Clerke, "You *do* say the oddest things, little 'un!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

COLLECTIONS. LEO'S LETTER. NURSE BUNDLE AND SIR LIONEL.

If Nurse Bundle hoped that when I went to school an end would be put to the "collections" which troubled her tidy mind, she was much deceived. Neither Leo nor I were bookworms, and we were not by any means so devoted as some boys to games and athletics. But for collections of all kinds we had a fancy that almost amounted to mania.

Our natural history manias in their respective directions came upon us like fevers. We "sickened" at the sight of somebody else's collection, or because we had been reading about butterflies, or birds' eggs, or water-plants, as the case might be. When "the complaint" was "at its height," we lived only for specimens; we gave up leisure, sleep, and pocket-money to our collections; we made notes and memoranda in our grammars and lexicons that had no classical reference. We sent letters to country newspapers which never appeared, and asked questions that met with no reply. We were apt, also, to recover from these attacks, leaving Nurse Bundle burdened with boxes or folios of dry, dusty broken fragments of plants and insects, which we did not touch, but which she was strictly forbidden to destroy. We pursued our fancies during the holidays. I have now a letter that I got from Damer after my fourth half:

"MY DEAR REGIE,—

"London.

"*Eureka!* What do you think? My poor Governor collected moths. I bullied my guardian till he let me have the collection. Such specimens! No end of foreign ones we know nothing about, and I am having a case made. I found a little book with his notes in. We are quite at sea to go flaring about with nets and bruising the specimens. The way is to dig for chrysalises. Mind you do; and how I envy you! For I have to be in this horrid town, when I long to be grubbing at the roots of trees. Polly quite agrees with me. She hates London; and says the happiest time of her life was when she was at Dacrefield. My only comfort is to go to the old bookstalls, and look for books about moths and butterflies. Imagine! The other day when your aunt was out, I took Polly with me. She said she would give anything on earth to go. So we went. We went into some awful streets, and had some oysters at a stall, and came back carrying no end of books; and just as we got in at the door there were your aunt and Lady Chemsfield coming out. What a rage your aunt was in! I tried to take all the blame, but she shut Polly up for a fortnight. It's a beastly shame, but Polly says the expedition was worth it; her spirit is splendid. I never wrote such a long letter in my life before, but I am in the blues, and have no one to talk to. I wish my poor Governor had lived. I wish I were in the country. I wish your aunt was a moth. Wouldn't I pin her to a cork! Mind you work up old Mother Hubbard to a sumptuous provision of grub for next half, and don't forget the other grubs. Would that I could dig with thee for them.
Vale!

"Thine ever,

"LIONEL DAMER."

Of course this ended in Leo's being invited to Dacrefield. He came, and, wonderful to relate, we got Polly too. My father invited her and my aunt to visit us, and they came. As Leo said, Aunt Maria "behaved better than we expected." Indeed, Leo had no reason to complain of her treatment of him as a rule, for he was constantly at the Ascotts' house during his holidays.

And so we rambled and scrambled about together, Leo, and Polly, and I. And we added largely to our collections, and made a fernery (the Rector helping us), and rode about the country, and were thoroughly happy. We generally went to the nursery for a short time

before dressing for dinner, where we teased and coaxed Mrs. Bundle, and ate large slices of an excellent species of gingerbread called "parliament," which she kept in a tin case in the cupboard. In return for these we entertained her with marvellous "tales out of school," rousing her indignation by terrible narratives of tyrannous and cruel fagging, and taking away her breath by tales of reckless daring, amusing impudence, or wanton destructiveness common to boys. Some of these we afterwards confessed to be fables, told—as we politely put it—to "see how much she *would* swallow."

After dinner we were expected to sit with my father and Aunt Maria in the drawing-room. Then, also, poor Polly was expected to "give us a little music," and dutifully went through some performances which were certainly a remarkable example of how much can be acquired in the way of mechanical musical skill where a real feeling for the art is absent. After politely offering to turn over the leaves of her music, which Polly always declined (it was the key-note of her energetic character that she "liked to do everything herself"), my father generally fell asleep. I whiled away the time by playing with Rubens under the table, Aunt Maria "superintended" the music in a way that must have made any less stolid performer nervous, and Leo was apt to try and distract Polly's attention by grimaces and pantomime behind Aunt Maria's back, of a far from respectful nature.

Sir Lionel was not a favourite with Nurse Bundle. I was unfortunate enough once to give her a prejudice against him, which nothing seemed to wear out. Thinking his real, or affected mistake about her name a good joke, and having myself the strongest relish and admiration for his schoolboy wit, I had told Nurse Bundle of his various versions of her name; and had tried to convey to her the comic nature of the scene when my hat was pickled, and when Leo condemned my home-made shirts.

But quite in vain. Nurse Bundle's sense of humour (if she had any) was not moved by the things that touched mine. She looked upon the destruction of the hat and the shirts as "a sinful waste," and as to Leo's jokes—

"Called me a baggage, did he?" said the indignant Mrs. Bundle. "I'll Sir Lionel him when I get the chance. At my time of life, too!"

And no explanation from me amended matters. By the time that Leo did come, Nurse Bundle had somewhat recovered from the insult,

but he was never a favourite with her. He "chaffed" her freely, and Mrs. Bundle liked to be treated with respect. Still there was a fascination about his beauty and his jokes against which even she was not always proof. I have seen her laugh and fetch out the parliament box when Leo followed her about like a dog walking on its hind legs, wagging an old piece of rope at the end of his jacket for a tail, and singing—

"Good Mother Hubbard,
Pray what's in your cupboard?
Could you give a poor dog a bone?"

And when he got the parliament he would "sit up" and balance a slice of the gingerbread on his nose, till Polly and I cheered with delight, and Rubens became frantic at the mockery of his own performances, and Mrs. Bundle complained that "Sir Lionel never knowed when to let nonsense be."

But I think she was something like the housemaid who "did the bedrooms," and who complained bitterly of the additional trouble given by Leo and me when we were at Dacrefield, and who was equally pathetic about the dullness of the Hall when we returned to school. "The young gentlemen be a deal of trouble, but they do keep a bit of life in the place, sure enough."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DEATH OF RUBENS. POLLY'S NEWS. LAST TIMES.

WHEN one has reached a certain age time seems to go very fast. Then, also, one begins to understand the meaning of such terms as "the uncertainty of life," "changes," "loss of friends," "partings," "old times," &c., which ring sadly in the ears of grown-up folk.

After my first half at Eton, this universal experience became mine. There was never a holiday time that I did not find some change; and, too often, a loss to meet my return.

One of the first and bitterest was the death of Rubens.

I had been most anxious to get home, and yet, somehow, in less high spirits than usual, which made it feel not unnatural that my father's face should be so unusually grave when he came to meet me.

"I have some very bad news for you, my dear boy," he said. "I fear, Regie, that poor Rubens is dying."

"He've been a-dying all day, sir," said the groom, when we stood at

last by Rubens' side. "But he seems as if he couldn't go peaceable till you was come."

He seemed to be gone. The beautiful curls were limp and tangled. He lay on his side with his legs stretched out; his eyes were closed. But when I stooped over him and cried, "Ruby!" his flabby ears pricked, and he began to straggle.

"It's a fit," said the groom.

But it was nothing of the kind. Rubens knew what he was about, and at last actually got on to his feet, when, after swaying feebly about for a moment, he staggered in my direction (he could not see) and literally fell into my arms, with one last wag of his dear tail.

"They say care killed the cat," said Mrs. Bundle, when I went up to the nursery, "but if it could cure a dog, my deary, your dog would have been alive now. I never see the Squire so put about since you had the fever. He was up at five o'clock this very morning, the groom says, putting stuff into the corners of its mouth with a silver teaspoon, and he've had all the cow doctors about to see him, and Dr. Gilpin himself he've been every day, and Mr. Andrewes the same. And I'd like to know, my deary, what more could be done for a sick Christian than the doctor and parson with him daily till he dies?"

"A Christian would be buried in the churchyard," said I; "and I wish poor dear Rubens could."

But as he couldn't, I made his grave where the churchyard wall skirted the grounds of the Hall. "Perhaps, some day, the churchyard will have to be enlarged," I explained to the Rector, who was puzzled by my choice of a burying-place, "and then Rubens will *get taken in*."

My father was most anxious to get me another pet. I might have had a dog of any kind. Dogs of priceless breeds, dogs for sporting, for ratting, and for petting; dogs for use or for ornament. From a bloodhound and mastiff almost large enough for me to ride, to a toy poodle that would go into my pocket, I might have chosen a worthy successor to Rubens, but I could not.

"I shall never care for any other dog," I was rash enough to declare. But my resolve melted away one day at the sight of a soft, black ball, like a lump of soot, which arrived in a game-bag, and proved to be a retriever pup. He grew into a charming dog, of much wisdom and amiability. I called him Sweep.

Thus half by half, holidays by holidays, changes, ceaseless changes

went on. Births, deaths, and marriages furnished my father with "news" for his letters when I was away, and Nurse Bundle and me with gossip when I came back.

I heard also at intervals from Polly. Uncle Ascott's wealth increased yearly. The girls grew up. Helen "was getting Tractarian and peculiar," which annoyed Aunt Maria exceedingly. Mr. Clerke had got a curacy in London, and preached very earnest sermons, which Aunt Maria hoped would do Helen good. Mr. Clerke worked very hard, and seemed to like it; but he said that his happiest days were Dacrefield days. "I quite agree with him," Polly added. Then came a letter:—"Oh, my dear Regie, fancy! Miss Blomfield is married. And to whom, do you think? Do you remember the old gentleman who sent us the cinder-parcel? Well, it's to him! and he's really a very jolly old man; and thinks there is no one in the world like Miss Blomfield. He told her he had been carefully observing her conduct in the affairs of daily life for eight years. My dear Regie, *fancy* waiting eight years for one's next door neighbour, when one was quite old to begin with! You have no idea how much younger and better she looks in a home of her own, and a handsome silk dress. Can you fancy her always apologizing for being so happy? She thinks she has too much happiness, and is idle, and who knows what. It makes me feel quite ill, Regie, for if she is idle and has too much happiness, what am I, and what have I had? Do you remember the days when you proposed that we should be very religious? I am sure it's the only way to be very happy; I mean happy *always*, and *underneath*. Leo says the great mistake is being *too* religious, and that people ought to keep out of extremes, and not make themselves ridiculous. But I think he's wrong. For it seems just to be all the heap of people who are only a little religious who never get any good out of it. It isn't enough to make them happy whatever happens, and it's just enough to make them uncomfortable if they play cards on a Sunday. I know I wish I were really good, like Miss Blomfield, and Mr. Clerke, and Helen. * * *

It was the year of Miss Blomfield's marriage that Ragged Robin's wife died. We had all quite looked forward to the peace she would enjoy when she was a widow, for it was known that delirium tremens was surely shortening her husband's life. But she died before him. Her children were wonderfully provided for. They were girls, and we had them all at the Hall by turns in some sort of sub-kitchen-maid

capacity, from which they progressed to higher offices, and all became first-class servants, and "did well."

"My dear," said Nurse Bundle, "there ain't no difficulty in finding homes for gals that have been brought up to clean, and to do as they're bid. It's folk as can't do a thing if you set 'em, nor take care of a thing if you gives it 'em, as there's no providing for."

I almost shrink from recording the hardest, bitterest loss that those changeful years of my school life brought me—the death of Mr. Andrewes. It was during my holidays, and yet I was not with him when he died.

I do not think I had noticed anything unusual about him beforehand. He had not been very well for some months, but we thought little of it, and he never dwelt upon it himself. I was in the fifth form at the time, and almost grown-up. Sweep was a middle-aged dog, the wisest and handsomest of his race. The Rector always dined with us on Sunday, but one evening he excused himself, saying he felt too unwell to come out, and would prefer to stay quietly at home, especially as he had a journey before him. For he was going the next day to visit his brother in Yorkshire for a change. But he asked if my father would spare me to come down and spend the evening with him instead. I rightly considered Sweep as included in the invitation, and we went together.

As we went up the drive (so familiar to me and poor little Rubens!) I thought I had never seen the Rector's garden in richer beauty, or heard such a chorus from the birds he loved and protected. Indeed the border plants were luxuriant, almost to disorder. It struck me that Mr. Andrewes had not been gardening for some time. Perhaps this idea led me to notice how ill he looked when I went indoors. But dinner seemed to revive him, and then in the warm summer sunset we strolled outside again. The Rector leant heavily on my arm. He made some joke about my height, I remember. (I was proud of having grown so tall, and secretly thought well of my general appearance in the tail-coat of "fifth form.") With one arm I supported Mr. Andrewes, the other hung at my side, into the hand of which Sweep ever and anon thrust his nose caressingly.

"How well the garden looks!" I said. "And your birds are giving you a farewell concert."

"Ah! You think so too?" said the Rector quickly.

I was puzzled. "You are going to-morrow, are you not?" I said.

"Yes, of course. I see," said the Rector laughing. "I was thinking of a longer journey. How superstitions do cling to north-countrymen! We've a terrible lot of Paganism in us yet, for all the Christians that we are!"

"What was your superstition just now?" said I.

"Oh, just part of a belief in the occult sympathy of the animal world with humanity, which, indeed, I am by no means prepared to give up"—

"I should think not!" said I.

"Though doubtless the idea that they feel and presage impending death to man must be counted a fable."

"Awful rot!" was my comment. "I say, sir, I'm sure you're not well, to get such stuff into your head."

"It's just that," said the Rector. "When I was a boy, I was far from strong, and being rather bookish, I was constantly overworking my head. What weird fancies and fads I had then, to be sure! I was haunted by a lot of nervous plagues which it's best not to explain to people who have never been tormented with them. One of the least annoying was a sensation which now and then took possession of me that everything I saw, heard, or did, was 'for the last time.' I've often run back down a lane to get another glimpse of home, and done over again something I had just finished—to break the charm! The old childish folly has been plaguing me the last few days. It is strong on me to-night."

"Then we'll talk of something else," said I.

Eventually our conversation became a religious one. It was like the old days before I went to school. We had not had much religious talk of late years. To say the truth, since I became an Eton man the religious fervour of my childhood had died out. A strong belief in the practical power of prayer (especially "when everything else failed") was almost all that remained of that resolution to which Polly had alluded in her letter. In discussions with her, I took Leo's view of the subject. I warned her in a common-sense way against being "religious overmuch" (not that I had any definite religious measure in my mind); I laughed at Helen; I indulged a little cheap wit, and made Polly furious, by smart sneers about women and parsons. I puzzled her with scraps of old philosophy, and theological difficulties of venerable standing, and was as proud to discomfit her faith as if my own

soul had no stake in the matter. I fairly drove her to tears about the origin of evil. Sometimes I would have "Sunday talks" with her in a different spirit, but even then she said I "did her no good," for I would not believe that she could "have anything to repent of."

I fancy Mr. Andrewes had asked me to come to him that evening greatly for the purpose of having a "Sunday talk." My father had wished me to be confirmed at home rather than at school, and as Bishops did not hold confirmations at such short intervals then as they do now, an opportunity had only just occurred. Mr. Andrewes was preparing me, and it was a great annoyance to him that his ill-health obliged him to go away in the middle of his instructions. I think he was feverish that night. Every now and then he spoke so rapidly, that I could hardly follow him. Then there were pauses in which he seemed lost, and abrupt changes of subject, as if he could hardly control the order of his thoughts. And in all the evident strain and anxiety to say everything that he wished to say to me appeared that morbid fancy of its being "the last time."

After we had talked for some time he said, "Life goes wonderfully fast, Regie, though you may not think so just now. I do so well remember being a child myself. I was eight years old, I think, when I prayed for money enough to buy a *Fuchsia coccinea* (they had not been in England more than ten or twelve years then). My brother gave me half-a-crown, and I got one. It seems as if that one yonder must be it. I began a model of my father's house in cardboard one winter, too. Then I got bronchitis, and did not finish it. I have been intending to finish it ever since, but it lies uncompleted in a box upstairs. So we purpose and neglect, till death comes like a nurse to take us to bed, and finds our tasks unfinished, and takes away our toys!"

Presently he went on: "Our mechanical arbitrary division of time is indeed a very false one. See how one day drags along, and how quickly another passes. The true measure of time is that which makes each man's life a day, his day. The real night is that in which no man can work. Indeed, nothing can be more true and natural than those Eastern expressions. I remember things that happened in my childhood as one remembers what one did this morning. What a lot of things I meant to do to-day! And one runs out into the garden instead of setting to work, and it's noon before one knows where he is, and other people take up one's time, and the afternoon slips away, and

a man's day had need be fifty times its length for him to do all he means and ought to do, and to run after all the distractions the devil sends him as well. So comes old age, the evening, when one is tired, and it's hard to make any fresh start; and then we're pretty near the end, at 'the last feather of the shuttle,' as we say in Yorkshire. I often think that the pitiful shortness of this life, compared with a man's hopes and plans, is almost proof enough of itself that there must be another, better fitted to his aims and capacities. And then—measure the folly of not securing *that*! And talking of proofs, Regie, and whilst I'm taking the privilege of this season of your confirmation to proffer a little advice, above all things make up your mind what you believe, and on what grounds you believe it. Ask yourself, my boy, if you believe the articles of the Apostles' Creed to be real positive truths. Do you think there is evidence for the facts, as matters of history? Are you ever likely to have the time or the talent to test this for yourself? And, if not, do you consider the authority of those who have done so, and staked everything upon their truth, as sufficient? Will you receive it as the Creed of your Church? Make up your mind, my boy, above all things make up your mind! Have *some* convictions, some real opinions, some worthy hopes; and be loyal to, and in earnest about whatever you do pin your faith to. I assure you that vagueness of faith affects people's every-day conduct more than they think. The sort of belief which takes a man to church on Sunday who would be ashamed to look as if he were really praying, or confessing real sins when he gets there, is small help to him when the will balances between right and wrong. It is truly, as a matter of mere common sense, a poor bargain, a wretched speculation to be half religious; to get a few checks and scruples out of it, and no real strength and peace; and, it may be, to lose a man's soul, and not even gain the world. For who dare promise himself that Christ our Judge, who spent a self-denying human youth as our example, and so loved us as to die for us, will accept a youth of indifference, and a dissatisfied death-bed on our part? And if it be all true, and if gratitude and common sense, and self-preservation, and the example and advice of great men, demand that we shall serve God with all our powers, don't you think the devil must, so to speak, laugh in his sleeve to see us really conceited of being too large minded to attend too closely, or to begin to attend too early, to our own best interests?"

"Ah!" he added after a while, "my dear boy—dearer to me than you can tell—the truth is, I covet for you the unutterable blessing of a youth given to GOD. What that is, some know, and many a man converted late in life has imagined with heart-wrung envy: an Augustine, already numbered with the Saints, a Prodigal robed and decked with more than pardon, haunted yet by dark shadows of the past, the husks and the swine. My boy, with an unstained youth yet before you to mould as you will, get to yourself the elder son's portion —'Thou art ever with Me, and all that I have is thine.' And what GOD has for those who abide with Him even here, who can describe? It's worth trying for, lad; it would be worth trying for, on the chance of God fulfilling His promises, if His Word were an open question. How well worth any effort, any struggle, you'll know when you stand where I stand to-night."

We had reached the front steps of the house as he said this. The last few sentences had been spoken in jerks, and he seemed alarmingly feeble. I shrank from understanding what he meant by his last words, though I knew he did not refer to the actual spot on which we stood. The garden was black now in the gloaming. The reflection from the yellow light left by the sunset in the west gave an unearthly brightness to his face, and I fancied something more than common in the voice with which he quoted:

"Jesu, spes penitentibus,
Quam pius es petentibus!
Quam bonus es quærentibus!
Sed quid invenientibus?"

But I was fanciful that Sunday, or his nervous "fads" were infectious ones; for on me also the superstition was strong to-night that it was "the last time."

CHAPTER XXVI.

I HEAR FROM MR. JONATHAN ANDREWES. YORKSHIRE. ALATHEA *alias* BETTY.

WE BURY OUR DEAD OUT OF OUR SIGHT. VOICES OF THE NORTH.

I SAT up for a short time with my father on my return. When I went to bed, to my amazement Sweep was absent, and I could not find him anywhere. I did not like to return to the Rectory, for fear of disturbing Mr. Andrewes' rest, so I went to bed without my dog.

I was up early next morning, for I had resolved to go to the station

to see Mr. Andrewes off, though his train was an early one, that I might disabuse him of his superstition by our meeting once more. It was with a secret sense of relief, for my own part, that I saw him arranging his luggage. Sweep, by-the-by, had turned up to breakfast, and was with me.

"I've come to see you off," I shouted, "and to break the charm of *last times*, and Sweep has come too."

"Strange to say, Sweep came back to me last night, after you left," said the Rector, laughing; "and he added omen to superstition by sitting under the window when I turned him out, and howling like a Banshee."

Sweep himself looked rather foolish as he wagged his tail to the Rector's greeting. He had the air of saying, "We were all a little excited last night. Let it pass."

For my own part I felt quite reassured. The Rector was in his sunniest mood, and as he watched us from the window to the very last, his face was so bright with smiles, he hardly looked ill.

For some days Sweep and I were absent, fishing.

When I returned, I found on my mantelpiece a black-edged letter in an unfamiliar hand. But for the black I should have fancied it was a bill. The writing was what is called "commercial." I opened it and read as follows—

"North Side Mills, Blackford,
Yorks. 4/8, 18—.

"SIR,

"I have to announce the lamented Decease of my Brother—Reverend Reginald Andrewes, M.A.—which took place on the 3rd inst. (3.35 A.M.), at Oak Mount, Blackford; where a rough Hospitality will be very much at your Service, should you purpose to attend the Funeral. Deceased expressed a wish that you should follow the Remains; and should your respected Father think of accompanying you, the Compliment will give much pleasure to Survivors.

"Funeral party to leave Oak Mount at 4 P.M. on Thursday next (the 8th inst.), D.V.

"A line to say when you may be expected will enable me to meet you, and oblige,

"Yours respectfully,

"Reginald Dacre, Esq., Jun."

"JONATHAN ANDREWES.

It is useless to dwell upon the bitterness of this blow. My father felt it as much as I did, and neither he nor I ever found this loss

repaired. One loses some few friends in a lifetime whose places are never filled.

We went to the funeral. Had the cause of our journey been less sad, I should certainly have enjoyed it very much. The railway ran through some beautiful scenery, but it was the long coach journey at the end which won my admiration for the Rector's native county. I had never seen anything like these noble hills, these grand slopes of moorland stretching away on each side of us as we drove through a valley to which the river running with us gave its name. Not a quiet, sluggish river, keeping flat pastures green, reflecting straight lines of pollard willows, and constantly flowing past gay villas and country cottages, but a pretty, brawling river with a stony bed, now yellow with iron, and now brown with peat, for long distances running its solitary race between the hills, but made useful here and there by ugly mills built upon the banks. Sometimes there was a hamlet as well as a mill. Tracts of the neighbouring moorland were enclosed and cultivated, the fields being divided by stone walls, which looked rude and strange enough to us. The cottages were also built of stone; but as we drove through a village I could see, through several open doors, that the rooms were very clean and most comfortably furnished, though without carpets, the floors, like everything else, being of stone.

It was dark before we reached Blackford. The latter part of our journey was through a coal and iron district, and the glare of the furnace fires among the hills was like nothing I had ever seen. At the coach office we were met by Mr. Jonathan Andrewes. He was a tall, well-made man, with badly fitting clothes, rather tumbled linen, imperfectly brushed hair and hat, and some want of that fresh cleanliness and finish of general appearance which went to my idea of a gentleman's outside. I found him a warm-hearted, cold-mannered man, with a clear, strong head, and shrewdness of observation which recalled the Rector to my mind more than once. The tones of his voice made me start sometimes, they were so like the voice that I could never hear again in this life. He spoke always in the broad dialect into which the Rector was only wont to relapse in moments of excitement.

A carriage, better appointed than the owner, and a man-servant rather less so, were waiting, and took us to Oak Mount. In the hall our host apologized for the absence of Mrs. Andrewes, who was at the sea-side, out of health.

"But Betty 'll do her best to make you comfortable, sir," he said to my father, and turning to a middle-aged woman with a hard featured, sensible face, and very golden hair tightly braided to her head, who was already busy with our luggage, he added, "You've got something for us to eat, Betty, I suppose?"

"T' supper 'll be ready by you're ready for it," said Betty, when she had finished her orders to the man who was taking our things upstairs. "But when folks is come off on a journey, they'll be glad to wash their 'ands, and I've took hot water into both their rooms."

The maid's familiarity startled me. Moreover, I fancied that for some reason she was angry, judging by the form and manner of her reply; but I have since learned that the ordinary answers of Scotch and Yorkshire folk are apt to sound more like retorts than replies.

In the end I became very friendly with this good woman. Her real name, I discovered, was not Betty. "They call me Alathea," she said, "but I've allus gone by the name of Betty." From her I learnt all the particulars of my dear friend's last illness, which I never should have got from the brother.

"He talked a deal about you," she said. "But you see, you're just about t' age his son would have been, if he'd lived."

"His son!" I cried: "was Mr. Andrewes married?"

"Aye," said she, "Master Reginald were married going i' two year. It were his wife's death made him that queer while he couldn't abide the business, and he'd allus been a great scholard, so he went for a parson."

Every detail that I could get from Alathea was interesting to me. Apart from the sadly interesting subject, she had admirable powers of narration. Her language (when it did not become too local for my comprehension) was forcible and racy to a degree, and she was not checked by the reserve which clogged Mr. Jonathan's lips. The following morning she came to the door of the drawing-room (a large dreary room, which, like the rest of the house, was handsomely *upholstered* rather than furnished), and beckoned mysteriously to me from the door. I went out to her.

"You'd like to see the body afore they fastens it up?" she said.

I bent my head and followed her.

"He makes a beautiful corpse," she whispered, as we passed into the room. It was an incongruous remark, and stirred again a hysterical feeling that had been driving me to laugh when I felt most

sad amid all the grotesquely dreary preparations for the "burying." But, like some other sayings that offend ears polite, it had the merit of truth.

It was not the beauty of the Rector's face in death, however, noble as it was, that alone drew from me a cry of admiration when I stooped over his coffin. From the feet to the breast, utterly hiding the grave clothes, and tastefully grouped about his last pillow, were the most beautiful exotic flowers I ever beheld. Flowers lately introduced that I had never seen, flowers that I knew to be rare, almost priceless, flowers of gorgeous colours and delicate hothouse beauty, lay there in profusion.

"Mr. Jonathan sent for 'em," Betty murmured in my ear. "There's pounds and poundsworth lies there. He give orders accordingly. There warn't to be a flower 'at warn't worth its weight in gold a'most. Mr. Reginald were that fond of flowers."

I made no answer. Bitterly ached my heart to think of that dear and noble face buried out of sight; the familiar countenance that should light up no more at the sight of me and Sweep. "He looks so happy," I muttered, almost jealously. Alatheia laid her hand upon my arm.

"Them that sleeps in Jesus rests well, my dear. And, as I said to Master Jonathan this morning, it ain't fit to over-begrudge them 'ats gone Home."

I think it was the naming of that Name, in which alone we vanquish the bitter victories of death, that recalled the verse which had been floating in my head ever since that evening at the Rectory—

"Jesu, spes penitentibus,
Quam pius es petentibus!
Quam bonus es querentibus!
Sed quid invenientibus?"

The loneliness of my childhood had given me a habit of talking to myself. I did not know that I had quoted that verse of the old hymn aloud, till I discovered the fact from hearing afterwards, to my no small surprise, that Betty had reported that I "made a beautiful prayer over the corpse."

* * * * *

The grim and hideous pomp of the funeral was most oppressive, though in the abundance of plumes and mutes Mr. Jonathan had, as in the more graceful tribute of the flowers, honoured his brother nobly

after his manner, which was a commercial one. It was a very expensive "Burying." Alatheia Did tell me what "the gin and whiskey for the mourners alone come to," but I have forgotten. We lost sight of the ignoble features of the occasion when the sublime office for the Burial of the Dead began. When it was ended I understood one of Betty's brusque remarks, which had puzzled me when it came out at breakfast-time.

"You'll 'ave to take what ye can get for your dinners, gentlemen," she had said; "for the singers is to meet at three, and I can't pretend to do more nor I can."

The women mourners at the funeral (there were a few) all wore large black silk hoods, which completely disguised them; but at the end of the service one of them pushed hers back, and I recognised the golden hair of Alatheia, as she joined a group rather formally collected on one side of the grave. She looked round as if to see that all were ready, and then in such a soprano voice as one seldom hears, she "started" the funeral hymn. It was the old psalm—

"Oh GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from life's stormy blast,
And our eternal home."

I had heard very little chorus-singing of any kind. My experience of village singing was confined to the thin nasal unison singing of our school children, and an occasional rustic stave from a farmer at an agricultural dinner. Great, then, was my astonishment when the little group broke into the four-part harmony of a fine chorale. I had never heard such voices. Betty had a grand soprano, and on the edge of the group stood a little lad singing like a bird, in an alto of such sweet pathos as would have made him famous in any cathedral choir.

Mr. Jonathan's head drooped lower and lower. Affecting as the hymn was in my ears, it had for him, no doubt, associations I could not share. My father moved near him, with an impulse of respectful sympathy.

To me that one rich voice of harmony spoke as the voice of my old teacher; and I longed to cry to him in return, "I have made up my mind. It is worth trying for! It is 'worth any effort, any struggle.' Our eternal home!"

(To be continued.)

“IN THE HOUR OF DEATH.”



PRAYERS of the Church of England,
 Read softly by my bed,
 What peace ye bring the troubled breast,

What rest the aching head!
 As soothing sweet your music sounds
 In this lone quiet room,
 As oft before in solemn shrines,
 Amid the painted gloom.

God's precious Word beside me lies,
 My Comforter and Guide,
 As more and more my strength decays,
 Drawn closer to my side;
 And of all human helps most prized,
 Most cherished shall ye be,
 When failing nature strives to grasp
 The World it cannot see.

My deathlike weakness deeper grows,
 The pallor spreads my cheek,
 My trembling thoughts no words can find,
 I have no strength to speak;
 But borne by you on eagles' wings,
 My faint desires arise,
 The flutt'ring of the broken heart
 Have might to cleave the skies.

Soon may the brightness of the morn
 For me unheeded shine,
 And sunset glories stir no more
 This dying pulse of mine.
 Stay with me, dear ones! to the brink
 I must so soon descend;
 Loved eyes that on my childhood smiled
 Be near me to the end!

Faith of the Church of England,
 For which the martyrs bled,
 Dear hallowed rites and hymns and creeds
 To tend'rest memories wed,
 As ye have strengthened me through life,
 In death support me still;
 Lord, whose in life and death I am,
 Do Thou Thy holy Will!

M. M. M.

THE SONG OF HARMONY,

AND

HOW LAURA TRIED TO SING IT.



CHILDREN, have you ever heard of Epaminondas, who lived a long while before our Saviour's gentle teaching on the hills of Palestine? A grand, great, free Greek was he, who in his heathen darkness approached more nearly to the real spirit of Christ than a great many calling themselves Christians do. But I must tell you he had caught from his old teacher, Lysis, who belonged to the school of Pythagoras, a sublime idea which sank deep into his soul, and which is so beautiful that I think we should all know it, and think often of it. The idea was this—that all nature, that is to say, men and beasts, birds and flowers, winds and waters, were made to utter one sweet song, all in harmony; a melody with no jars, nor false chords in it, and which only falsehood, sin and crime, man's wickedness and selfishness could mar, and throw wrong notes into what should be a united chorus of sweet sounds rising to heaven.

Now my niece Laura, aged fourteen, is a quaint child, quiet, full of poesy, fond of music and of musing, and who loves dearly to secrete herself, when she has a favourite book, from "the boys," as she is wont to call her brothers. Whenever I am staying at Mr. Warburton's, my room is invariably Laura's harbour of refuge from her rough, romping, schoolboy brothers, whom she, in her fits of anger and despair at having a treasured volume confiscated, likens to the Danes, Bedouins, Free-lances, Philistines, or any other band of marauders, who come first into her head.

Poor Charlie, Jock, and Hugh, though very tiresome, I admit, are not, I think, quite so bad as the bands of robbers to whom Laura likens them, and sometimes Jock's shouts of laughter at his sister's woe-begone countenance on perceiving her missing volume on the top of the clock in the hall are very infectious; so much so that often Laura, in spite of herself and her indignation, cannot help joining in his merriment.

It was on one of these occasions, when I had persuaded long, lank

Jock to reach down Laura's book, her last treasure, the "Book of Worthies,"* from the clock's broad top, that she came to my room late in the afternoon: we sat together at the open window, Laura on a



footstool, with her dark, thoughtful grey eyes surveying the smooth lawn, and the stream beyond, whose gentle ripple-ripple we could just hear, and on the other side of which stretched a green meadow

* By Miss Yonge.

whereon fed Mr. Warburton's cows, who with every movement emitted a soft musical sound from the Swiss bells hung round their necks; which bells no mortal power could prevent Charlie from hanging around the animals' necks, as he declared he had not taken the trouble to bring them all the way from Switzerland only to look at. Jock and Charlie, the twins of sixteen, had last summer been a tour abroad with their father, and these bells which Charlie had brought home delighted Laura's imaginative, dreamy mind, and neither she nor Charlie, for once allies, could ever be made to see were rather out of place on the necks of quiet English cows, who are not apt to climb or stray.

It was whilst enjoying the quiet repose of this lovely June evening that Laura abruptly exclaimed—

"Aunt Janet, do you believe in the idea of harmony—I mean Epaminondas's idea?"

"Yes, Laura, I do," I replied: "do you remember an old saying, that if everybody swept in front of their own door, the street would soon be clean? so if all were good, loving, and gentle, neither giving nor taking offence, nothing but harmony would prevail; and I think, as Epaminondas did, that the falling of water, the song of birds, and all Nature's sweet sounds, go to prove that God meant all to be in harmony."

"But, Aunt Janet, if God meant it to be so, why does He not make it as He intended?"

"You forget, Laura, the curse which came on all when our first parents fell; when they turned their backs on Eden, they turned them for ever in this world on perfect harmony; with thorns and thistles came jars, discord, and harsh sounds."

Laura sighed. "It would be so nice, Aunt Janet, if all agreed, and we had no quarrelling, no rudeness: when mamma and I sat last night watching the sunset, and I listened to the wind in the branches of the fir-trees, all was so quiet and nice, and I thought how I should like to sit for ever there."

I laughed; then becoming grave, I put my hand on the child's head laid lovingly on my knee, as I said to her—

"Laura, would you not care to go to heaven?"

She looked up shocked. "Oh, yes, Aunt Janet."

"But," I answered, "if all were charming here, you would not care

to leave it; so God allows of wrongs and troubles, to make us remember we have a better country to look for; and I think that instead of musing idly under trees, it would be better to do as your beloved Longfellow says, 'Let us then be up and doing;' and so try to sing the song of harmony in actions, and not in words only.

"What is marred make right,
What is severed, unite."

And leave where'er you pass Love's golden thread of light," I added.

Laura looked up earnestly. "Aunt Janet, I will try to-morrow, and not be cross, or quarrel with the boys, and will try and make the little ones agree."

"Do, my darling," I said, warmly returning her embrace, "and to-morrow at this time you shall tell me how you have succeeded."

At this moment Miss Cave put her head in at my door to say it was tea-time, and Laura bounded away.

Miss Cave is the nice, sensible, dear old governess.

The next evening Laura, punctual to her appointment, came to my room. I daresay my young readers would like a full, true, and particular account of her efforts to promote harmony throughout the day; so instead of giving her own unconnected story, I will relate in order the day's events, and you shall then hear our talk about it.

- Poor Laura! She got up early that bright morning, threw open her window, and sniffed up with her little *nez retroussé* the cool, dewy morning air, loaded with the fresh perfume of flowers, and crossing her arms on the window-sill, leant out of the window, and began to resolve to carry out her plan, and try and promote peace and charm away discord; and did not the morning set her the example in its almost perfect repose and stillness?

All was harmony, when, oh heavens! a loud shriek from Laura broke the quiet silence, followed by peals of uproarious laughter from a window above.

"Now, miss, I have cured you of gazing when you ought to be dressing, for some time to come, I think," shouted the owner of a shock of hair of reddish hue, Jock by name.

"What's the title of your last poem?" exclaimed another derisive voice.

"I say, Jock, have you read that beautiful poem by Miss Laura Warburton on 'a June Morning?'" said Hugh, coming in with his keen power of ridicule, and thrusting his head out of the window to ascertain the effect of their waterfall.

Laura, all her poetic ideas put to flight, and high resolves to tread in the steps of the great Greek quenched by her ducking, flung down the window that she might not further hear the boys' chaff on her well-known dreamy habits and love of poesy, and, half crying with vexation, set to work to mop and dry her dripping head as best she might.

She did not attempt to parry her brothers' wit, knowing by sad experience the utter hopelessness of entering into a war of words with schoolboys well up in slang and jokes, and the art of teasing. Laura found it impossible to do anything with her dank mass of hair, which made her toilette somewhat long, made her late for prayers, and caused her to receive a grave look from Miss Cave on her entrance to the schoolroom, where sat at breakfast the three boys, with broad grins on their expressive countenances. They did not, however, escape. The old nurse, furious at the trick played upon Laura, reported it to Mrs. Warburton, who came into the schoolroom, and administered a sharp rebuke to the culprits, getting in return a somewhat impertinent retort from Hugh, and a rude one from Jock. Laura sighed heavily. A dull beginning indeed; nothing but jars and discord, though the morning was not three hours old. Far, very far, were they from chaunting that psalm of sweet sounds.

Having the boys to their early breakfast in the schoolroom was one of the daily penances of poor Miss Cave's life. However, this morning in particular they were off to school in haste, not, though, without a parting shaft at Laura from Hugh, who announced his intention of drawing a life-like portrait of a beautiful nymph he had seen in the early morning through a fountain of spray.

"Aurora-like!"* ejaculated Charlie; "I have no doubt, Hugh, that Laura would be glad to sit for the goddess."

The work of the day proceeds, but, unluckily for Laura, it is the morning for geography. Now of all things in the world, Laura

* I will explain, for the benefit of my very young readers, that in old time Aurora was the Goddess of Morning, and arose out of the sea, soft dew falling from her fingers.

dislikes a geographical lesson. What is it to her, she asks, that the Volga has a course of two thousand miles, or that it discharges itself into the Caspian Sea? But tell Laura the name of a stream, ever so insignificant, in Palestine, on one side of which once stood the Paynim's army, jeering at the Christian host, till a Red-cross knight plunged into the stream, and challenged to single combat the leader of the heathen forces, and to the end of time Laura will remember the name of that mountain torrent; her power of association is great, but a list of names are to her mere empty sounds unconnected with incident or romantic anecdote. This morning they say the countries of Europe, their boundaries, rivers, chief cities, &c.; Laura sees but one—Greece—the native land of countless heroes, of Epaminondas; Laura is trying to fix to her satisfaction the exact position of Thebes, when the question comes round to her—

“The capital of Greece,” interrogatively puts Miss Cave, “is——?”

“Bœotia,” dreamily responds Laura, intently studying the map of that country—a reply which caused a peal of laughter from both Nellie and Kate, Laura's juniors, and a sharp rebuke from Miss Cave.

“Bœotia, Laura, what nonsense are you talking? what are you thinking of?”

“Epaminondas,” replied Laura, looking ashamed.

“Epaminondas!” exclaimed good Miss Cave, now fairly provoked; “really, Laura, you are too tiresome; you never attend to what you are doing, and probably when ancient history is the subject you will be thinking of King Arthur and his Round Table, or some such thing. Will you please to remember we are doing the geography of modern, and not the history of ancient Greece.”

Laura coloured up and was about to retort; but no—she would not promote further warfare, so closed up resolutely her pouting lips, still clinging, though with a hopeless feeling, to her resolution of the morning, which had been considerably damped in more ways than one, literally and metaphorically, and which created in the poor child's mind a moody despair, akin to her great hero's speech when, in the throes of death, he exclaimed, with sad hopelessness, “You must make peace with the enemy.”

Laura felt inclined to strike her flag and surrender to Discord; but no, that would not do, for in her ears still seemed to ring a faint echo of that universal melody which she might yet help to swell.

Laura was somewhat comforted after lessons by being able to soothe peevish Janet—my little namesake—a querulous, delicate child of seven summers, who was wailing over a torn frock. Laura put aside her book, sewed up the rent, and made her little fretful sister smile again at the sight of the neatly-mended tear.

Between two and half-past three o'clock is play-time. Laura, deep in her volume, is ensconced alone in the window-seat of the now empty schoolroom, when in bursts Hugh, holding in his hand a remarkable-looking, and not over-clean red, green, and yellow rag, which only a boy's inventive genius could find any use for.

"Here, Laura, quick, run up this hole for a fellow, there's a good girl!"

"I haven't my work things here," absently answers Laura, without even looking up.

"Oh, nonsense!" cries Hugh, running his hand impatiently through his hair; "there is Miss Cave's work-basket; take a needle and thread out of that."

"You know Miss Cave doesn't like her things touched, Hugh; she says if we once began going to her basket she should soon not have a thing left in it."

"All rubbish!" cries Hugh, angrily; "you are of no more use, Laura, than an old cat sitting in the window. There's Tom Fellowes' sister does everything for him." And Hugh flung indignantly out of the room.

Ten minutes pass; Laura, conscience-stricken, lays aside her book, and runs in search of Hugh.

"Stop, Hughie, stop! I'll do it for you," cries the panting girl, as she sees him emerge from a room.

"Too late now," gruffly responds Hugh. "Old Nan-nan" (a name given in nursery days to the old nurse, and still in general use) "is doing it for me; she is worth twenty such as you, and if I was mother I would put a stop to that absurd reading of yours."

"Nan-nan didn't get a jug of water on her head this morning," angrily retorted Laura.

"That is just like a girl," says Hugh, contemptuously—"treasuring up a thing; you might have sent twenty jugs of water on my head this morning, and I should have forgotten it by noon."

"I do not treasure up things," returned poor Laura, and she was right; her warm loving heart rarely resented a wrong longer than ten minutes, but her brother's rude and ungracious reception of her tardy offer had piqued her, and led her to recall to his remembrance the trick he had played her in the morning.

Hugh in his turn was about to carry on the war of words, when at this juncture Mr. Warburton put his head out of his study door, gravely displeased.

"Hugh, I can't have this noise in the passage; you know your mother has a headache, and so does Laura. I expected more thought from both of you."

Hugh walked off muttering. Laura, her eyes filled with tears, ran to the nursery.

Oh, Laura, with how rash a hand did you strike the chord of Discord when you refused Hugh's simple request!

Vexed and humbled, poor Laura sought refuge in the nursery with the intention of trying to please Herbie, the four-year-old boy, with a story or game of play—and dearly Herbie loved both with "Lorde," as he called her; but the nurseries presented only open windows and doors, and nurse (number two) had taken the younger ones out for a frolic.

Forlorn and disappointed, Laura wandered to the drawing-room—empty too (I, young readers, had gone into the village), and looking rather dismal with jars of faded flowers. A sudden thought struck her. Mamma dearly loved flowers in the drawing-room, and if her head got better in the evening she would be sure to come down, and it would please her to see fresh ones there.

Yes! just three o'clock; Laura would have time! Swift she flew to the dear old-fashioned garden, where everything grew with everything else—pinks, geraniums, stocks, china-roses, all blowing, mixed up with lavender, rosemary, and southernwood, in delicious confusion, loading the air with their perfumes.

The hum of the bee-hives, the quiet ripple of the river, the musical tinkle of the cows' bells, and the *bourdonnement* of the summer insects, all helped to smooth Laura's ruffled feathers, and gaily humming, "O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west!" she quickly fills her flower-basket.

Half-an-hour later Miss Cave stands at the drawing-room door, and exclaims,

"Half-past three, Laura; time for lessons. My goodness, child," she added, as she looked round, "how lovely you have made that vase!" and she contemplated with admiration her pupil's handiwork, an immense, tall, white vase, shaped like a lily, filled with lilies of the valley and scarlet geraniums, and round the tall stem was wreathed the ground ivy and a long tendril of the variegated periwinkle. Laura placed the vase in the centre of a round table covered with a crimson cloth, and which had for a background a dark oak bookcase.

Yes! that will be the making of Laura—that inborn, innate taste, that love of all that is really beautiful, pure, and holy, or finest and grandest in art and nature. Laura instinctively disliked anything false, mean, or vulgar, and she was right. You cannot, dear girls, have too high a standard. Read and love good poetry, clever books, refined stories: as you read and contemplate what is pure and lovely so will you learn to love it, and strive after it, as Laura strove after the "lost chords" of harmony.

Surely the love of the truly beautiful is well cultivated in young girls; a pure taste is formed, and in after life they shrink alike from unrefined books or companions.

Laura held up some flowers. "Miss Cave, I have these over, might I put them in your room? I shall not be two minutes."

"Yes, do, dear," readily replied Miss Cave, pleased at any little attention in her pupils, and glad to encourage Laura's gift of grouping flowers prettily.

Laura bounds away, quickly arranges the flowers in Miss Cave's neat little room, then repairs to the schoolroom, where Nellie and Kate, with good Miss Cave, are awaiting her—Kate gracefully swinging her legs, and looking very cross, and evidently at war with her teacher. It must be confessed that Laura found it very hard to fix her attention on the quarrels of Charles and his Commons, as jerked instead of read out by Kate, or on the dry details of tonnage and poundage, as mumbled out by idle Carrie, who was all the time stifling her inclination to yawn.

Laura seemed doomed to dull lessons, and, do what she would, she could not help her thoughts wandering to the close of that sad drama, to the coffin of the beheaded king, borne by a few faithful friends, and upon which fell the white, dreary snow, making a pall of virgin white, and which the name of the ill-fated Charles never fails to call

up. "Thus went the White King to his grave," quotes Laura to herself, while Nellie reads her share of the tonnage and poundage.

Five o'clock brings Laura to my room with the air of a discomfited general. She lays her head on my lap, while large tears gather slowly in her thoughtful grey eyes, and says—

"It is no good, Aunt Janet, I can't do it!"

"Do what?" I ask, stroking her bonny dark locks.

"I cannot make harmony, Aunt Janet. Hugh is rude, and Jock so teasing, and they *will not* be peaceful, and——"

"Stop, stop, Laura!" I cry; "you have nothing to do with Jock or Hugh—you have no business with *their* doorsteps; *your* work is to keep your own spotless. Besides, my dear little niece," I add gravely, "do you think you will learn that grand chant of 'peace, goodwill towards men,' in one day? Do you think if it had been so easy to control your spirit that Solomon would have compared the doing so to one 'who taketh a city?' Think, Laura, of the qualities necessary to a great general like Epaminondas. What are they?"

"Patience, perseverance, courage, endurance," said Laura, slowly, as one by one she recollected the salient points in the character of the grand old heathen.

"Well, my child, are those, do you think, cultivated in one day? Can any general take a great city in one day? No more can you 'rule your spirit' in a short time; and until you can do that, quarrels and rudenesses must occur. No, no, Laura; it will take us long years of struggling before we are able to sing the lowest note, or strike the feeblest chord of God's great melody. Epaminondas approached nearly to Christian truths when he said, 'Virtue is the harmony of the human soul;' or, Laura, as one greater than he said, 'Be ye therefore perfect;' and the further we are from perfection, the fainter we hear the melody, or can sing it."

"But, Aunt Janet," said Laura, wearily, "if we were only where they chant it in perfection now! it is so tiresome to have days and days of struggling before you."

"That's cowardice, Laura—

"Only he who bears the cross,
May hope to win the glorious crown."

"But little things are so tiresome!" was the reply.

"Did your favourite Grecian despise little things, when they gave him the cleansing of the streets to supervise? No; he did not despise 'the day of small things,' and so won back the hearts of the discontented Boeotians by the ready and perfect way in which he performed so mean a duty."

"But everything has been *so* provoking, Aunt Janet. Even Miss Cave *would* make me practise an ugly tune instead of a pretty one."

"A hard case, Laura," I replied, laughing; "but, nevertheless, we won't be beaten; come, let us go down to the empty drawing-room, and I will play some of your favourite airs to you."

Laura brightened up directly. "Oh, thank you! I *will* try, Aunt Janet."

"I know you will, dear; and not forget it when you kneel down this evening."

"No," she said, reverently; "I will not."

After a moment's silence, she exclaimed, "I wish Epaminondas had been a Christian!"

"I think, my child, *they* lived to put *us* to shame. If a heathen, who is inwardly pure, and trying always to live up to the conceptions of truth in the grand soul within, can approach so nearly to holiness, what should *we* be, who have the full light of *truth*? *They* have their reward, I feel sure, and the light they were striving to see, and only discerned 'afar off,' has been given to them now; their soul has seen *it*, and 'the King in His beauty,' and is at rest."

Laura is kneeling by me, watching my fingers, and listening to her favourite air, "*La Femme du Marin*,"* when a hand is suddenly put over her eyes, and a mischievous voice exclaims, "Laura in a dream? Awaken, maiden! Come forth and aid thy brother!"

"Oh, Charlie!" exclaimed poor Laura, good-temperedly, "do take your dreadful paws off."

"Not till you promise, sister mine." Then removing his brown, rough hands from Laura's eyes, Charlie pathetically appealed to our feelings.

"We are to be off at four o'clock to-morrow morning, pike-fishing, Jock, Hugh, and I, and that wretched old Fuller has kept us such an awful time hammering away at old Homer—I wish old Homer had

* By Fredk. Kalkbrenner.

never lived!—that I shall never get my pike-line reeled up; it's in no end of a muddle, and I'm all up a tree with it."

"I wish you would stay there, then," said Laura, laughing, as she turned away reluctantly from her dearly loved music, whilst I seized on romping Carrie, and bore her off to my room, that her din might not disturb Mrs. Warburton.

For full half an hour did I watch Laura, from my room window, patiently standing on the lawn, winding up Charlie's pike-line, and bearing with his angry exclamations of "Bother!" "Hang it!" and "Drat it!" and impatient fault-finding: first she reeled too fast, then too slow, then she didn't stop when he called out; he tugged, too, at the knots, and made them worse, but Laura's temper was unfailing, and at last the line was smoothly, evenly, and neatly reeled on its wheel; and as I came downstairs dressed for dinner, I had the benefit of the following little scene.

"Thank you, little Pussie! You are a dear, bonnie little lassie, and if I catch a pike to-morrow, you shall have it!* I say, Laura, it was a horrid shame the trick we played you this morning! Give a fellow a kiss," awkwardly added Charlie.

Instantly Laura's rosy lips were held up to her tall brother, while she gaily replied—

"I have a great mind to write that poem you spoke of, Charlie boy, and dedicate it to you."

Charlie caught her up in his strong arms, ran up the stairs, and deposited the laughing girl at her own door.

But Laura's trials were not ended; she was able once more, before the day closed, by one little action, to "make right" what was "marred."

And after all little acts make up life; few of us are required to jump into the water and pull somebody out, but *all* are required to help each other in little things twenty times a day.

After dinner the little ones were dismissed to bed; Laura, Hugh, Jock, and Charlie, the Pater, Mater, and self, all collected on the lawn in front, enjoying the delicious coolness of the evening; Mrs. Warburton reposing in an arm-chair, dragged out for her by the boys; Laura reading at my feet, and "the boys," busy with preparations for

* N.B.—I may as well add here that the pike *was* caught, duly presented, and paraded over the house, especially the nursery, where it caused a great sensation.

the coming fishing excursion, sorting their baskets, hooks, &c., determined on making the most of their Saturday's holiday ; Hugh, more of a naturalist than fisherman, was overhauling his tin cases for flowers and other things, when all at once an altercation arose :

"You did!" exclaimed Hugh.

"I didn't!" said Charlie.

"But, I tell you, you did!" angrily answers his brother.

"Then, I tell you, you tell a lie!" cries hot-tempered Charlie.

"If you say that again, I'll give you such a licking," returned the elder brother.

"Charlie! Charlie!" entreatingly calls out his mother.

"I don't care, mother, I did *not* destroy his butterfly-net."

"But you must have," said Hugh; "you had it last."

"You tell a——"

But quick Laura's little fingers stopped the rest, whilst she whispered, "Don't! don't! Charlie, dear; you'll make mother's head bad again." And turning to Hugh, Laura says eagerly—

"Never mind, Hugh, I'll put a new one."

"Put a fiddlestick!" says he, contemptuously; "pray how can you put one on before four o'clock to-morrow morning?"

"Why not?" asks Laura, gently. "If you will walk down with me to Miss Wynn's, we can get a new piece of gauze, and it won't take long to make."

"My dear child, you can't go to Miss Wynn's now; why she will be in bed," says her mother.

"Oh, no, mother, she won't," brightly responds Laura; "and if the shop is shut, Miss Wynn will get a bit for me."

"Here, then," I interposed, laughing, "is a shilling, if that will do any good."

"All the good in the world," cries Laura, pocketing my shilling; "it will just defray the expense of the new net; so you have seen the last of your shilling, Aunt Janet."

"And poor Miss Wynn will not wait for her money, which she would do if it depended on Hugh," says Jock.

Hugh condescended to gather up his long limbs from the mossy turf, and grumpily takes his stick, whilst his sister throws on her bright little red cloak, dragging the hood over her head, thereby making a suitable little "Red Riding Hood" of herself, and trips off

by Hugh's side, Jock calling mischievously after them, "Take care, Hugh, as you go through the copse, that the nymph of the morning doesn't turn into a Dryad this evening, and take to a tree."

"The nymph prefers remaining a nymph," calls back the laughing Laura; "it is too hot to think of climbing trees."

Half an hour sees them back again; Laura triumphantly marching in with her gauze, Hugh mollified, but not choosing to say so.

"Laura, I brought your book in, when we all came in; I thought you might forget it," says Charlie, defiantly eyeing Hugh the while, who stalks to an arm-chair and flings himself into it, taking care though to keep an eye on his sister's proceedings, who gets leave from her mother to sit up, and patiently sets to work to take the dirty torn gauze off the frame, and put the new one on, Charlie standing by, thinking he is helping her.

Mrs. Warburton goes early to bed; I follow her to bathe her head, which is bad again. When I come down again at half-past ten, I find Laura just finishing the net; she lays it by Hugh, and turns to say "Good-night" to her father.

Hugh said little, barely thanking her; but she had scarcely carried her sleepy little self to bed ten minutes, before Hugh left the room. In a few minutes he returns, his straight features and short, curling upper lip looking more gentle in expression than usual, and when Charlie, yawning, says, "Oh! who will wake us to-morrow morning?" Hugh says quietly—

"I will, Charlie; I have set my 'larum, and I will come and wake you."

"Thanks, old fellow," was the reply.

And so we all go to bed. And so the day closes, in harmony, thanks to Laura!

The last thing, before getting into bed, I go to Laura's room. The moonbeams glint on her little white bed, and on its spotless hangings; the child is asleep, and the long lashes rest on the round cheek; she is sleeping the calm, deep sleep of childhood, and I stand and pray that she may carry out her great and good work, grow up into a pure loving woman, creating harmony around her. But see! she smiles in her sleep! Perhaps in her dreams she hears strains of that melody she has struggled so to sing—struggled, yes, and succeeded! Years

after may come the loving remembrance of the bonnie, dark-eyed lassie, who so patiently wound the tangled pike-line, mended the torn net; and who can tell what influence by these simple actions Laura may have gained over her brothers, and which in after years may save them from sin and evil? Hugh, on the plains of India, Charlie, sheep-farming in South America, Jock, a sailor on the wide ocean, may turn, one and all, in any future sorrow, difficulty, or trouble, instinctively to Laura, sure of a ready sympathy and help, where help might avail. When the happy home shall be broken up, and brothers and sisters dispersed in different lands, the bond, knit by Laura's gentle, patient forbearance, may never be broken.

Should my young readers feel any interest in my little heroine, and her further efforts to carry out the principle of harmony, I think we might, at Christmas time, have something more to say on the matter, as I hope to pay the Warburtons another visit then, and I think I could relate a great deal that might prove interesting.

Still more, if I have "provoked" any young sister "to love and to good works," who has the *misfortune* to belong to "a large family," I shall feel that my humble tale has not been written in vain, and let us all keep in remembrance the sweet verse with which I will conclude :—


"Brothers and sisters, as we go,
Still let us move as one,
Always together keeping step,
Till the march of Life is done."

B. C. J. D.

"LUCK-PETER."

By Hans Christian Andersen.

XVII.

 EASURED by the requirements to which, often for a long period, the child of poor parents limits himself, Peter now led a happy and comfortable life; he was so prosperous that, as Felix once said, he might already "cut a dash" on his friends' behalf. He thought upon this, and thought of his earliest friends, his mother and grandmother; for them and for himself he devised a day of rejoicing.

It was fine spring weather; the two old people were to drive with

him out of the town to see a little cottage which the singing-master had lately bought.

He soon drew up before the merchant's door, and mounted up to mother and grandmother. They were in their best clothes; and were, accidentally, receiving a visit from Madame Hof, who was straightway invited to accompany them. Whereupon she had a debate within herself, which ended by her sending a messenger to Herr Hof to tell him that she had accepted the invitation.

"What a number of bows from fine people Peter gets," she said.

"How fashionable one is, driving," said mother: "in such a fine comfortable carriage too," added grandmother.

Near the town, close by the royal park, was a pleasant little house, surrounded with vines and roses, hazels and fruit-trees. Here the carriage stopped; this was the cottage. They were received by an old woman, well-known to mother and grandmother; she had often assisted in the washing and ironing.

The garden was seen; the house was inspected: in the latter there was an especially delightful thing, a little conservatory with beautiful flowers. It opened out from the sitting-room; the door could be made to slide aside into the wall. "It is like a side-scene," said Madame Hof. "It moves with a push of the hand; and one sits inside as if in a birdcage surrounded with chickweed. This is what they call a winter-garden."

The sleeping-room was just as delightful in its way. Long close curtains round the windows, a soft carpet, and two arm-chairs, so comfortable; mother and grandmother must try them.

"One gets quite drowsy by sitting in them," said mother.

"One can't feel one's own weight," said Madame Hof. "Yes, here you two musical people will glide in enjoyment over the exertions of the theatre. I know what they are, too. Only fancy, I can still dream that I am clapping my hands, and Hof, too, by my side claps his hands! isn't it delightful, two souls and one thought."

"There is fresher air here and more room than in the two small rooms in the roof," said Peter, with beaming eyes.

"So there is," said mother, "yet home is nice too; there you were born, my sweet boy, and there I lived with your father."

"This is nicer," said grandmother. "It is quite a princely abode. I congratulate you and that matchless man, the singing-master, on this home of peace."

"And I congratulate you on it, grandmother, and you dear blessed mother. You two shall always live here, and not, as in the town, go up so many stairs, and have everything so confined and small. You shall have a hand to help you here, and see me as often as before in the town. Are you pleased with it? are you content?"

"Whatever is all this the boy is standing there and saying?" said his mother.

"The house, the garden, the whole is yours mother,—yours grandmother. I have striven to be able to provide for you; my friend the singing-master has faithfully helped me in bringing it about."

"Why, what is all this you are saying, child?" exclaimed his mother. "You will make us a present of a gentleman's house? You sweet boy: yes, you would do it willingly if you could!"

"I am serious," he said, "the house is yours and grandmother's." He kissed them both; they burst into tears, Madame Hof as well.

"This is the happiest moment of my life," exclaimed Peter, and he embraced them all three.

Now they must see everything again, since it was really their own. Instead of a row of five or six flower-pots out on the roof, they had now the neat little conservatory; instead of the meat cupboard, here there was a well-aired larder; and the kitchen itself was quite a little hot-house. The stove comprised an oven and a boiler; it looked like a large shining hot-water iron, said mother.

"Now, you also have a chimney-corner like mine," said Madame Hof. "This is royal! You have gained everything that man can obtain on this earth; and you, too, my own famous friend."

"Not everything," said Peter.

"The little wife is still to come," said Madame Hof. "I have her already for you. I have her in my mind's eye, but I shall hold my tongue as yet. Is it not like a ballet, the whole of it?" She laughed with tears in her eyes; and so did mother and grandmother.

XVIII.

To write the text and music for an opera, and to be himself their interpreter on the stage, was a great and blissful aim. Our young friend had a talent in common with Wagner, that of being able himself to fashion out the dramatic poem. But did he possess a sufficient wealth of harmony to create, like him, a musical work of importance?

Courage and misgiving alternated. He could not let go this, his

"ever present thought." For a year and a day gone it had shone forth as a vision of fancy; now it was a possibility, an aim of life. Many a stray fancy, on the piano was greeted as a bird of passage from the shore of this possibility. The little romances, the characteristic spring song, announced a land of harmony which had not yet emerged. The Baroness in these saw a premonitory sign, such as Columbus saw in the fresh sea-weed which the current bore before him, until at length he saw land itself on the horizon.

The land was there! the child of fortune should draw near to it. A stray word became the germ of thought; she, the youthful, lovely, innocent maiden pronounced the word: "Aladdin."

A child of good fortune, like Aladdin, was our young friend; that shone in upon him. With perception and pleasure he read and re-read the beautiful poem of the eastern land; it speedily assumed a dramatic form; scene by scene was developed in words of music, and as they grew the musical thoughts became continually richer; at the conclusion of the poem it seemed as if the well-spring of harmony were now first opened, and the whole of the rich fresh stream gushed out; he thoroughly recomposed his work; and in a more powerful shape there appeared, after several months, the opera "Aladdin."

No one knew of the work, no one had heard so much as even a few notes of it; not even the most sympathetic of all his friends, the singing-master. To no one in the theatre, when in the evening the young singer carried away the public by his voice and his excellent acting; did it occur that the youth, who seemed so to live and breathe in his part, lived a still more intense life; yes, even a few hours later would lose himself in a mighty work of sounds which gushed forth from his own soul.

The singing-master had not heard a note of the opera "Aladdin" before it was laid on his table, complete in score and text, for him to read through. What judgment would be pronounced? certainly a strict and equitable one. The young composer hovered between the best anticipations, and the thought whether the whole might even now be self-delusion.

Two days passed; not a word was exchanged on this important affair. At length the singing-master stood before him with the score, which he had now read, in his hand. A peculiar seriousness overspread his countenance; how was it to be interpreted?

"I did not expect this," said he; "I did not give you credit for this. Yes, I have not yet any clear opinion that I dare pronounce. Here and there, there is a fault in the instrumentation—a fault which may be remedied. There are individual passages bold and original; one must hear these under the conditions to which they are entitled. As with Wagner there is an inworking of Carl Maria Weber, with you is perceptible the inspiration of Haydn. The originality in what you have produced is still somewhat alien to me—you yourself stand too closely connected with me, for me to be the proper judge. I would rather not judge: but embrace you I will!" exclaimed he, with out-flashing joy. "How have you been able to accomplish it?" and he clasped him in his arms. "Fortunate fellow!"

Soon there went a murmur through the town, the papers, and "stray talk" about the new opera by the young and fêted singer of the stage.

"He is a silly tailor who can't patch up a jacket from the remnants of the workshop table," said one and the other.

"Write the text, compose and deliver it himself," they also said; "this is genius three storeys high! but he was born still higher—up in the attics."

"There are two of them at it—he and the singing-master," they said. "Now sounds the trumpet of the mutual admiration society!"

The opera arrived at the stage of being studied. They who took parts in it would not express any opinion. "It must not be said that judgment has gone out from the theatre," they said; and nearly all put on a serious face, from which shone no anticipation.

"There are a good many horns in the piece," said a young hornist, who composed himself; "let him take care he does not run a horn into his own body."

"It is all genius! brilliant, full of melody and character;" this was said, too.

"By this time to-morrow the scaffold is built," said Peter; "the verdict, perhaps, is already given."

"Some say that it is a masterpiece," said the singing-master; "others that it is a patchwork piece."

"And where lies the truth?"

"The truth," said the singing-master; "yes, tell it me! Look at that star above; tell me—tell me where is precisely its place? Shut one eye. You see it? Now look at it with the other eye only; the

star has moved—has taken another place. Each eye of the same man sees thus differently: how differently then must the great crowd of mankind see!"

"Come what may," said our young friend, "I must know my place in the world; find out what I can and must accomplish, or give up."

The evening came; the evening of decision. An artist of repute would be raised higher, or humbled in his gigantic presumptuous endeavour—triumph or failure. It was quite an affair of state. People were standing the night before at the ticket office, to secure their places. The house was full up to the ceiling; ladies came with large bouquets; were these to be carried home again, or fall before the victor's feet?

The Widow-Baroness and her beautiful young daughter sat in the box over the orchestra. Amongst the public there was a movement, a muttering, an unrest, which was suddenly hushed, as the director took his place and the overture began.

Who does not remember Henselt's operetta, "*Si l'Oiseau j'étais*," in which is heard, as it were, a carolling twitter of birds? Here was something of the kind; carolling, gambolling children; merry child-voices, note following note; the cuckoo chimed in with them, the thristle marked the time. It was the innocent song and pastime of a childish heart—the heart of Aladdin. Then a thunder-cloud rolled in upon them; Nouredin displayed his might—a deadly flash struck down, and clove the ground. Soft, alluring tones were heard; a strain from the enchanted grotto, where the lamp shone in the stone-girt cave, and round which the wings of the mighty spirit rustled. Now rang in the tones of the wood-horn a psalm, as mild and soft as comes from the mouth of a child; a single horn is heard, and again another; more and more melted into the same tones, and raised themselves therein to a fullness and strength, as of the trumpet of the day of judgment. The lamp was in Aladdin's hand! and thereupon swelled out such a sea of melody and vastness as the Ruler of souls and the Master of sounds might create.

The curtain rose to the music of applause, which sounded like a flourish of trumpets under the bâton of the director. A well-grown, beautiful boy was playing; Aladdin, so tall, and yet so innocent, gambolled amidst the other boys. Grandmother would have said directly, "Yes, that is Peter, as he played and jumped between the stove and

the chest of drawers at home in the attic ; in mind he has not become a year older."

How truthfully and earnestly he sang the prayer which Nouredin bade him offer, before he descended into the chasm to fetch the lamp. Was it the pure and holy melody, or the innocence with which it was sung, which carried all hearers with him? The approbation was unceasing.

It would have been a profanation of the impression had this song been given again; it was longed for, but not demanded. The drop-scene fell, and the first act was ended.

All criticism was stultified; people were filled with delight, determined to enjoy with thankfulness.

A few chords sounded from the orchestra; the curtain rolled up. Streams of sound, as in Glück's "Armida," and Mozart's "Magic Flute," arrested and filled everyone, while again was disclosed the scene where Aladdin stood in the wonderful garden. A soft, hushed music sounded from flowers and stones, from fountains and deep grottoes, different melodies melted together into one great harmony. A breath from the round-hovering spirits sounded amid the chorus; it seemed to sound now far and now near, swelling in strength, and again diminishing. Borne on this symphony arose Aladdin's monologue in song; one certainly that might be called an important air, but such in character and situation as to be necessarily a dramatic portion of the whole. The tuneful, sympathetic voice, these earnest notes from the heart, penetrated all, and carried them to a pitch of enthusiasm which could not mount higher when he grasped the lamp amid the circling strains of spirits' song.

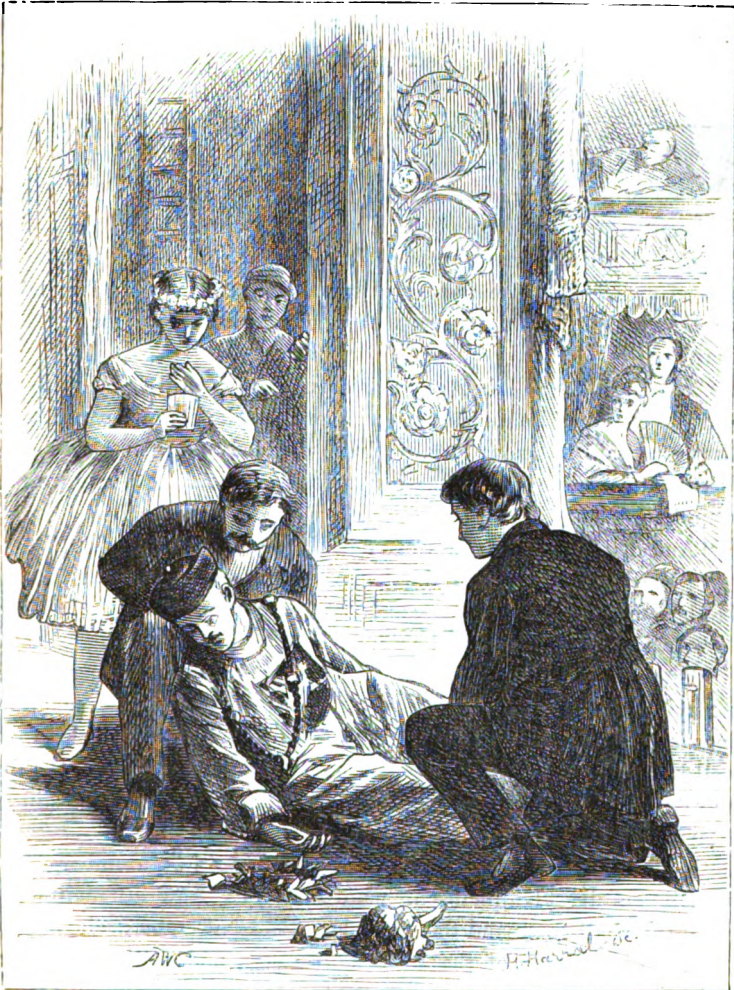
Bouquets rained down from all sides; a carpet of living flowers was spread before his feet.

What a point of life for the young artist—the highest, the greatest! He felt that none of higher import could be granted to him. A wreath of laurel touched his breast, and fell down before him; he had seen from whose hand it came. He saw the young maiden in the box nearest the stage—the young Baroness—standing like a Genius of Beauty, rejoicing aloud in his triumph.

A flame rushed through him, his heart swelled as never before; he bowed, he took the wreath, he lifted it to his heart—and in the same second sank backwards. Fainting?—Dead? Which was it?

The curtain fell. * * * *

"Dead!" it went round. Dead in the triumph of victory, like Sophocles at the Olympic games; like Thorwaldsen in the theatre




amid Beethoven's symphony. A vein in his heart had burst; as by a lightning-flash were ended his days here—ended without pain; ended in earthly joy, in fulfilment of his earthly mission. Beyond millions fortunate!

SCENES AND SKETCHES FROM THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

SIXTH EVENING.

SCENE XXI.

 ONE sultry day, after Gustavus had been walking alone, as was his custom, to meditate upon his future proceedings, he sent word to Oxenstiern to attend him at supper. Gassion's regiment was on guard, and the King, as he entered his tent, stopped to say, "Ah, Frenchman, I am glad to see my pillow-regiment on duty this afternoon;" so he named Gassion's regiment, for he averred that he always felt he might sleep in safety while those troops were on guard.

Oxenstiern found his royal master unusually grave and concerned, and the conversation during the meal was slack; but when it was over Gustavus said to Oxenstiern, "I have decided to break up my camp; disease and famine are decimating my soldiers, and I can endure to see it no longer."

"And does the army know of your Majesty's determination?"

"I shall announce it to the troops to-morrow. I expect then that Lord Hamilton will leave me, and, I fear, Hepburn also."

"Sir John Hepburn will be a loss, I am afraid."

"The greatest possible to me, and it is the more provoking that it is partly my own fault. However, no *amende* that I can make will appease him, so he must go. Poor and proud as a Scotchman is a well-known proverb. Hamilton's departure I do not in the least regret; he thinks he has great military talents, but he is vain and incapable."

"Your Majesty will leave an efficient garrison in Nuremberg?"

"Oh, surely. Kniphausen, who held out New Bradenburg so gallantly, shall command the garrison. Poor Nuremberg, she has been a staunch supporter of the Protestant cause, and fully deserves my protection. I should be very sorry to see that glorious city treated like Magdeburg."

"The Duke of Friedland is not so merciless as old Tilly was, however."

"I hope not; John of Tzercla was a barbarian in war. But if I could by any means draw Friedland into the open field, I would willingly stand my chance."

"Wallenstein is too wary, I fear, Sire; he never will stake the fortunes of the Empire on a single cast, the risk is too tremendous."

The King and his minister discussed till late at night the proposed arrangements for the retreat, when Oxenstiern took leave, and his Majesty remained alone. Gustavus sat for some time meditating on the step he had finally resolved to take, then opening the large folio Bible that he always carried about with him, according to custom he proceeded to peruse its sacred pages till long after the camp was hushed and the light in his tent was the only one still burning.

On the 8th of September the Swedish army defiled from the camp and slowly marched past the imperial entrenchments.

"The brass it was burnished, the steel it flashed free," the green banners of Sweden floated in the air, and the Imperialists silently and eagerly watched them as those gallant troops passed by in all the pomp of military display. But Wallenstein was not to be enticed from his strong position; he even called in his supports, and the Swedes marched to Neustadt without opposition, where Gustavus remained some days, to give his troops the free benefit of change of air and position.

SCENE XXII.

The last of the Swedish rear-guard had disappeared, and the green banners had long been lost to view amidst the foliage of the forests that surround Nuremberg, when Wallenstein gave his camp to the flames and began his march towards Bamberg. On his arrival he sent word to the Elector of Bavaria to request an interview, and accordingly that prince visited his quarters. Wallenstein then proceeded to inform his colleague of his intentions. "I propose," he said, "making a diversion into Saxony, which will have the effect of drawing off the Swedish King from his present operations."

Maximilian looked dismayed at this intelligence. "I hardly understand your Excellency," he said; "what! leave Bavaria at the mercy of the Swedes, and the road to Vienna open!"

"I shall probably be blamed," answered Wallenstein, coolly, "for leaving the Empire apparently without support, but the event will justify my measures."

"And do you suppose that Gustavus will leave his prospects of conquest here to assist John George?"

Wallenstein only smiled slightly while he kept his stern searching eyes fixed on the Elector, who brought forth all his powers of eloquence to persuade him to remain and protect Bavaria.

Wallenstein only replied that he had written to Pappenheim, and desired him to join him at Leipzig. "I presume," he concluded, "that I shall not have the pleasure of your Electoral Highness's society."

"Your Excellency," returned Maximilian, bitterly, "can hardly expect that I shall leave my own dominions utterly defenceless?"

"We part here, then," said Wallenstein; "for your own dominions, prince, I think I can prophesy that your fears are unfounded."

Maximilian appeared to think differently, with Swedish garrisons in Munich, Augsburg, and Nuremberg, and Ingolstadt on the point of surrender. Rising abruptly, he bowed haughtily to Friedland, and waving him back as the Duke was advancing to escort him to the door, he departed without saying another word.

Wallenstein looked after him with disdain, then without loss of time communicated his determination to his officers, and the whole army was presently on the alert. His brother-in-law, Terzki, ventured to ask if any tidings had been heard of Pappenheim.

"I have heard none," answered Friedland; "but I have not much doubt of his arrival, Terzki; if he evades my instructions, I have given orders that the next officer in rank shall assume the command, in case Count Godfrey should be detained by illness."

"I did not know he had been ill," answered Terzki.

"I think he will soon recover on receipt of my letter," replied Albert, in a tone of irony.

On the 23rd of October Friedland took Leipzig, and Saxony was at the mercy of the Imperialists. John George was in a state of terror not to be described, and sent off instantly to implore the immediate assistance of the King of Sweden.

It was Gustavus's intention on leaving Nuremberg to complete the conquest of Bavaria, trusting to the Saxons to keep Wallenstein in check. He purposed crossing the Lech at Rayn, a fortress which was garrisoned by the Swedes under a colonel called Mitzval. The Bavarians, in the hope of preventing the King's passage, had laid siege to Rayn, but Gustavus had written to the commandant with his own

hand promising him speedy succours. In spite of this, Mitzval, terrified by a slight rumour of mutiny in the garrison, surrendered this important fortress without a blow. The news of this disgraceful act only caused Gustavus to hurry forward; before the enemy had the least idea of his approach he had forced the passage of the Lech at the foot of a fortified castle called Obernsdorf, and appeared, to the consternation of the garrison, at the gates of Rayn.

As Harte says, "Panic terrors had now become congenial to the governors of that unfortunate city," for after a siege of twenty-four hours the Imperialists surrendered the place unconditionally. Mitzval was left for some time in suspense as to what his fate should be. Gustavus continuing his march took Landsberg, pursued Montecuculi to Neuburg, which was also evacuated at his approach, and then the King summoned a court-martial to try Mitzval for his cowardice. There could be no doubt of his guilt, and when Mitzval pleaded that one of his ensigns had threatened him with treachery on the part of the garrison, the King replied, "A man of service would have hung up the ensign." Mitzval was condemned to die, and his lieutenant-colonels and captains were to share his fate. At the intercession of the gentle Eleonora, however, the sentence was mitigated; Mitzval alone suffered, but his officers, the sharers of his guilt, were obliged to stand on the scaffold during the execution of the sentence.

This painful duty concluded, the King determined to renew the siege of Ingolstadt, in which he had been baffled in the spring. But he had barely begun the investment of the place when the imploring message of John George reached him, which induced him generously to abandon at once all his bright dreams of southern conquest and hasten to the aid of a false and ungrateful ally.

SCENE XXIII.

The winter had set in when Gustavus began his march towards the north. At Erfurt he was met by his Queen, who had preceded him, and who came into the market-place on foot to receive him. He dismounted, embraced her, and went with her into the house which was prepared for him. Business transactions occupied him late into the night, but at break of day he was ready to start. Eleonora breakfasted with him in private, and he afterwards gave audience to the magistrates of the city, and addressed some parting words to them.

These duties concluded, he turned to Eleonora, folded her in a long embrace, and in a voice broken with emotion said only "God bless you!" He could trust himself to remain no longer, but abruptly breaking from the room he threw himself on his charger and rode off full gallop after his army, which was already on the march for Leipzig. Surely there was a whisper at his heart which told him that this was their last meeting.

As he passed through the countries he had conquered he was received everywhere with acclamations from the people. They hailed him as their liberator and protector from the merciless Imperialists; they crowded round his charger, kneeling before him, and kissing the ground where his horse's feet had trod. Gustavus was distressed rather than pleased at these extravagant marks of enthusiasm. "Rise, my children, rise," he entreated, "or God will punish me for being the cause of this idolatry." And his followers fancied that they could detect in these words a presentiment of his approaching fate, while, as Mitchell says, "these testimonies of love, gratitude, and admiration, however foolishly expressed, cast, nevertheless, a beautiful and brilliant halo round the closing scene of so great and glorious a life."

Pressing onwards with marvellous rapidity, Gustavus pounced on Naumburg before Wallenstein's reinforcements could arrive, carried the place by assault, and quickly threw up intrenchments as strong as those of Nuremberg. The works were hardly completed when a small body of cavalry, which had been sent out as scouts, came galloping into the camp.

"Ah, Edward," cried Gassion to the lieutenant, as he drew rein, "you have had some fighting; is the enemy so near?"

"We have had a skirmish with the Croats, who surprised us. Tyrwhit and Fielding are taken prisoners."

"Wallenstein's army must be close at hand; did you find out where he was?"

"Could not learn for certain, but I am pretty nearly sure he is at Weissenfels."

"Ah," said Gassion to Kniphausen, "I see clearly what was Wallenstein's object; he wished to fall on the King before the Saxons could join us."

"He will be out in his calculations, I fancy," said Kniphausen, "when he finds us as strongly posted as we were at Nuremberg."

"Will his Majesty give him battle, I wonder?"

"Very unlikely; he can now turn the tables on the Duke of Friedland."

Wallenstein, meanwhile, had arrived and carefully reconnoitred Gustavus's position, and the result to which he presently arrived was that it was out of the question attempting to force so strong a position. He desired his generals, in consequence, to consult among themselves as to the best plan of proceeding, while he himself, with his usual haughty reserve, held aloof from their council.

"Well, general," said Friedland, as Count Godfrey of Pappenheim entered his tent, "what is the result of your deliberations?"

Pappenheim sat down and answered, "Sir, we are unanimously of opinion that it would be most unadvisable to attack the King of Sweden's entrenchments. His lines are perfectly admirable, his genius for engineering is indeed quite wonderful."

"And what is your opinion as to his Swedish Majesty's intentions?"

"Well, sir," said Pappenheim, "it is my opinion that he intends laying by for the winter. Your Excellency has seen the strength of his position, and the care with which he has chosen his ground; it is clear to me that he intends making as long a stay as he did at Nuremberg."

"I agree with you, General, that it would not be wise to attempt to carry his entrenchments by storm. Tilly discovered that when he had made his fruitless attack upon the lines of Werben."

"Exactly so, my Lord Duke; it is evident that Gustavus is going to recruit his army. No general ever dreamed of carrying on two consecutive winter campaigns; besides, he has parted from his Scotch troops, who are gone into quarters for refreshment somewhere in Bavaria I am told."

"What plan does the Council of War then suggest?" pursued Friedland.

"We would humbly submit to your Excellency that the troops should go into winter quarters, and at the same time be ready to assemble at a moment's notice."

While the Imperialist Generals were arriving at these sagacious conclusions, and arranging after their own fashion the enemy's future plan of operations, his Swedish Majesty happened to have formed very different designs.

On Monday morning, the 5th of November, before daybreak, the Swedish army suddenly broke up from Naumburg, and proceeded towards Dresden, where Gustavus intended joining the Saxons.

But about ten o'clock on that same morning Gassion rode up to the King's side and said: "Sire, there is a fellow here who has a letter for your Majesty, which he will deliver into no hands but your own."

"Where?" said Gustavus, and a peasant stepped forward and presented to him a small piece of folded paper. The King opened it and glanced at its contents. His face brightened as he read, and he handed it over to Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, who was riding by his side. The note contained a few hasty lines from Marshal Colloredo to an Imperial officer quartered at Erfurt, desiring the latter "to march to Halle and join Pappenheim the next morning, at which time his Excellency the Generalissimo had determined to remove his camp from Weissenfels to Lützen."

The King looked eagerly round. "Is there any one here," he said, "who can give me any local information?"

A few of the gentlemen of the county were named to him, who came forward and confirmed the truth of the information that Wallenstein had indeed, by some unaccountable process of reasoning, detached Pappenheim to Halle, that the troops were thinly dispersed amongst the neighbouring villages, and that Friedland himself was at Lützen.

"Then my resolution is taken," said the King. "Gassion, call a halt, and summon the field-officers here as quick as possible."

They gathered hastily round him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am going to fight Wallenstein. I long to unearh him, and see how he acquits himself in a champaign country. We march towards Lützen."

His officers entered warmly into the King's delight. "Right shoulders forward!" passed from column to column, and to quote Mitchell once more, "The whole army was immediately in full march for the field of death and fame."

(To be continued.)



OF PET BIRDS IN GENERAL, AND PET LINNETS IN PARTICULAR.

IT is a rapid transition from above the clouds to the second course of a fashionable dinner table, but "the bird of the poets," the "bird who at Heaven's gate sings," may very well be singing up there in the morning, and (as long as the refined taste for roasted larks goes on) appear roasted, and come in with the sweets, on that fatal table in the evening. The Romans eat their nightingales' tongues, and why should not we eat our larks, bones and beaks and all, if we like? And eat him by all means, rather than put him in a cage; but, better than all, pay his ransom like a Turk, and open the door, and let the glad wings bear the poor prisoner bird onwards and upwards, till his exulting song is lost in the blue air.

I believe any of our native birds, even though brought up from nestlings in a cage, will do quite well, if turned out in a safe spot, in summer or autumn, when food is plentiful, and when in seeking it they can gradually acquire the strength of wing which they must be deficient in from want of use. They are, however, too often injured and weak from captivity, and then it is too late to pay their ransom, for cats and weasels on the ground, and hawks and owls in the air, would soon make an end of them, poor little birds. But just as, rather than keep them prisoners for life, I would stuff the lion and eat the larks, so I would let an English native bird get away to his own woods and wilds, if there was the merest chance of his being able to feed himself. Sometimes, however, if he has been too long a prisoner, even if uninjured, it would be useless to let him get away, even though British born: perhaps all you can do is to buy him and possibly accustom him very gradually to liberty, or, if he must be your prisoner, pet him till he loves you better than liberty.

And this happy solution of the difficulty is quite possible, at all events with those tamest and most affectionate of little birds, the linnets. There is something so pretty in the ways of a tame bird, and something so strange in the love of such a little thing for such a great thing, as a man or woman must seem to him, in his bird notions of people and things. A linnet belonging to a lady who told me his story was so tame that he came to her call when he heard his name, Daa (short for

his earlier and longer name of Darling), and flew to her shoulder, following her all over the house, and even out of doors, when he got out of his cage, as he did sometimes, in the open air.

Sheer petting did all this, for Daa was very wild when he came as a very young bird, almost from the nest. He was civil to all the members of the family, but all his devotion was for his mistress; he knew her step, and would answer her from different parts of the house, if she called to him, and come to her even in a strange house; and at night if she spoke to him after he had gone to bed, and his cage curtains were drawn, he would answer in a little fondling voice, and go on whispering and twittering as if he was talking to her, to tell her he knew she was near him though he could not see her.

Once upon a time, when his mistress had a bad attack of scarlet fever, Daa proved himself the best of company, hopping about all day on the bed, and, to the astonishment of the doctor, *not* catching the fever. He used to perch himself upon the pillow sometimes, and peck gently at the invalid's face, and perform all sorts of engaging little feats, very much as if he was sorry for her, and wished to be sympathising as well as amusing.

He had his tempers like other people, and one particular pair of bright red mittens were always too much for his equanimity. He flew at his mistress's fingers, and pecked them unmercifully if she wore the objectionable red mitts, and if, to oblige him, she took them off and threw them to the end of the room, he would fly after them and scold them in a great fury. The red probably excited the pugnacity of the little bird, just as it so mysteriously does that of some larger birds and beasts. Daa was once picked up and pocketted by his mistress, but even that he did not resent. His love and trust were unbounded, and, poor little bird, he was petted and loved by everybody in the house for nine long years, and when he died, no one could have believed it was only a little linnet that had died, for every one was so sorry for Daa.

Tamer if possible even than little Daa must have been the Doctor, another pet linnet whose story I have from his master, and who, during a long absence of his master's, actually lived for two years in a room of his own in a London house with the window constantly open, without attempting to escape.

The Doctor (a D.D. not an M.D.) was so called from some fancied resemblance of the vermilion feathers on his little head to a Doctor of Divinity's hood; he was bought from a bird-fancier tolerably tame,

and a very good singer. His young master took his bird everywhere with him, and, as he says, "paid every attention to his creature comforts; and to reward him for singing, spoke to him, whistled, and, what seemed greatly to delight him, rasped a piece of wood now and then, the sound seeming to have something so delightful in it as to penetrate his very soul." He goes on. "In the summer of 1860 I went to Oban, Scotland, and took my bird with me (his residence being one of the usual small linnet cages).

"The weather being continually wet, and I alone without a book, I was in still closer fellowship with my bird. In the evening, when it grew dusk, I generally opened the door of the cage to let him have his liberty: the room being very small, he would alight on my shoulder, at first accidentally, but finding it quite safe, he would remain there, and at last frequently nestle under my chin, or sing a cheery song on the top of my head.

"I was so fond of him that even were I away for a day he was my companion. Whenever I left my room his loud call sounded after me, and on my return I was invariably smothered in peckings, his way of kissing.

"He was always about and amusing himself while I was getting up or going to bed, and often slept all night perched on my pillow. A piece of string, and to be allowed to pull it to pieces, was the greatest delight to him, or a reel of cotton to play with. A favourite game in the morning was to hide in the bed-clothes when I was not looking, and utter a loud whistle for me to find him; and one of his never failing amusements was to stand on the face of my watch and peck, as he thought, at the hands.

"I was learning the violin, and the Doctor frequently interrupted my study by perching himself on the bow and riding upon it, as I drew it, and then running over the violin.

"Once, while I was at Blackheath, he flew away and perched on some trees near the park, but on going in the direction he seemed to have taken, I whistled to him, and my bird came flying to my shoulder, to my great delight: but alas! I was not so fortunate the next time he took to wandering, for early in 1866, I was living in A—— Street, London, some thirty doors from my old abode (where the bird lived during my absence from home, with my mother, with the window constantly open, never thinking of escaping), when one day, going out in a hurry, I left my window open, as I had often done before, but in my

absence the bird flew away, and never returned. I have no doubt he had flown in search of me, poor bird! and so he left me, forlorn and tormented in thinking what might befall him." The poor little Doctor! like all pets, his fate was a hapless one. His one chance for life would be the possibility of his getting to one of the parks and picking up a little food for himself; but in all probability he soon got bewildered, and then he would starve to death on some roof or chimney-top, and his miseries be all over. However, he was a very happy bird as long as he lived, and perhaps his affection for his master was, after all, compensation enough for freedom.

One more true story of a tame linnet shall be told in the owner's own words, for this illustrious linnet belonged to no less a person than "Old Humphrey," who, with many apologies for possessing him at all, sits down deliberately to tell the public all about his dilapidated pet. He begins with the apology, and says:

"But perhaps it may be said, 'You, who talk so glibly of kindness to dumb creatures, and prate with your pen so freely about humanity; you to keep a bird pent up in a narrow cage!' He was not, gentle reader, he was not always mine. I took care of him for another, until he became legally, really, and truly my own bird. He who left him with me would not take him away again, believing that he could not make him so comfortable and happy as I did. And then, again, so far from being pent up in a narrow cage, he has the door of his wiry habitation open almost the whole of the day when in the house, going in and out as he pleases, to say nothing of the free revel he now and then has on the beds and gravel walks of the garden. If old Chuffy could speak for himself he would not complain of his master, I know:

‘I love my bird, and when I give
His measure free
Of meat and drink, I try to think
That he loves me.’

"I know Chuffy must be ten or twelve years old, and for this very sufficient reason, that for so long a period he has been under my care. Twelve months ago, about the time when I sprained my ankle, one of his legs having caught in the wire of his cage, his thigh was put out of joint, so that we have been fellow-sufferers. You may be sure I do not value him the less on this account. As he is now pecking at the mould of the flower-pot before me, I may as well draw his picture.

"When old Chuffy was young, his plumage was ruddy; but now it

has lost much of its warmth of colouring. His back is light brown, mixed, blotched, mottled, or streaked (for I hardly know which) with darker brown. His breast and the quills of his feathers are lighter; his legs and claws of a flesh colour, and when the sun shines on them they look transparent. One of his wings is a little rueful, for it does not sit close to his body, and his poor lame leg sticks out in a rather unsightly manner. Hardly has he any tail; his blue beak is strong, pointed, and sharp; and his eye is black as ebony, and almost as bright as a diamond.

“Though old Chuffy seems to lead the life of a pensioner on my bounty, I feel quite sure that if I were to keep a debtor and creditor account with him the balance would be sadly against me. I give him rape, flax, and now and then a little hemp-seed; and occasionally he has water-cress, chickweed, and groundsel, besides water to drink and to wash in. He lives in his cage rent free, pays no taxes, and I charge him nothing for attendance.

“This is a tolerably correct statement of what I do for poor old Chuffy. But does Chuffy do nothing for me? O yes, indeed he does. Why, the hopping about his cage is worth something; his very chirp is cheerfulness, and his song is melody.

“Old Chuffy gives me a useful lesson, and sets me an example of cheerfulness and thankfulness worth my closest imitation; for without hands, clothes or books, pen, ink or paper, he can be happy. He has neither a purse, nor a pocket to put it in, if he had one; nor has he, as I have, the gift of speech, or the still greater gift of reason and understanding; and yet, give him the range of a few flower-pots within doors, or hang him up in the sun without, and he will make the neighbourhood ring with his note.

“Sometimes I talk jocosely to Chuffy on this wise, fancifully putting such words into his mouth as I suppose he would use, had he the gift of speech, and was conversing with me.

“‘Chuffy,’ I say to him, ‘you are not an eagle, winging your flight upwards towards the sun; but a poor caged linnet, with a lame leg; so you must not give yourself airs.’

“Chuffy chirps his reply, which is to this effect: ‘I know that I am not an eagle; but if that is a fault, it is not mine; and if I am a poor caged linnet with a lame leg, I have more need of your pity than your reproach.’

“This reply is just what it ought to be; but Chuffy has not done with

me yet, for he goes on thus with his chirping: 'If I am not a king among birds, neither are you a king among men. True, my leg is lame, but yours is little better, for a sad hobble you make of it, either when walking without a stick or with one. You can hardly, I think, blame me without reproaching yourself.'

"While I am noting down these remarks, old Chuffy is sitting at the opened door of his cage, placed on the table before me, pulling away at a great bunch of grass, groundsel, and chickweed, so close to him that he seems to be almost in the middle of it.

"Linnets are seen in the lanes and the fields; but they like better to frequent the wild broken ground of the common, and get among the furze-bushes; and if I thought that Chuffy could live there, and be happier than he is now, he should be among them to-morrow. But he could never get his own living now; a cat, a weasel, or a hawk would be sure to lay hold of him.

"Should any reader churlishly say that what I have written is trifling, my reply is, that as nothing can be altogether trifling and unworthy which makes me feel more kindly to my poor injured and aged bird, and that may influence others to practise more humanity to theirs, it is my intention to amuse myself, and even to continue my playful conversations with my feathered pet. I do not, however, really believe that any reader is opposed to me, either as it regards my principle or practice. Humanity is a precious jewel, which ought to be worn in every bosom; nor are the lower creatures too insignificant to be treated with kindness. God careth for oxen; His tender mercies are over all His works, and without His permission not a sparrow falleth to the ground."

So quaintly, yet earnestly and tenderly, as was his way, writes "Old Humphrey" of his pet; he would not have kept him if he could have safely let him go, and that principle with regard to our pets, and especially pet birds, I commend to all lovers of animals. Canaries, I suppose, are legitimate captives; they come of a race of slaves, and cannot be released in such a climate as ours; but it is cruel to cage an English bird. Let them go back to wood, and moor, and hill, if they have a single chance for their lives at liberty, and if not, then keep them, and pet them, till, like that illustrious Chuffy, and poor little Daa, and the Doctor, they love you at last even better than liberty.

GWYNFRYX.

BURIED RIVERS BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE.

1. From SEVERN's stream the fishes, rashly leaping,
Snap at the flies *ever* near surface creeping.
2. Where I, worn and tired to death,
Am escaped to gain my breath,
There the THAMES, with ceaseless toil,
Bears rich store of worldly spoil.
3. By OUSE's reedy margin may *you see*
The wild flowers grow to tempt the wand'ring bee.
4. The TYNE with *fifty new* delights is stored,
The collier sails upon its bosom broad.
5. The peaceful MEDWAY's gently rippling tide
Charmed wayward spirits in sweet peace t' abide.
6. Far from Earth's busy noise and *hum be* rest,
Twixt York and Lincoln, on broad HUMBER's breast.
7. On URE's fair bank, where foaming torrents fly,
All nature's grandeur awes the gazing eye.
8. I *saw*, yet grieved; O WYE, what magic arts
Abide in thee to trouble careless hearts!
9. Dun Edin's towers o'er FORTH's steep banks show fair,
For there my childhood passed, 'midst loving care.
10. How sweet *a year* 'twould be to me, O TAY,
Could I near thee find rest to tune my lay
11. Give *us* kind friends and love, and all the rest
Might then be found, sweet Usk, upon thy breast.
12. The ORWELL's stream demands a tender song,
For well I know that I have loved it long.

EADGYTU.

A LITTLE DOG WHO KNEW WHAT HE WANTED.



OW you shall hear of a yellow dog who would not listen to reason, and what he got by it.

He is a funny-looking little fellow, with legs rather short, and hair very long—the softest, silkiest, downiest hair that ever grew on a little dog's back. There is a feathery curly tail at one end of him, and a ludicrously consequential little face at the other; a face with a pair of bright sensible eyes, and a round black knob of a snub nose—a nose so very snub that you can hardly see it without wondering whether he must not at some time have run so hard against a wall that his nose was knocked quite into his face.

Small as our hero is, and he is very small indeed, he has a high opinion of his own importance, and this is perhaps owing to his having travelled farther and seen more of the world than perhaps any other dog in the parish. He is, in fact, a Chinese dog (not a china dog), and he is not only a Chinese dog, but he is an eatable dog (china dogs are not eatable), and in his own country, where they eat cats and rats, and make birds' nests into soup, he would be considered quite a tit-bit on the emperor's dinner-table.

So of course he thinks more of himself than if he were but a common little English dog, only good enough to make cat's meat of.

Well, not long ago, a lady, in whose charge our little Chinaman was left, set out with him for a long walk along very dry and dusty roads. When they had gone about two miles, the dust, or rather sand, lay so thick and soft upon the road that doggie's legs sank deep into it, and walking became so disagreeable that he lay down flat on his side and refused to move another step. "But," said the lady, "you *must* walk." Doggie's eyes said, "But I *won't* walk;" and there he lay. The lady walked on, making believe to be going without him. Doggie knew better, and lay still. The lady came back and coaxed him. Not the least use. So at last she did what Doggie all along intended that she should do—stooped down, and taking him up in her arms, carried him off.

After carrying him for about half a mile it was time to return, and

the lady, being rather tired of her baby, began to reason with him, and to see whether he would walk now. No; certainly not. "Then what is to be done?" said she; "you won't walk; I can't carry you; we must get home; I suppose I must take a fly for you!"

Doggie scrambled out of her arms, ran up to a fly which at this moment happened to draw up near them, stood still, and, looking round for her, said with his eyes, "Here it is—get in." And had a drive home as a reward for his obstinacy.

HÉRISSEON.

THE LITTLE MASTER TO HIS BIG DOG.



H, how greedy you look as you stare at my plate,
Your mouth waters so, and your big tail is drumming
Flop, flop, flop, on the carpet, and yet if you'll wait,
When we have quite finished, your dinner is coming.

Yes! I know what you mean, though you don't speak a word;
You say that you wish that I kindly would let you
Take your meals with the family, which is absurd,
And on a tall chair like a gentleman set you.

But how little you think, my dear dog, when you talk;
You can't eat politely, you bolt meat, and snatch it;
And pray what would you do with a spoon or a fork?
You can't use a knife any more than a hatchet.

And yet, once on a time, it is certainly true,
My own manners wanted no little refining;
For I gobbled, and spilled, and was greedy, like you,
And had no idea of good manners when dining.

So that when I consider the tricks *you* have caught,
To sit or shake paws with the utmost good breeding.
I must own it's quite possible you may be taught
The use of a plate, and a nice style of feeding.

Therefore try to learn manners, and eat as I do,
Don't glare at the joint, and as soon as you're able
To behave like the rest, you shall feed with us too,
And dine like a gentleman, sitting at table.

BOOK NOTICES.

“**S**ELECT Poetry for Children.”

By Joseph Payne. (Lockwood and Co., Stationers' Hall Court.) A well-selected collection of short Poems, suited for the use of schools and families, as designed by the Editor.

“Merry, Merry England, and Snug Little Wales.” By a Governess. (Tottenham: C. Coventry.) A rhyming conversational story of the History of England, which would amuse many children and at the same time instruct them.

“The Widow's Tale.” By Albinia Trevor. (J. and C. Mozley, 6 Paternoster

Row.) A pretty poem, in sixty-one stanzas, giving an account of the meeting of colonists for Divine service in the forest; and how a widow, after fifty years' exile, received the Holy Communion for the first time—the survivor of most whom she had loved in her lifetime.

“Books for Young Readers,” Part VII. “Queen Bee and Busy Bee.” (Bell and Daldy, York Street, Covent Garden.) One of a series of books for children, in words of one and two syllables. It has this excellence: that whilst the most simple words are employed, they convey little stories that will interest the mind whilst they teach the art of reading.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

“**B**UTTONNOSE.” John Wycliffe was the first person who translated the whole Bible into English, which he did about the year 1360 from the Latin of the Vulgate. The version now in use was rendered from the Hebrew and Greek, and authorized by King James, in the year 1613.

“Guinea Pig.” No one knows who wrote *Dulce Domum*, but it is supposed to be about two hundred years old, and the legend respecting it is—that a Winchester scholar was detained at the College during the holidays, for some misdemeanour, and chained to a tree or pillar at the time when the other scholars went home; and that in his distress he wrote the burden of the song, and died of a broken heart before the holidays ended. In memory of this sad event, it is supposed the annual procession of masters and scholars took place, when they walked round the spot where the unhappy youth was confined. This story is adopted by Mr. McKenzie Walcott in his “William of Wykeham and his Colleges”

(page 266), and he adds that the boy cut the words “*Dulce Domum*” upon the bark of the tree.

“Norma Bell” is collecting old postage stamps to make a snake; and wishes to know if any of our readers will send her 100 stamps in exchange for two small Indian pictures painted on tale? The stamps to be sent to the care of

“Miss Scott Moncrieff,
Colinton Mains,
Colinton,
Slateford, N.B.”

“Twilight” asks for “a definite explanation of ‘The Boy in Grey,’ by Henry Kingsley.”

“Palma” inquires from whence the following line is taken:

“He builds too low who builds beneath the sky.”

“Fanny Melton.” Several correspondents have kindly sent lists of books, in answer to your inquiry, which Aunt Judy will be glad to forward on receipt of a stamped envelope with your address.

If “Zoë” will also send her address, Aunt Judy will endeavour to comply

with her wishes, but has not space to insert lists of books in the magazine.

Can any of our readers tell "Christina" from whence the following line is taken—

"The fairest are not always fair"?

"J. E." will be much obliged if anyone will give her some eggs of the "Death's-head Moth," "Puss Moth," and "Vapourer Moth."

"Kate B——" begs to say that she has had many applications for her Privet Hawk Moth's eggs, and has given them all away, so that she cannot supply any other correspondents with them.

Report of the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot," at the Hospital for Sick Children, 49 Great Ormond Street, London. August 14, 1871.

"Little Polly T——, who was reported in the July and August numbers of the Magazine as 'the Cot' patient, has recovered so far as to be placed among the *convalescents*; she is able to run about the wards, and go out into the garden, no longer requiring to be in bed.

"The new occupant of the Cot is a little girl whose case it was judged best, and most likely to be in accordance with the wishes of the subscribers to 'the Cot' fund, as one who needed to be comforted and cheered by the bright and pretty label over 'Aunt Judy's Cot,' and to be the recipient of the many kind gifts sent by its young friends.

"Annie H—— is the name of the little girl, and she is best described in the words of one of the ladies in charge of the wards, who the other day said, 'I wish all our young friends could see little Annie, for I am sure that they would say that a sweeter, lovelier little child could not have been found to be the recipient of their loving bounty.'

"Annie H—— does not wear the wasted, sickly look that distinguishes too many of the patients in the Great Ormond Street Hospital, for she has been spending

some time with her 'Granny' in the country, where she has picked up a rich brown colour which is rarely seen in a London child; but for all that she cannot run about, or walk like other children, and her life would indeed be a sad and blighted one, but for the hope that, by great care and medical skill, the deformity may be cured, and that she may not always be as now—a cripple.

"Aunt Judy's readers will readily believe that it is a very great trial to little Annie to be obliged to lie in bed all day; but she is a very good and patient child, and is sometimes even merry over her playthings. It is very gratifying to see the unselfish delight she takes in watching the more active enjoyments of the other children. Little Mary Anne T—— (the previous occupant of the Cot) and a little bright-eyed 'Julia,' with golden hair, are often seen bringing toys to, or having a game with, their little friend, who lies back on her pillow, and, with the quiet dignity which belongs to a privileged invalid—sometimes with serious countenance—often with rippling laughter, enters into all the fun.

"Stringing beads together is an unfailling amusement and resource; and a beautiful necklace of bright beads has just been finished for 'mother and brother Willie to see,' when they come next 'visiting day.' Little Annie's father is a policeman, and is evidently a real hero in his daughter's eyes; she loves to tell how 'my Fa-ver carried me all the way to the park to see the *Bar-lambe*,' and to 'feed the *great ducks in the pond*!' and she is counting the days, and longs for the time when he will be off duty, and able to pay her a visit to see her in 'Aunt Judy's Cot.' Annie has not much, generally, to say to strangers, and, however much she may be bright with play, and her brown eyes sparkling with delight when those she knows are near, the little face at once grows serious, and

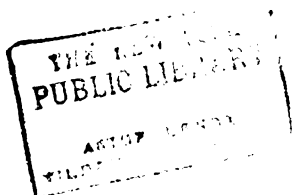
no more words are spoken, when an unknown visitor appears. Her courage was tested a few days ago, when, just after a fresh dressing had been applied she could not help crying, a friend who is much interested in 'Aunt Judy's Cot' being near, asked to see some of her favourite toys, she heroically dried her tears, and was soon ready to have some prattle with him.

"Perhaps many weeks must pass and still find Annie a close prisoner in 'the Cot,' but there is good ground for hoping that a marked improvement will have taken place before next month, and that a favourable report will be rendered in the October number of the Magazine; certain it is, that the kind young friends who evince so much interest in the Cot patients, will join in the hearty desire that it may please God to bless the means now being used to save the sweet child much suffering and weariness, and to rescue her from the trial of being a lifelong cripple."

Contributions to the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot," received to August 15th, 1871.

	£	s.	d.
"Beaver" (monthly)	0	2	6
Maude and Mildred (monthly)	0	2	0
Miss Alice Cowie (collected)	0	2	5
Puff, London	0	0	6
Juliana Spicer, Spy Park, Chippenham, proceeds of poems	0	10	6
M. Poulter, Eastbourne	0	0	4
Wilchie, Cecil, Ethel, and Mabel, Reading	0	4	0
Mary Anne Dobson	0	8	1
Maude, 1s. 6d., Edgar, 1s., George, 1s., Arthur, 1s., Philip, 1s., Papa, 1s., Mamma, 1s., Baby, 1s., Ravenhill, 4 Kidbrook Terrace, Blackheath	0	8	6
H. Hutton and J. Jevons, "self-imposed fines for using slang words"	0	3	0
"Gina"	0	0	6

Maggie, Mabel, and Fanny Stewart, West Derby, Liverpool	0	10	0
Master W. T. Suthery, 4 Lower Park Villas, Plumstead Common	0	1	0
Ellen, 2d., Emily, 2d., Sam, 2d., Fritz, 2d., The Nook	0	0	8
Julia Jenkins, Eastdown	0	0	3
Margarette, South Lambeth	1	13	0
"The Cheshire Cats—Black Baby"	0	3	0
Robert Wilkins and his sister, Morden	0	0	6
"Eleven little pigs"	0	0	11
Frank, Herbert, Maud, Lily, Topsey, and Henry, Berkeewell	0	5	0
"A Travelled Monkey"	0	2	6
Palmia	0	2	6
M. A. F. (monthly)	0	0	6
Martha Hamlin, 1s., Nina, 6d., Willie, 6d., Violet, 6d., Guildford	0	2	6
"Nelly's money box," Aberdare 0	17	10	
Mabel, 3d., Black Tuss, 3d., Nana, 1s., Blair Athole	0	1	6
"Pan"	0	5	0
E. G. Topsy	0	1	0
Ella and Gwendoline	0	1	0
A. C., "contents of her saving-box"	0	2	6
"Connie," a patchwork quilt.			
C. B. C. L., Middlethorpe, frock, cuffs, &c.			
Miss Tufnel, a parcel, picture papers.			
Anonymous, a parcel, with small pinafore, &c.			
Miss Annie G. Eck, The Grove, a beautiful doll "for the Cot patient to take home with her when she is well."			
Louisa, Kate, and Constance, Bath, a parcel of clothing and toys.			
Miss K——, an old rocking horse.			





A FLAT IRON FOR A FARTHING.

A FLAT IRON FOR A FARTHING ; OR, SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN ONLY SON.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE NEW RECTOR. AUNT MARIA TRIES TO FIND HIM A WIFE. MY
FATHER HAS A SIMILAR CARE FOR ME.



HE stone that marks the burying-place of the Andrewes family taught me the secret of the special love the Rector bore me. It recorded the deaths of his wife Margaret, and of his son Reginald. The child was born in the same year as myself.

Mr. Jonathan Andrewes came to Dacrefield on business connected with his brother's affairs, and he accepted my father's hospitality at the Hall. We seldom met afterwards, and were never intimate; but, slight as it was, our tie was that of friendship rather than acquaintance.

The next presentation to the Rectory of Dacrefield was in my father's gift. He held it alternately with the Bishop, to whom we owed Mr. Andrewes. He gave it to my old tutor.

Mr. Clerke's appointment had the rare merit of pleasing everybody. After he had been settled with us for some weeks, my father said,

"Mr. Clerke is good enough to be grateful to me for presenting him to the living, but I do not know how to be grateful enough to him for accepting it. I really cannot think how I should have endured to see Andrewes' place filled by some new broom sweeping away every trace of our dear friend and his ways. Clerke's good taste in the matter is most delicate, most admirable, and very pleasant to my feelings."

The truth is there was not a truer mourner for the old Rector than the new one. "I so little thought I should never see him again," he cried to me. "I have often felt I did not half avail myself of the privilege of knowing such a man, when I was here. I have notes of more than a score of matters, on which I purposed to ask his good counsel, when we should meet again. And now it will never be."

"I feel so unworthy to fill his place," he would say. "My only comfort is in trying to carry out all his plans, and, so far as I can, tread in his steps."

In this spirit the new Rector followed the old one, even to becoming an expert gardener. He bought the old furniture of the Rectory. Altogether we were spared those rude evidences of change, which are not the least painful parts of such a loss as ours.

With the parishioners, I am convinced that Mr. Clerke was more popular than Mr. Andrewes had been. They liked him at first for his reverence for the memory of a pastor they had loved well. I think he persuaded them, too, that there never could be another Rector equal to Mr. Andrewes. But in reality I believe he was himself more acceptable. He was much less able, but also less eccentric and reserved. He was nearer to the mental calibre of his flock, and not above entering into parish gossip after a discreet fashion. He was not less zealous than his predecessor.

When Aunt Maria came to visit us she gladly renewed acquaintance with Mr. Clerke, who was a great favourite of hers. I think she imagined that he was presented to Dacrefield on the strength of her approval. She used to say to me, "You know, Reginald, I always told your father that Mr. Clerke was a most spiritual preacher." But after seeing him as Rector of Dacrefield, she added, "He's getting much too 'high.' Quite like that extraordinary creature you had here before. But it's always the way with young men."

Uncle Ascott did not publicly undertake Mr. Clerke's defence, but he told me:

"I don't pretend to understand these matters as Maria does, but I can tell you I never liked any of our London parsons as I like Clerke. There's something I respect beyond anything in the feeling he has for your late Rector. And between ourselves, my dear boy, I rather like a nicely-conducted service."

So Uncle Ascott and Mr. Clerke were the very best of friends, and y uncle would go to the Rectory for a quiet smoke, and was always hospitably received. (Neither my aunt nor my father liked the smell of tobacco.) Aunt Maria's favour was a little withdrawn. She tried a delicate remonstrance, but though he was most courteous, it was not to be mistaken that the Rector of Dacrefield meant to go his own way: "the way of a better man than I shall ever be," he said. Failing to change his principles, or guide his practice, my aunt next became anxious to find him a wife. "Medical men and country parsons ought to be married," said she, "and it will settle him."

She selected a young lady of the neighbourhood, the daughter of a medical man. "Most suitable," said my aunt (by which she meant, not *quite* up to the standard she would have exacted for a son of her own), "and with a little money." She patronized this young lady, and even took her with us one day to lunch at the Rectory; but when she said something to Mr. Clerke on the subject, she found him utterly obdurate. "What does he expect, I wonder?" cried my aunt, rather unfairly, for the Rector had not given utterance to any matrimonial hopes. She always said "She never could feel that Mr. Clerke had behaved well to poor Letitia Ramsay," which used to make downright Polly very indignant. "He didn't behave badly to her. It was mamma who always took her everywhere where he was; and how she could stand it I don't know! He never flirted with her, Regie."

The next few years of my life seemed to whirl by. They were very happy ones. My dear father lived, and our mutual affection only grew stronger as time went on.

Then, when I was a man, it gradually dawned upon me, through many hints, that my father had the same anxiety for me that Aunt Maria had had for the Rector. He wished me to marry. At one time or another my fancy had been taken by pretty girls, some of whom were unsuitable in every respect but prettiness, and some of whom failed to return my admiration. My dear father would not have dreamed of urging on me a marriage against my inclinations, but he would have preferred a lady with some fortune as his daughter-in-law.

"Our family is an old one, my dear boy," he said, "but the estate is much smaller than it was in my great-grandfather's time. Don't suppose that I would have you marry for money alone; but if the lady should be well portioned, sir, so much the better—so much the better."

At last he seemed to set his heart upon my having one of Aunt Maria's daughters. People who live years and years on their own country estates without going much from home are apt sometimes to fancy that there is nothing like their own family circle. My father had a great objection, too, to what he called "modern young ladies." I think he thought that, as there was no girl left in the world like my poor mother, I should be safer and happier with one of my cousins. They were unexceptionably brought up, and would all have considerable fortunes.

But, though I was very fond of my cousins, I had no wish to choose a wife from them. They had been more like sisters to me than cousins from our childhood. At one time, it is true, I was rather sentimental about Helen. She was the only one of the sisters who was positively pretty, and her resolute character and unusual tastes roused a romantic interest in me for a while. When she was twelve years old, she was found one day by Aunt Maria in the bedroom of a servant who had fallen ill, and to whom she was attending with the utmost dexterity. She had a genius for the duties of a sick room, which developed as she grew up. There were no lady-doctors then, but Helen was determined to be a hospital nurse. Strongly did Aunt Maria object, and Helen never defied her wishes in the matter. But she had all Mrs. Ascott's determination, with more patience. She waited long, but she followed her vocation at last.

None of the other girls had any special tastes. The laborious and expensive education of their childhood did not lead to anything worth the name of a pursuit, much less a hobby, with any one of them. Of the happiness of learning, of the exciting interest of an intellectual hobby, they knew nothing. With much pains and labour they had been drilled in arts and sciences, in languages, and "the usual branches of an English education." But, apart from social duties and amusements, the chief occupation of their lives was needlework. I have known many people who never received proper instruction in music or drawing, who yet, from what they picked up of either art by their own industry and intelligence, nearly doubled the happiness of their daily lives. But in vain had "the first masters" made my cousins glib in chromatic passages, and dexterous with tricks of effect in colours and crayons. They played duets after dinner, and Aunt Maria sometimes showed off the water-colour copies of their school-room days, which, indeed, they now and then recopied for bazaars. But for their own pleasure they never touched a note or a pencil. Perhaps real enjoyment only comes with what one has, to a great extent, taught himself. Helen had been her own mistress in the art of nursing, and it was an all-absorbing interest to her.

They were very nice girls, and I do not think were entirely to blame for the small use to which they put their "advantages." They were tall and lady-like; aquiline-nosed, and pleasant-looking, without actual beauty. It took a wonderful quantity of tarlatan to get

them ready for a ball, a large carriage to hold them, and a small amount of fun to make them talkative and happy.

Except Maria, they all inherited my aunt's firmness and decision of character. Maria, the oldest and largest, was the most yielding. She had more of Uncle Ascott about her.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

I BELIEVE MYSELF TO BE HEART-BROKEN. MARIA IN LOVE. I MAKE AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE, WHICH IS NEITHER ACCEPTED NOR REFUSED.

A PHASE of my life, into which I do not purpose to enter, left me firmly resolved that (as I said in confidence to Clerke), "I shall marry to please the Governor. One doesn't go in for a broken heart, you know, but it isn't in me to *care* a second time."

It was shortly after this that Maria and her mother came to stay at the Hall. A rather mysterious letter from my aunt had led to the invitation. It was for the benefit of Maria's health. My father also invited Polly; she was a favourite with him. Leo and some other friends were expected for shooting. Our neighbours' houses were filling with visitors as well as ours, and though I fancied myself a disappointed man, I found my spirits rising daily.

My aunt and Maria arrived first: Polly was visiting elsewhere, and was to join them in a day or two. I was glad to have ladies in the house again, and after dinner I strolled about the grounds with Maria. She was looking delicate, but it improved her appearance, and she quite pleased me by the interest she seemed to take in the place. But I had seen more of Maria during a visit I paid to London two months before than usual, and had been quite surprised to find her so well versed in Dacrefield matters.

"It's uncommonly pleasant having you here," said I, as we leaned over a low wall in the garden. "I wonder we do not become perfect barbarians, cut off as we are from ladies' society. I'm sure I wish you would settle down here instead of in London. You would civilize both the Rectory and the Hall."

I was really thinking of my uncle taking a house in the neighbourhood. I do not know what Maria was thinking of; but she looked up suddenly into my face with a strange expression, as if half inclined to speak. She said nothing, however, only blushed deeply, and began

walking towards the house. I puzzled for a few minutes over that pathetic look and blush, but I could make nothing of it, and it passed from my mind till the next evening after dinner, when, after a little ceremonious preamble, my father asked if there was "anything" between myself and my eldest cousin. In explanation of this vague question, he told me that Maria had been failing in health and spirits for some months; that my aunt's watchful observation and experience had led her to the conclusion that Maria was not in a consumption, but in love. As, however, she kept her own counsel, Mrs. Ascott could only guess in the matter. From her feverish interest in Dacrefield, her ill-concealed excitement when the visit was proposed, the improvement in her health since she came, and a multitude of other small facts which my Aunt had ferreted out and patched together with an ingenuity that amazed me, Maria was supposed to care for me.

"We were a good deal together in town, sir," said I, "and Maria was very jolly with me. But I am sure I gave her no reason to think I was in love with her, and I don't believe she cares for me. It's one of my aunt's mare's-nests, depend upon it. The poor girl has got a horrid cough, and, of course, she was pleased to get out of London smoke."

"If you did care for her," said my father; "and, above all, if you had led her to think you did, the course is obvious, and I have no doubt she would make an excellent wife. Polly is my favourite, and Maria is a year or two older than you. But she is a nice, sensible, well-bred woman. She is the eldest daughter, and will have——"

"My dear father," said I, "Maria and I are very friendly as cousins, but she has not an idea of me in any other than a brotherly relation. At least I think not," I added, for the look and blush that had puzzled me came back to my mind.

"I only mention this because I wished to warn you against trifling with your cousin's affections, if you mean nothing," said my father.

"I should be sorry to trifle with any lady's affections, sir," was my reply. We said no more. I sighed, thinking of what I fully believed had blighted my existence. My father sighed, thinking, I know, of his own vain wish to see me happily married. At last I could bear it no longer, and calling Sweep, I went out into the garden. It was moonlight, and Maria was languidly pacing the terrace. I joined her,

and put a shawl round her shoulders, and we strolled away into the shrubbery.

I cannot say that my father's warning led me to shun Maria's society. My father and my aunt naturally talked together, and circumstances almost forced us two into *tête-à-têtes*. I could not fail to see that Maria liked to be with me, and I found the task of taking care of her soothing to what I believed to be my blighted feelings. We rode together (she had an admirable figure and rode well), and the exercise did her health great good. We often met Mr. Clerke in our rides, and he seemed to enjoy a canter with us, though he rode very little better than when I first knew him. We took long walks with Sweep, and from the oldest tenant to the latest puppy, everything about Dacrefield seemed to interest my fair cousin. I came at last to believe that Aunt Maria was right.

When I did come to believe it (and I do not think that any contemptible conceit made me hasty to do so), other thoughts followed. I was as firmly convinced as any other young man with my experiences that I could never again feel what I had felt for the person who shall be nameless. But the first bitterness of that agony being undoubtedly over, I felt that I might find a sober satisfaction in making my father's declining years happy by giving him a daughter-in-law, and that I was perhaps hardly justified in allowing Maria to fall into a consumption when I could prevent it. "There are some people," thought I, "with whom one could spend life very happily in a quiet fashion; people who would not offend one's taste, or greatly provoke one's temper, and whom one feels that one could please in like manner. *Suitable* people, in fact. And when a fellow has had his great heartache and it's all over, no doubt suitableness is the thing to make married life happy * * * * Maria is suitable."

I remember well the day I came to this conclusion. Our visitors had not yet arrived, but Polly was expected the next day, and Leo and some others shortly. "I may as well get it over before the house is full," I thought. But, to my vexation, I discovered that my father had asked Mr. Clerke to come up after dinner. "It's his own fault if I don't get another chance of speaking," thought I. But, as I strolled sullenly on the terrace (without Maria), a note arrived from the Rector to say that he was called away to see a sick man. I dashed into the drawing-room, gave the letter to my father, and seeing that Maria was not there, I went on into the conservatory.

There are moments when even plain people look handsome. Notably when self-consciousness is quite absent, and some absorbing thought gives sentiment to the face, and grace and power to the figure. It was so at this moment with Maria, who stood gazing before her, the light from above falling artistically on her glossy hair and tall, elegant figure. At the sound of my footsteps she started, and the colour flooded her face as I came up to her. She sank on to a seat close by, as if too much agitated to stand.

"I have something I want to say to you," said I, stooping over her, and speaking in my gentlest voice. "May I say it?"

She moved her lips as if trying to speak, but there was no sound, and she just nodded her head, which then drooped so that I could hardly see her face.

"We have known each other since we were children," I began.

"Yes, Regie, dear," murmured Maria.

"We were always very good friends, I think," continued I.

"Oh, yes, Regie, dear."

"Childhood was a very happy time," said I, sentimentally.

"Oh, yes, Regie, dear."

"But we can't be children for ever," I continued.

"Oh, no, Regie, dear."

"Please take what I am going to say kindly, cousin, whatever you may think of it."

"Oh, yes, Regie, dear."

"I hope I may truthfully say that your happiness is, as it ought to be, my chief aim in the matter."

Maria's response was inaudible.

"It's no good beating about the bush," said I, desperately clothing my sentiments in slang, after the manner of my age; "the fellow who gets you for a wife, Maria, must be uncommonly fortunate, and I hope that with a good husband, who made your wishes his first consideration, you would not be unhappy in married life yourself."

Lower and lower went her head, but still she was silent.

"You say nothing," I went on. "Probably I am altogether wrong, and you are too kind-hearted to tell me I am an impertinent puppy. It is Dacrefield—the place only—that you honour with your regard. You have no affection for —"

Maria did not let me finish this sentence. She put up her hands to stop me, and seemed as if she wished to speak; but after one pitiful

glance she buried her face in her hands and wept bitterly. I am sure I have read somewhere that when a woman weeps she is won. So Maria was mine. I had a grim feeling about it which I cannot describe. "I hope the governor will be satisfied now," was my thought.

However, there is nothing I hate more than to see a woman cry. To be the means of making her cry is intolerable.

"Please, please don't! Oh, Maria, what a brute you make me feel. *Please* don't," I cried, and raising my cousin from her Niobe-like attitude, I comforted her as well as I could. She only said, "Oh, Regie, dear, how kind you are," and laid her sleek head against me with an air of rest and trustfulness that touched my generosity to the quick. What right had I, after all, to accept an affection to which I could make no similar return? "However," thought I, "it's done now; and they say it's always more on one side than the other; and at least I'm a gentleman. I care for no one else, and she shall never know it was chiefly to please the governor. I suppose it will all come right."

Whilst I pondered, Maria had dried her eyes, and now sat up, gazing before her, almost in her old attitude.

"I wonder, Regie, dear," she said presently—"I wonder how you found out that I—that we—that I *cared*——"

"Oh, I don't know," said I, inanely, for I could not say that nothing could be plainer.

"I always used to think that to live in this neighbourhood would be paradise," murmured Maria, looking sentimentally but vacantly into a box of seedling balsams.

"I'm very glad you like it," said I. I could not make pretty speeches. An unpleasant conviction was stealing over my mind that I had been a fool, and had no one but myself to blame. I began to think that Maria would not have died of consumption even if I had not proposed to her, and to doubt if I were really so heart-broken as I had fancied. (Indeed the society of my cousin, who was a lady, had by this time gone far to cure me of my sentiment for one who was not, and who had been sensible enough to marry a man in her own rank of life, to my father's great relief, and, as I then thought, to my life-long disappointment.) The whole affair seemed a mockery, and I wished it were a dream. It was not thus that my father had plighted his troth

to my fair mother. This was not the sort of affection that had made happy the short lives of Leo's parents. The lemon-scented verbena which I was pounding between my fingers bitterly recalled a little sketch of the monument to their memory, which Leo had shown me in his Bible, where he had also pressed a sprig of verbena. Beneath the sketch he had written, "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided." I remembered his telling me how young they were when they married. How his father had never cared for any one else, and how he would like to do just the same, and marry the one lady of his love. I began, too, to think Clerke was right when he replied to my confidences, "I'm only afraid, Regie, that you don't know what love is."

It was whilst these thoughts were crowding all too vividly into my mind that Maria said, impressively and with unmistakable clearness,

"After *all*, you know, Regie, he's a *thorough* gentleman, if he is poor. I must say *that* ! And if he *has* a profession instead of being a landed proprietor, it's the *highest* and *noblest* profession there is."

It seemed to take away my breath. But I was standing almost behind Maria ; she was preoccupied, and I had some presence of mind. I had opportunity to realize the fact that I was not the object of Maria's attachment, as I had supposed. I was not poor, I had no profession, and my common avocations did not, I fear, deserve to be called high or noble. The description in no way fitted me. Further still, it was evident that my cousin had not dreamed that I was making her an offer. She believed that I had discovered her attachment to some other man, and was grateful for my sympathy. I did not undeceive her. After a rapid review of the position, I said,

"But my dear Maria, though I have penetrated to the fact that you have a secret, and though I want beyond anything to help and comfort you, I do not yet know who the happy man is, remember."

"Don't you?" said Maria, looking up hastily, and the colour rushed to her face as before. "Oh, I thought you knew it was Mr. Clerke. You know, Regie, he is so good, and I've known him so long."

At this moment Aunt Maria's voice called from the drawing-room end of the conservatory,

"Will you give us a little music, Maria? Mr. Clerke has come after all, and Bowles has brought in the tea."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE FUTURE LADY DAMER. POLLY HAS A SECRET. UNDER THE MULBERRY TREE.

POLLY came into the house, as she always did, like a sunbeam. Mrs. Bundle, who was getting old, and apt to be depressed in spirits from time to time, always revived when "Miss Mary" paid us a visit. A general look of welcome greeted her appearance in church on Sunday. My father made no secret of his pleasure in her society. I think she was in the secret of her sister's engagement, and Maria looked comforted by her coming.

Our meals were now quite merry. We had plenty of family gossip and news of the neighbourhood to chat over.

"So Lady Damer that is to be is coming to the Towers," Maria announced at breakfast, on the authority of a letter she was reading. "Leo is coming here to shoot, isn't he, Regie?"

"We expect him every day," said I; "but I never knew he was engaged. Who is it?"

"Well, it's not an announced engagement," said Maria, "but everybody says it is to be. She is an heiress, and her father was an old friend of his guardian's. And, by-the-bye, Regie, her sister is coming too, and will do beautifully for you. She is co-heiress, you know. They're really very rich, and your one is lovely."

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you," said I, "and we are to dine at the Towers next week, so I shall see the heiresses. But suppose I take a fancy to the wrong one?"

"You can't have her," said Maria, laughing. "I tell you she is for Leo, and she is very clever and strong-minded, which is just what he wants—a wife who can take care of him."

"Oh, deliver me from a strong-minded lady!" I cried. "Damer is quite welcome to her."

"Your one isn't a bit strong-minded," said Maria. "She is very pretty, but has no will of her own at all. She leans completely on Frances; I don't know what she'll do when she marries, for they have been orphans since they were quite children, and have never lived apart for a week."

At this point Polly broke in with even more warmth and directness of speech than usual,

"Frances Chislett is the most superior girl I ever knew. Men always laugh at strong-minded women; but I'm sure I don't know why. I can't think how any human being with duties and responsibilities can be either more useful or more agreeable for being weak-minded."

And this was all that Polly contributed to our nonsensical conversation about the heiresses.

After she came I forsook the society of Maria. I knew now that she only wanted to talk to me about the Rector and the parish. Besides, though Maria was strongly interested in Dacrefield for Clerke's sake, she knew much less of it than Polly, with whom I revisited numberless haunts of our childhood, the barns and stables, the fernery, the "pulpit" and the "pew."

I did not tell her of my romance with Maria. I was not proud of it. But as we sat together in the old apple-room above the stables, I confided to her my "unfortunate attachment," which I had now sufficiently recovered not to be offended by her opinion that it was all for the best that it had ended as it had.

I do not remember exactly how it was that I came to know that Polly—even Polly—had her own private heart-ache. I think I took an unfair advantage of her strict truthfulness, when I once suspected that she had a secret, and insisted upon her confiding in me as I had done in her. Nurse Bundle gave me the first hint. Mrs. Bundle, however, believed that "Miss Mary" was only waiting for me to ask her to be mistress of Dacrefield Hall. And though she had "never seen the young lady that was good enough for her boy," she graciously allowed that I might "do worse than marry Miss Mary."

"My time's pretty near come, my dear," said Mrs. Bundle, "but many's the time I pray the Lord to let me live to put in if it is but a pin, when your lady dresses for her wedding."

But I was not to be fooled a second time by the affectionate belief my friends had in my attractions.

"My dear old Nursey," said I, squatting down with Sweep by her easy-chair, "I know what a dear girl Polly is, and if she wanted to be Mrs. Dacre she soon should be. But you're quite mistaken there; she is my dear sister, and always will be so, and never anything else."

"Well, well," said Nurse Bundle, "young folks knows their own affairs better than the old ones, and the Lord above knows what's good

for us all; but I'm a great age, and the Squire's not young, and taking the liberty to name us together, my deary, in all reason it would be a blessing to him and me to see you happy with a lady as fit to take your dear mother's place as Miss Mary is. For let alone everything else, my dear, servants is not what they used to be, and when I'm dead you'll be cheated out of house and home, without any one as knows what goes to the keeping of a family, and what don't."

"Well, Nursey," said I, "I'll try and find a lady to please you and the governor. But it won't be Polly, I know, and I wish it may be any one as good."

I bullied poor Polly sadly about having a secret, and not confiding it to me. She was far from expert at dissembling, and never told an untruth, so I soon drove her into a corner.

"I'm rather disappointed, I must confess, in one way," said I, having found her unable flatly to deny that she did "care for" somebody. "I always hoped, somehow, that you and Leo would make it up together."

"You heard what Maria said," said Polly, shortly.

"Oh, I don't believe in the heiress," said I, "unless you've refused him. He'd never take up with the blue-stocking lady and her money bags, if his old love would have had him."

"I wish you wouldn't call her names," said Polly, angrily. "I tell you she's the best girl I ever knew. I don't care much for most girls; they are so silly. I suppose you'll say that's envy, but I can't help it, its true. But Frances Chislett never bores me. She only makes me ashamed of myself, and long to be like her. When she's with me I feel rough, and ignorant, and useless, and——"

"What a soothing companion!" I broke in. "Poor Damer! So you want him to marry her, as one takes nasty medicine—all for his good."

"Want him to marry her!" repeated Polly, expressively. "No. But I am satisfied that he should marry *her*. So long as he is really happy, and his wife is worthy of him—and *she* is worthy of him——"

A light dawned upon me, and I interrupted her. "Why, Polly, it is Leo that you care for!"

We were sitting under an old mulberry tree near the gate, in the kitchen garden, but when I said this, Polly jumped up and tried to run away. I caught her hand to detain her, and we were standing very much in the attitude of the couple in a certain sentimental print,

entitled "The Last Appeal," when the gate close by us opened, and my father put his head into the garden, shouting "James! James!" I dropped Polly's hand, and struck by the same idea, we both blushed ludicrously; for the girls knew as well as I did the plans made on our behalf by our respective parents.

"The men are at dinner, sir," said I, going towards my father. "Can I do anything?"

"Not at all—not at all; don't let me disturb you," said the old gentleman, with an unmistakably pleased expression of countenance. And turning to blushing Polly, he added in his most gracious tones,

"You look charming, my dear, standing under that old mulberry tree, in your pretty dress. It was planted by my grandfather, your great-grandfather, my love, and Regie's also. I wish I could have you painted so. Quite a picture—quite a picture!"

Saying which, and waving off my attempts to follow him, he bowed himself out, and shut the door behind him. When he had gone, Polly and I looked at each other, and then burst out laughing.

"The plot certainly thickens," said I, sitting down again. "I beg you to listen to the gratified parent whistling as he etires. What shall we do? Polly, how could you blush so?"

"How could I help it when I saw you get so red?" said Polly.

"We certainly are a wonderful family at this point," said I; "the whole lot of us in a mess with our love affairs, and my aunt and the governor off on completely wrong scents."

"Oh, I think everybody's the same," said Polly, picking off half-ripe mulberries and flinging them hither and thither; "but that doesn't make one any better pleased with oneself for being a fool."

"You're not a fool," said I, pulling her down to the seat again; "but I wish you wouldn't be cross when you're unhappy. Look at me. Disappointment has made me sympathetic instead of embittering me. But seriously, Polly, I'm sure you and Leo will come all right, and in the general rejoicing your mother must let Clerke and poor Maria be happy. Even I might have found consolation with the beautiful heiress if I had been left to find out her merits for myself; but one gets rather tired of having young ladies suggested to one by attentive friends. The fact is, matrimony is not in my line. I feel awfully old. The governor is years younger than I am. Whoever saw *me* trouble *my* long legs and back to perform such a bow as he

gave you just now? I wish he'd leave me in peace with Sweep. Since the day I came of age, when every old farmer in the place wound up his speech with something about the future Mrs. Reginald Dacre, I've had no quiet of my life for her. Clerke too! I really did think Clerke was a confirmed old bachelor, on ecclesiastical grounds. I wish I'd gone fishing to Norway. I wish a bit of the house would fall down. If the governor were busy with real brick and mortar, he wouldn't build so many castles in the air, perhaps."

As I growled, Sweep, beneath my feet, growled also. I believe it was sympathy, but lest it should be the approach of Aunt Maria (whom Sweep detested), Polly and I thought well to withdraw from the garden by another gate. We returned to the house, and I took her to my den to find a book to divert her thoughts. I was not surprised that a long search ended in her choosing a finely-bound copy of "Young's Night Thoughts."

"I often feel ashamed of knowing so little of our standard poets," she remarked, parenthetically.

"Quite so," said I; "but I feel it right to mention that the marks in it are only mine."

CHAPTER XXX.

I MEET THE HEIRESS. I FIND MYSELF MISTAKEN ON MANY POINTS.

A NEW KNOT IN THE FAMILY COMPLICATIONS.

LEO came to the hall. "His" heiress came to the Towers, but not "mine." She was to follow shortly.

I could not make out how matters stood between Leo and Polly. When Damer came, Polly was three times as *brusque* with him as with any of us; he himself seemed dreamy, and just as usual.

We went to dine at the Towers. We were rather late. Leo, in right of his rank, took a dowager of position in to dinner. Our host led me across the room, and introduced me to "Miss Chislett."

She was not the sort of person I expected. It just flashed across me that I understood something of Polly's remark about Frances Chislett making her feel "rough." My cousins were ladies in every sense of the term, but Miss Chislett had a certain perfection of courteous grace and dignified refinement, in every word, and gesture, and attitude, as utterly natural to her as the vigorous tread of any barefooted peasant girl to her, which one does meet with (but by no

means invariably) among women of the highest class in England. Her dignity fell short of haughtiness (which is not high breeding, and is very easy of assumption); her grace and courtesy were the simple results of constant and skilful consideration for other people, and of a self-respect sufficient to dispense with self-consciousness. The advantage of wealth was evident in the exquisite taste and general effect of her costume. She was not beautiful, and yet I felt disposed for an angry argument with my cousins on the subject of her looks. Her head was nobly shaped, her figure was tall and beautiful, her grey eyes haunted one. I never took any lady to dinner who gave me so little trouble. When we had been together for two minutes, I felt as if I had known her for years.

"Well, what do you think of her?" said Polly, when we met in the drawing-room. Polly had been taken in by Mr. Clerke, and they had neither of them paid much attention to what the other was saying. Maria had said yes and no alternately to the observations of the elderly and Honourable Mr. Edward Glynn; but, as he was deaf, this mattered the less.

"Was I right?" said Polly.

"No," said I, "she's not a bit strong-minded."

Polly laughed.

"I'll say one thing for her," said I; "I don't mind how often I take her in to dinner. She doesn't expect you to make conversation."

"Why, my dear Regie," said Polly, "you've been talking the whole of dinner time!"

Leo had seated himself by the heiress. Poor Polly's eyes kept wandering towards them, and (I suppose because I had heard so much about her) so did mine. It was only a quiet dinner party, and Miss Chislett had brought out her needlework, some gossamer lace affair, and Leo leant over the sofa where she sat, playing with the contents of her workbox. Polly's eyes and mine were not the only ones turned towards them. Ours was not the only interest in the future Lady Damer.

Aunt Maria carried Polly off to the piano to "give us a little music," and I sat down and stultified myself with an album at the table, and Frances Chislett chatted with Sir Lionel. They were close by me, and every word they said was audible. It was the veriest chit-chat, and Leo's remarks on the little bunch of charms and knick-nacks that he

found in the workbox seemed trivial to foolishness. "I'd no idea Damer was so empty-headed," I thought, and I rather despised Miss Chislett for smiling at his feeble conversation.

"I often wonder what's the use of farthings," I heard him say as he turned one over in the bunch of knickknacks. "They won't buy anything (unless it's a box of matches). They only help tradesmen to cheat when they're 'selling off.'"

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Chislett, "I have bought most charming things for a farthing each."

"So have I," said I, turning round on my chair, and joining in the conversation, which seemed less purposeless after I began to take part in it. Leo looked at us both with a puzzled air.

"Frying-pans," for instance, said Miss Chislett.

"—and gridirons," said I.

"Plates, knives and forks," said the heiress.

"—and flat irons," I concluded.

Polly had finished her performance, and was now standing near us. She understood the allusion, and laughed.

"Do *you* know what they're talking about?" asked Sir Lionel, going up to her. I sat down by the heiress.

"Were you ever at Oakford?" she asked, turning her grey eyes on me. She spoke almost abruptly, and with a touch of imperiousness, that suddenly recalled to me where I had seen those eyes before.

"Certainly," said I, "and at the tinsmith's."

"What were you doing there?" she asked, and after all these years there was no mistaking the accent and gesture of the little lady of the grey beaver. Before she had well begun her apology for the question, I had answered it—

"Buying a flat iron for a farthing."

* * * * *

"Well, you've gone it hard to-night, old fellow," said Damer, as we drove away from the Towers. "You and Miss Chislett will be county talk for six months to come."

"Nonsense," said I, "we knew each other years ago, and had a good deal to talk about."

But to Polly, as we parted for the night in the corridor, I said, "My dear child, to add to all the family complications, I'm head over ears in love with the future Lady Damer."

CHAPTER XXXI.

MY LADY FRANCES. THE FUTURE LADY DAMER. WE UNDERSTAND
EACH OTHER AT LAST.

It was true. My theories and my disappointment went to the winds. We had few common acquaintances or social interests to talk about, and yet the time we spent together never seemed long enough for our fluent conversation. We had always a thousand things to say when we met, and feeling as if we had been together all our lives, I felt also utterly restless and wretched when I was not with her. Of course, I learnt her history. She and her sister were the little ladies I had seen in my childhood. The St. John family were their cousins, and as the boy, of whom mention has been made, did die in Madeira, the property eventually came to Frances Chislett and her sister. The estate was sold, and they were co-heiresses. Adeline, the other sister, soon came to the Towers. She was more like her old self than Frances. The exquisitely, strangely fair hair, the pale-blue eyes, the gentle helpless look, all were the same. She was very lovely, but Frances was like no other woman I had ever seen before, or have ever met with since. I resolved to ask Lionel Damer how matters really stood between them, and, if he were not engaged to her, to try my luck. One day when she was with us at the Hall I decided upon this. I was told that Lionel was in the library, and went to seek him. As I opened the door I saw him standing in front of Polly, who was standing also. He was speaking with an energy rare with him, and in a tone of voice quite strange to me.

"It's not like you to say what's not true," he was saying. "You are *not* well, you are *not* happy. You may deceive every one else, Polly, but you can never deceive me. All these years, ever since I first knew you——"

I stole out, shut the door, and went to seek Frances. I found her by Ruben's grave, and there we plighted our troth.

* * * * *

It was in the evening of the same day that Polly and I met in the Hall, on our way to attempt the difficult task of dressing for dinner in five minutes. The grey-eyed lady of my love had just left me for the

same purpose, and I was singing, I don't know what, at the top of my voice in pure blitheness of heart. Polly and I fairly rushed into each other's arms.

"My dear child!" said I, swinging her madly round, "I am delirious with delight, and so is Sweep, for she kissed his nose."

Poor Polly buried her head on my shoulder, saying,

"And, oh, Regie! I *am* so happy!"

It was thus that my father and Aunt Maria found us. Fate, spiteful at our happiness, had sent my father, stiff with an irreproachable neckcloth, and Aunt Maria, rustling in amber silk and black laces, towards the drawing-room, five minutes too early for dinner, but just in time to catch us in the most sentimental of attitudes, and to hear dear, candid, simple-hearted Polly's outspoken confession—"I *am* so happy!"

"And how long are you going to keep your happiness to yourselves, young people?" said my father, whose face beamed with a satisfaction more sedately reflected in Aunt Maria's countenance. "Do you grudge the old folks a share? Eh, sir? Eh?"

And the old gentleman pinched my shoulder, and clapped me on the back. He was positively playful.

"Stop, my dear father," said I, "you're mistaken."

"Eh, what?" said my father, and Aunt Maria drew her laces round her and prepared for war.

"Polly and I are not engaged, sir, if that's what you think," said I, desperately.

My father and Aunt Maria both opened their mouths at once.

"Dinner's on the table, sir," the butler announced. My father lacked a subject for his vexation, and turned upon old Bowles:

"Take the dinner to——"

"——the kitchen," said I, "and keep it warm for ten minutes; we are not ready: Now, my dear father, come to my room, for I have something to tell you."

There was no need for Polly to ask Aunt Maria to go with her. That lady drove her daughter before her to her bedroom, with a severity of aspect which puzzled and alarmed poor Leo, whom they passed in the corridor. A blind man could have told by the rustle of her dress that Mrs. Ascott would have a full explanation before she broke bread again at our table.

I fancy she was not severe upon the future Lady Dar er, when Polly's tale was told.

As to my father, he was certainly vexed and put out at first. But day by day my lady-love won more and more of his heart. One evening, a week later, he disappeared mysteriously after dinner, and then returned to the dining-room, carrying some old morocco cases.

"My dear boy," he said, in an almost faltering voice, "I never dared to hope my dear wife's diamonds would be so worthily worn by yours. Your choice has made an old man very happy, sir. For thoroughly high-bred taste and refinement, for intelligence, indeed, I may say, brilliancy of mind, and for every womanly grace and virtue. I have seen no one to approach her since your mother's death. I should have loved little Polly very much, but your choice has been a higher one—more refined, more refined. For strictly, between ourselves, my dear boy, our dear little Polly has, now and then, just a thought too much of your Aunt Maria about her."

The Rector and Maria were made happy. My father "carried it through" by my desire. Uncle Ascott was delighted, and became a benefactor to the parish; but it took Aunt Maria some years to forget that the patronised curate had scorned the wife she had provided for him, only to marry her own daughter.

When I bade farewell to Adeline on our wedding day, she gave me her cheek to kiss with a pretty grace, saying,

"You see, Regie, I *am* your sister after all!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

WE COME HOME. MRS. BUNDLE QUILTS SERVICE.

THE day my wife and I returned from our wedding trip to Dacrefield was a very happy one. We had a triumphal welcome from the tenants, my dear father was beaming, the Rector no less so, and good old Nurse Bundle showered blessings on the head of my bride.

Frances was a great favourite with her. She was devoted to the old woman, and her delicate tact made her adapt herself to all Mrs. Bundle's peculiarities. She sat with her in the nursery that night till nearly dinner-time.

"I must take her away, Nursey," said I, coming in; "she'll be late for dinner."

"Go with your husband, my dear," said Nurse Bundle, "and the Lord bless you both."

"I'll come back, Nursey," said Frances; "you'll soon see me again."

"Turn your face, my dear," said Nurse Bundle. "Hold up the candle, Master Reginald. Ay, ay, that'll do, my deary. I'll see you again."

We were still at dessert with my father, when Bowles came hastily into the room with a pale face, and went up to my wife.

"Did you send for Mrs. Bundle, ma'am, since you came down to dinner?" he asked.

"Oh dear no," said my wife.

"Cook was going upstairs, and met Missis Bundle a little way out of her room," Bowles explained; "and Missis Bundle she says, 'Don't stop me,' says she, 'Mrs. Dacre wants me,' says she, and on she goes; and cook waits and waits in her room for her, and at last she comes down to me, and says she——"

"But where *is* Mrs. Bundle?" cried my father.

"That's circumstantially what nobody knows, sir," said Bowles, with a distracted air.

We all three rushed upstairs. Mrs. Bundle was not to be found. My father was frantic; my wife with tears lamented that some chance word of hers might have led the half childish old lady to fancy that she wanted her.

But a sudden conviction had seized upon me.


"You need not trouble yourself, my darling," said I; "you are not the Mrs. Dacre Nurse Bundle went to seek."

I ran to my father's dressing-room. It was as I thought.

Below my mother's portrait, on the spot where, years before, she had held me in her arms with tears, I, weeping also, held her now in mine——quite dead.



LOST IN A FOREST.

 MILDRED and Godfrey were lost.

It was in a beautiful forest of fine tall trees, whose tops seemed to touch the skies; under foot there was soft green moss, overhead the green leaves, glistening in the sunshine, now and again rustled aside by the breeze to allow the blue sky a glimpse of the beautiful forest, and the rabbits scampering about, and the squirrels sitting on the boughs, and the little birds singing and twittering among the leaves.

Undoubtedly it was a beautiful forest, but still, Mildred and Godfrey were lost, and worse still, lost through their own disobedience. Their mother had told them never, never, to go alone into that forest, and they had disobeyed. It looked so beautiful in the bright sunshine; so green, so quiet, so cool, on that hot summer's day, that they had yielded to the temptation, and now they were lost.

They were not afraid at first; often at home they were afraid of "the dark," but they saw nothing to be afraid of in this beautiful forest, with its tall trees, and squirrels, and rabbits, and countless little birds; and, above all, the bright sunshine dancing among the leaves, throwing streaks of golden light on the dark trunks; here and there even alighting on the mossy ground itself, and giving the whole scene a glory and a radiance which made the forest seem a very fairyland to the children. Not that they quite believed in fairies, I think, but still, as Mildred remarked to Godfrey, "If there *were* such things, this would surely be the sort of place they'd live in;" and I think she was right.

The children themselves did not look out of place in the scene; Mildred, with her soft hazel eyes and long golden-brown hair, in her holland frock and shady hat; and Godfrey, with his darker hair and large brown eyes, in his holland knickerbocker suit and sailor hat, were pretty children, and, what is better still, they were generally good children, though to-day they had been disobedient, and now must suffer the consequences. For presently the sun began to sink lower and lower among the distant trees, and the rabbits and squirrels went to bed, and the little birds sang their evening hymn and folded their

heads under their wings, and the children got first hungry, then tired, then frightened, yet still trudged on, hand in hand, neither of them liking to say, "We are lost."

"I wish there *were* such things as fairies," remarked Mildred presently, "and then we might meet one."

"A *good* one," said Godfrey; "but I hope there are no giants in this forest;" and he looked around fearfully, with a shudder.

"Or witches, or wicked magicians," added Mildred.

They were getting more and more frightened now, and the sun was still sinking lower and lower, and they had reached a part of the forest where, instead of the soft moss, there was coarse grass, and brambles, and large bushes, and yet they saw no opening, no pathway, nothing to direct them homewards. And they got more and more hungry, and a vision passed through Godfrey's mind of the school-room tea-table at home, ready prepared for the evening meal, with Miss Forbes, their governess, making tea, and Kate cutting the bread and helping the butter, and the others standing ready to say their grace, and worse still, it was *cake-night*, and the week for *plum-cake* too; and poor Godfrey and Mildred, instead of being at home to partake of it, were wandering lost in the forest!

At this moment they heard a dog barking. "Hark! there's a dog," said Godfrey, joyfully.

"Perhaps it's robbers!" suggested Mildred.

"Let us hide then," said Godfrey.

Mildred stood for a few seconds irresolute, listening. The barking came nearer and nearer. "Here, here; we'll hide behind these bushes—quick!" The children crouched down, entirely hidden by the bushes, trembling violently, more from excitement than fear. They heard something pushing its way among the tangled brushwood, and a large curly black head obtruded itself right over where the children crouched; two honest brown eyes looked straight down into theirs, and the dog, a large black one, began licking their faces and hands.

"What is it, Pluto?—good dog, fetch it out, fetch it out;" and a tall dark, fierce-looking man, carrying a gun, pushed the bushes aside, and stopped astonished when he saw *what* it was his dog had routed out—two little children, whose two pairs of eyes looked up imploringly at him, while Pluto stood over them, wagging his tail, as if highly pleased with his own cleverness.

"Queer!" said the man. "Where do you come from, children? And what are your names?"

He spoke in a stern, decided tone, and looked so fierce that



Mildred thought he must be a robber; while poor Godfrey's mind ran chiefly on giants and enchanters. They were too much alarmed to speak at first.

"Now—have you lost your tongues?—speak up, young 'uns, can't you?" said the man, impatiently. "What are your names?"

With an effort, Mildred summoned voice to answer, "Mildred and Godfrey Merivale."

"Merivale, Merivale?—know no such name. Where do you live?"

"Near the forest."

"But what's the name of the town, or village, or where ever you hang out? Come, speak up, can't you?"

"It's a village—Welbrook."

"Oh! the new parson's children!" and the man gave a long low whistle of surprise; then looking curiously at the children: "It's a goodish step from here; how came you to wander so far?"

"We lost our way," answered Mildred, with dignity. She did not approve of her father being called a "parson."

The man looked meditatively at them for a few seconds. "Well, maybe its best to take you up to the castle; come, get up, and walk fast; it's getting dark."

Mildred and Godfrey tremblingly obeyed. They would have liked to ask, what castle? but dared not, the man looked so tall and fierce. He took hold of Godfrey's unwilling hand, and bidding them "step out," walked along at a rapid pace. Dreadful visions passed through the children's minds of robbers and wicked magicians, but they dared not disobey such a decided mandate; and anything was better than being left alone in the rapidly increasing gloom of the forest. Presently they emerged into a hilly, thickly-wooded park; upwards, still upwards they toiled, every now and then disturbing a group of deer, who would start off, fleet as the wind, and vanish behind some distant clump of trees—upwards, still upwards, in the growing darkness, until there suddenly loomed above them the grey walls of a castle, standing grand and stern on the summit of the hill. "Here we are," said the man, who had hitherto preserved a grim silence; "this way."

Right up to the castle he led the way; up a few steps, and straight in through a small door in the wall. "Ask Mrs. Roscoe if I can see her," he said to a small boy, who popped his head from behind a half-closed door to stare at the new comers.

"All right," answered the boy briefly, emerging from his post of observation, and, with a parting stare at Mildred, started off down a long passage, the children and their conductor following in time to see him disappear up a narrow winding staircase. They waited at the

bottom, the man impatiently, the poor lost children in fear and trembling, until the small boy's head reappeared, and he called out, "Mrs. Roscoe says, 'please walk up.'"

"Come on, then, children. Stay there, Pluto"—to his dog, which seemed inclined to follow them up.

"Come in, Mr. Greenaway; I'm very glad to have a visit from you," called out a cheery voice, and Mr. Greenaway pushing open a door, they entered a large, comfortable room, with a bright fire on the hearth, by which sat a stout cheerful-looking dame, knitting, who rose at their entrance with exclamations of surprise when she saw Mildred and Godfrey.

"I've brought you two babes of the wood," said Mr. Greenaway, smiling grimly; "two lost children whom Pluto found among the brushwood of the forest. They say they're the new parson's children at Welbrook, which, as it's a pretty step from my beat, I took the liberty of bringing up here."

"Deary me!" said the old woman; "poor little things! I wonder if the Baroness would let them sleep here to-night."

Some words in a low tone then passed between Mrs. Roscoe and Mr. Greenaway, some mysterious "she" being frequently mentioned, and, by the glances every now and then cast on the children, something concerning them was evidently under discussion. It ended by Mr. Greenaway departing, and Mrs. Roscoe, calling the children near the fire, bid them warm themselves, and asked if "the little dears" were hungry; and on their answering in the affirmative, went to the door, and, calling "Susan, Susan!" gave some orders, which resulted in a delicious tea of brown bread and butter, and honey and ham, and strawberry-jam being prepared for them.

Godfrey and Mildred, who were nearly famished, set to work with a will, and before tea was finished they were on very friendly terms with Mrs. Roscoe, and had confided to her their names and ages, all their brothers' and sisters' names and ages, the names of all their pet birds and rabbits, and the whole adventure of the afternoon.

"Deary me, deary me!" the old dame kept exclaiming. "Poor little things! I don't see how we can get you home to-night. I wonder if the Baroness would let you sleep here."

"Who is the Baroness?" Mildred ventured to ask.

"The Baroness? why, the Baroness, of course."

This sounded mysterious, and Mildred did not like to ask more.

Meanwhile, servants of various denominations kept dropping in, on one excuse and another, to take a look at the lost children. Tall powdered footmen in gorgeous liveries of green and gold, smart ladies'-maids in black silk, housemaids, under-housemaids, kitchen-maids, scullery-maids, and presently there came a tall, imposing-looking man, in black clothes. "The major-domo," whispered Mrs. Roscoe to Mildred; but Mildred had not the remotest idea what a major-domo was—only thought it might be some person in some way connected with the mysterious Baroness.

He stood with his back to the fire scanning the children curiously for some seconds. Presently he remarked, "It's a strong likeness, Mrs. Roscoe."

"Likeness! No. What?" said Mrs. Roscoe, in a startled tone, and looking at them.

"Why, the little girl; and you say their name is Merivale. It's not a very common name."

"Bless us, so it is! I mean, no, it isn't;—a common name, I mean. I declare, I never thought——"

"Hush, hush!" interposed the major-domo; "not so loud; they'll hear, and you know we are not sure." And an earnest conversation ensued in low tones, of which Mildred and Godfrey, whose curiosity was excited, only caught a few stray words: "young curate," "angry," "the Baroness," "never forgave," "strange coincidence." Every now and then Mrs. Roscoe gave a startled look at the children, who were still seated at the tea-table. They thought it all seemed very mysterious. Presently the major-domo said,

"Where did you live before you came to Welbrook, Miss—Miss"—and he hesitated. "Mildred," said Mrs. Roscoe. "Miss Mildred," finished he.

"In London," answered Mildred and Godfrey at once.

The major-domo glanced at Mrs. Roscoe.

"London is a large town, remember, major."

"Yes; but what is your mother's name, Miss Mildred?"

"Her name? Margaret; but papa calls her Maggie."

"Exactly. You hear, Mrs. Roscoe?"

The major-domo spoke with an oracular air, while Mrs. Roscoe answered absently, "Bless us, 'tis odd; the poor little things!" And the children wondered what it was all about.

"The Baroness's coffee is ready to be served," said their first acquaintance, the small boy, pushing his head in at the door, and withdrawing it, after a prolonged stare at Mildred and Godfrey.

"Then I must go," said the major-domo.

"And the children, poor little things!" suggested Mrs. Roscoe.

He paused a moment, looking meditatively at them. "I will tell the Baroness about their being found in the forest, and then, if she likes, she can see them." And so saying, he departed.

"Deary me!" repeated Mrs. Roscoe, "I must wash your hands, and smooth your hair, and make you fit to be seen."

This took some little time—at least to do it according to good Mrs. Roscoe's idea of what was fit to be seen by the Baroness; and then the major-domo, returning, said, "The Baroness says she will see the children now, in the Long Gallery."

"Now be good children," said Mrs. Roscoe; "and," nodding her head mysteriously, "who knows—who knows?" Mildred and Godfrey were rather bewildered; the atmosphere of mystery seemed to increase; when the major-domo, taking one by each hand, led them along a narrow passage, and through a door, held open by a tall liveried footman.

"My gold-headed stick!" said the major-domo, in a pompous tone.

The footman handed him a long, slight stick, with a gold egg-shaped top, and letting go the children's hands, and desiring them to follow him, he preceded them up a broad flight of slippery oak stairs, which curved round at the top, opening on to a broad semicircular landing. Another footman in green and gold, drawing aside a crimson velvet curtain, ushered them into a small, richly-furnished apartment, all crimson velvet, and gold, and lights, and mirrors, where sat two page-boys, pretty little fellows, with golden hair, rosy cheeks, and bright blue eyes, attired in white and gold, who rose respectfully at their entrance.

"The curtains!" said the major-domo, waving his hand imperiously towards the crimson velvet curtains opposite.

The pages holding the heavy gilt-fringed drapery aside, the major-domo walking before, the children were ushered into a long apartment, with two fireplaces to the left, polished oak floor, so slippery that it was with difficulty they kept on their feet, oak-panelled walls, decorated with large portraits of ladies and gentlemen of bygone times, windows on either side, concealed now by heavy crimson curtains, and but

sparsely furnished with heavy oaken furniture, so black, and so handsomely carved, that Mildred thought it was ebony. The room was lighted by antique silver lamps, hanging by silver chains from the ceiling, but nevertheless looked gloomy from its length. At the further end, whither the major-domo proceeded, was seated a tall, stern-looking, elderly lady, with white hair, but dark piercing eyes, with black eyebrows, which, contrasted with the snowy whiteness of her hair, gave her a strange appearance. She was dressed in a long sweeping robe of black velvet, with rich lace collar, and falling sleeves, and on her head was a coronet-like headdress of velvet and pearls. She sat in a stiff, high-backed chair, and altogether looked so stern and severe that poor Mildred and Godfrey trembled and quailed before her. She was not idle, but was busily engaged on some embroidery work of gorgeous-coloured silks.

To her right, on a low stool, sat a pretty fair-haired maiden of some fourteen years of age, who lifted her blue eyes curiously to gaze at the children, but only for the quarter of a second, instantly recasting them on the large folio volume on her knees, from which she was reading aloud. Three other girls, of about the same age, were seated to the left of the Baroness, with a heavy mass of faded tapestry lying between them, which they were evidently repairing.

It was not like a scene from our prosaical days, but resembled more one of olden time, and Mildred felt queer and not quite certain whether it was not all a dream, or this some old fairy or enchantress. The major-domo led them straight up to the Baroness, made a profound bow, and paused. She waved her hand to the girl reading, who instantly stopped, then looked inquiringly at the man.

"The children who were found in the forest, my lady."

The old lady looked at them, and gave a little start; then looked again, longer and more earnestly. She seemed agitated, but spoke in a stern voice. "Send my maid here," she said, turning to the major-domo, who with another profound bow retired.

"Resume your reading, Myrinda."

Myrinda, obeying, read on slowly in a clear sweet voice, from the old folio on her knee while Godfrey and Mildred listened, as if in a dream.

"And they replied," so read the girl: "'Sir, let the clerks and priests come forward.' As soon as they had come nigh, he shouted to

them: 'Chant, in God's name!' And they, with one voice, chanted: '*Veni, creator Spiritus.*' Then the master cried to his men: 'Set sail, in God's name!' And they did so. And in a little time the wind struck the sails and carried us out of sight of land, so that we saw nothing but sea and sky; and every day the wind bore us farther away from the land where we were born." And so on, and so on, in the quaint old language of the Sire de Joinville, Saint Louis's faithful seneschal.

But Godfrey thought it was a chapter from the Acts of the Apostles.

Presently there was the rustle of a silk dress, and a small neat elderly personage appeared from somewhere in the background and stood respectfully before the Baroness; who, again with a little wave of the hand towards Myrinda, said, "Sarah, bring that morocco case here that lies on the small table by my bed-side."

"Yes, my lady," and, with an old-fashioned curtsey, the maid withdrew, passing, Mildred observed, behind a crimson velvet curtain at the left-hand corner of the room.

"Resume your reading," again said the Baroness, in a severe tone, and Myrinda read on again.

In a few seconds Sarah returned, with a large morocco case in her hand.

"This, my lady?" said she.

The Baroness bowed an affirmative, and waved her hand for the domestic to retire. This time she did not bid Myrinda resume her reading, but laid the morocco case in a hesitating manner on the table, then took it up again in a nervous agitated manner, and looked at Mildred. The child had been watching her with some curiosity, and the Baroness, on looking up, met a pair of large soft hazel eyes, with remarkably long silky eyelashes. She gave a little start. "The living image!" she muttered to herself in a low tone. "Talbot eyes, and no mistake;" and, with a shaking hand, she pressed the spring of the case, which flew open, and she attentively regarded the portrait within, every now and then looking up at Mildred, as if comparing her with the picture in her hands. Presently, with a little impatient sigh, she closed it.

"What is your name?" she said to Mildred, in a magisterial voice.

"Mildred Merivale."

"Where do you live? And what is your father?"

"A clergyman, and we live at Welbrook; but we used to live in London."

"So near! Is Maggie——Have you a mother, children?" asked the old lady in an agitated voice.

"Yes," answered Mildred, wondering.

"Thank God!" murmured the Baroness, leaning back with closed eyes.

Mildred was bewildered; was this strange old lady mad? she thought. Godfrey's eyes were roaming round the room, while he wished *they* all lived in a castle—it would be so jolly; and Myrinda and the other girls looked alternately at the children and the Baroness, and interchanged glances indicative of curiosity.

Presently the Baroness opened her eyes. "Come here, Elfrida," said she.

Elfrida, one of the girls working, rose as she was bid. She was a tall dark, handsome girl, with rich dark hair and brilliant eyes, apparently a little older than her companions.

"Look here!" and the Baroness opened the case and showed her the portrait inside.

"Why it's the little girl to life!" answered Elfrida; "who is it?"

The other girls looked astonished at her daring, but Elfrida was a privileged individual, and the Baroness answered—

"My niece, Margaret Talbot, years ago; and," pointing to the children, "those must be my grand-niece and nephew!"

"The niece who ran away with the curate?—and so you refused ever——"

"Yes," interrupted the Baroness, in a tone that forbade further questioning. "What is your name?" said she, turning to Godfrey.

"Godfrey Merivale," answered he.

"Come here, children," and she passed her hand caressingly over Mildred's long golden-brown hair, and said, "Would you like to come and live with me, little ones?"

"No, thank you," answered Mildred politely; but Godfrey said—

"In this castle? If mamma will come too!"

The Baroness smiled faintly. "I used once to be very fond of your mother, but—" and she paused, remembering it would not be right to blame the mother to the children—"but, she married your father, and—and—I have never seen her since."

Godfrey opened his brown eyes in wonder. "If you like, we will take you to see her," he said patronisingly; "but—oh, I forgot!" with a blank look; "we lost our way in that horrid forest, and oh!" with something approaching to a howl, "mamma won't know where to find us, nor we where to find her!"

"She will be frightened! she will think you are lost!" said the Baroness, rising in agitation; then resuming her seat, said more calmly, "They must return home; Myrinda, call Benjamin."

Myrinda, obeying, walked down to the end of the room, and drawing aside the curtain, summoned one of the little golden-haired pages.

"Tell the coachman to get the close carriage ready at once, and send Sarah to my room."

"Yes, my lady," answered the boy with all due propriety, though looking much surprised.

"Surely you are not thinking of taking them yourself, Baroness, at this time of night!" Elfrida ventured to remonstrate; "let one of the servants take them."

"No, I am going." And, so saying, the old lady walked in a stately manner towards the curtain behind her chair; Myrinda hastened to draw it respectfully aside, and so the Baroness made her exit.

"Well, this is *queerish*!" said a small dark girl with sparkling eyes and rosy mouth, as, throwing down her work, she advanced towards the children.

"Take care! beware, Clotilde! one of the Baroness's precious god-daughters using such a very *queer* expression as *queerish*!" laughed Myrinda, in pretended dismay.

"Don't *pun*! that's worse!" retorted Clotilde.

"And so these lost chicks turn out to be the dear niece, Margaret Talbot's children," observed the fourth girl, a slight, plain, grave young lady, with beautiful serious grey eyes, but a sarcastic expression about the corners of her mouth. "Adieu, Elly, to your chances of heiresship."

"How absurd you are, Lucilla!" said Elfrida disdainfully; "as if I ever expected!"

"What?" inquired Clotilde.

"Nothing! no, of course, you never expected nothing; two negatives, etc. Have you ever studied Murray, young sir?" she continued,

catching hold of Godfrey, and kissing him; "we are some sort of cousins, I believe, so must make friends."

"Very well," answered he, with an air of resignation; "if you like."

"To which question is that an answer? Are you the eldest son, or have you any brothers? because I am thinking of making up to you."

"Why?" asked Godfrey, quite bewildered, and yet pleased by the caresses bestowed on him.

"He'd make a charming small baron? wouldn't he, Elfrida?" pursued the volatile Clotilde.

"How can you put such nonsense in the child's head?" exclaimed Elfrida; "it's so ridiculous; but the little girl is a pretty little thing;" and so the children were flattered and caressed, and made much of, until Sarah appeared, and said her mistress was ready, and the children were to go down to her.

"Good-bye, little husband," whispered Clotilde; "don't forget you have promised to marry me."

"I haven't," said Godfrey, in an indignant voice at being thus appropriated.

"Well, give me a kiss instead, Sir Baron," stealing one as she spoke.

And with many caresses and kind hopes of soon seeing them at the castle again, the children were allowed to depart.

The Baroness, clothed in velvet and sable, was awaiting them seated in her large carriage, with its four fat greys; for she was an old-fashioned lady, and never drove out without four horses. The children were lifted in by their former friend, the major-domo. "All right," he said to the coachman, and off they drove at a rapid pace.

At first the Baroness was silent, leaning back; but presently she began to talk, asking all about their brothers and sisters, but particularly about their fourteen-year old brother, Sidney, who was to be a lawyer when he grew up, they said.

"No," said the Baroness; "that he shall *never* be," and relapsed into silence.

The children stared, but said nothing, until presently the Baroness spoke again.

"What would he like to be?"

"Sidney?—He would like to have a farm, he says," answered Mildred.

"He would like to be a fox-hunter *best*," said Godfrey, with decision.

"But that's not a profession," objected Mildred, seriously.

"He might combine both if he lived with me," resumed the old lady. "Do you think he would like to?"

"To live in a castle?—I should think so," said Godfrey; while Mildred answered doubtfully, "I don't know."

"What age did you say your eldest sisters were?"

"Maggie is seventeen, and Kate is fifteen."

"Do you think either of them would like to live with me? they would have my four god-daughters for companions."

"I don't think mamma could spare Maggie," said Mildred.

"And *we* couldn't spare Kate, because——" and Godfrey paused, blushing, when he caught the Baroness's eyes fixed inquiringly upon him.

"Why not?" questioned she.

"Because—she cuts our bread for us at tea."

The Baroness smiled, as she said, "Haven't you a governess or a nurse, then?"

"Oh, yes, we have Miss Forbes."

And then they all relapsed into silence once more, until they entered the village of Welbrook, when the Baroness sat up and looked out into the darkness.

"Are we near the Vicarage yet, children?"

"I don't know, it's so dark," said Mildred. "Oh, yes, there's the blacksmith's fire; we shall be there in a minute. There's the church; here we are!"

The carriage stopped suddenly. "I've got your parson's children all right," they heard the coachman's cheery voice saying, as they drove in at the gate; and they knew it was Job, the old gardener, who replied, "Thank God! I'll be off to find the master; he is off with some of the lads looking for them."

Mildred felt repentant as she thought of her father out searching for her that dark night, and she felt half afraid to meet her mother after their disobedience, yet somehow couldn't help feeling glad that they would soon be safe at home once more.

"You naughty, naughty children! here you've been and frightened missis——" and the maid who had opened the door stopped and curtsied when she saw the old lady behind the children.

"My darlings, my darlings, have they found you at last? Where's

papa?" said Mrs. Merivale, embracing the lost children, and then, like the maid, stopping when she saw there was a stranger in the back-ground. "Did you bring them back? how can I thank you enough?"

"Maggie, Maggie, don't you know me?" the old lady said, in a broken voice.

"Aunt—Aunt Elfrida! is it you, come to see me at last? Come in here," and she led the way into the drawing-room. "Let me look at you. I can hardly believe it."

"Maggie, Maggie, will you forgive me?"

"Aunt Elfrida!" and Mrs. Merivale threw her arms round the old lady's neck, and embraced her affectionately.

Mildred and Godfrey meanwhile had stolen upstairs, and were greeted with enthusiasm by the rest of the family, all anxious to hear their adventures. Miss Forbes attempted to lecture, but finding they were too excited to attend, deferred it till the morrow, and Kate said, "You very naughty boy!" kissing Godfrey all the time; but the others evidently regarded them as a regular hero and heroine.

"We went to a castle," explained Mildred; "a real castle."

"And they gave us tea," said Godfrey; "such a tea!—ham and strawberry-jam!"

Louisa gave a little howl. "What a shame, after your being so naughty, and we only had bread and butter!"

"And cake," said Godfrey; "it is cake-night."

"Yes; and we've eaten it all up, and left none for you."

"Well, go on, Milly," said Maggie; "let us hear all your adventures."

"Well, it was a beautiful real castle, and the Baroness was in a large room."

"But who is the Baroness?" inquired Molly.

"I don't know—an old lady. Oh, yes, I do, though, she is mamma's aunt. I heard mamma call her Aunt Elfrida."

"Aunt Elfrida!" exclaimed Maggie; "how curious! You know, Kate—the old aunt mamma lived with before she married; but I had no idea she lived near here. How singular!"

"Our great-aunt, then," said Kate. "What is she like?"

"Rather cross, I think," said Godfrey.

"And there were four girls there, with such queer names; one was reading, the others working," resumed Mildred.

"She was reading the Acts, Miss Forbes, and it was such a large Bible!" said Godfrey.

"And the others working? how wicked!" exclaimed Louisa.

"It wasn't the Acts, Godfrey. I think it was Sinbad the Sailor."

"I'm sure it was about the shipwreck in the Acts."

"Well, go on; never mind what they were reading. What were the girls like?" questioned Kate.

"Very pretty."

And so by degrees they learned the whole story; while downstairs Mrs. Merivale sat on a low stool at her aunt's feet, as in times long passed away, and heard about the Baroness recognising the likeness between Mildred and the portrait of the mother when a child; and they were presently joined by Mr. Merivale, tired and cold from his night search for the lost children.

"Frank," said his wife, rising to meet him, "I have an unexpected visitor here—Aunt Elfrida, Lady Talbot, you know."

"The Baroness!" he exclaimed, with surprise; then drew himself up stiffly, as he remembered the *last* time he stood face to face with the proud old lady, pleading as for dear life for the boon of her niece's hand, and she, upright, stern, and disdainful, gazing with proud scorn on the poor curate, who, with nothing but his pure lineage and brave heart, dared—yes, dared—to aspire to the heiress of the noble old Talbot line, heiress for certain of the old baronial title, and heiress, if her aunt willed it, to the old baronial castle and rich lands thereto appertaining.

"Mr. Merivale, Maggie has forgiven me," said the old lady, softly.

"Lady Talbot, we will say no more about it;" and Mr. Merivale held out his hand, which was warmly taken.

And so it was all made up, and I don't think that the inhabitants of either vicarage or castle ever forgot that memorable day when Mildred and Godfrey were lost;—indeed, every year, as the day came round again, the two families joined in a grand picnic in the forest, and all enjoyed rambling about its sunlit glades, and listening to the song of the birds, and watching the rabbits and squirrels, as Mildred and Godfrey had done when they were lost in the forest.



SCENES AND SKETCHES FROM THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

SIXTH EVENING (*continued*).

SCENE XXIV.

UNCONSCIOUS of danger, and well satisfied with his arrangements, Wallenstein was in his tent poring over a map of the country, and giving some further directions respecting the cantonments of his troops to General Holk, who was standing respectfully a little apart, when a sullen booming sound, like the firing of cannon, fell upon their ears. Both started and looked at one another—again, a second report, more distinct than the first.

“Der Teufel! it comes from Weissenfels,” exclaimed Holk, and he sprang to the entrance of the tent to look out.

“Hush!” cried Friedland breathlessly, and as he spoke a third report boomed through the frosty air.

“It is from Weissenfels; I saw the smoke,” said Holk.

Friedland stood motionless for an instant, he was deadly pale, then the blood rushed back to his forehead. “The Swedes are approaching,” he said; “it is the appointed signal. How could I be thus deluded? Go out, Holk, and see if any of our scouts are returned.”

As he spoke the clattering of horses’ feet was heard, and straggling bodies of cavalry galloped into the camp announcing that Gustavus Adolphus was in full march upon Lützen.

But Duke Albert had now recovered all his habitual self-possession.

“Holk,” he said, “let the signal guns be fired for the recall of the troops from their various cantonments, and see that couriers get to horse instantly, and be ready to start at a moment’s notice.”

These orders were promptly obeyed, and Holk remained waiting for his commander’s further instructions.

Wallenstein, meanwhile, composedly drew writing materials towards him, and wrote as follows to Pappenheim:

“The enemy is marching hitherwards. Break up instantly with every man and gun, so as to arrive here early in the morning. And I remain
“ALBERT DUKE OF MECKLENBURG.

“P.S. He is already at the pass and hollow road.”

And fast as horse and man could speed this mission was despatched to Halle after Pappenheim.

"Your Highness intends to give battle to the Swede?" said Holk.

"It is my only course," replied the Duke; "to retreat is impossible; to fall back on Leipzig would be dishonourable, for it would be giving up Pappenheim to destruction; to follow Pappenheim would be insanity. Are the couriers gone to summon the regiments?"

"They are gone, your Excellency."

"Let the regiments that are here march to the ground. I shall follow myself in a very short time." And Holk departed with great alacrity to obey his commander's orders.

Wallenstein drove to the ground in his carriage, and having pointed out to Holk the position the troops were to occupy, he left him to place the different regiments as they arrived. The November day closed in early, and Holk got little rest that night, for regiment after regiment came hastening in, and he had enough to do to arrange each in order of battle. Still there were no signs of Count Godfrey, nor indeed was his arrival possible, for it was calculated that twelve hours at least must elapse before he could reach Lützen.

That night was passed by the Swedes in calm and quiet. As Munro described it, they stood to their arms in perfect *battaglia*. The King remained in his coach, and Kniphausen and Bernard shared it with him, there being no camp equipage with the army, for the march had been so rapid that everything not absolutely necessary had been left behind.

"Our poor fellows are but badly off I am afraid," said the King to Bernard, "this bleak night."

"They look forward, Sire, to good quarters at Torgau to-morrow evening."

"Do the officers know at what hour your Majesty means to attack?"

"Yes, they all know, I believe; two hours before daybreak, if it is clear."

The King then became silent, and his followers hoped that he would sleep; but though Kniphausen slept sound, and Bernard at intervals, whenever the latter woke he saw by the light of the small lamp that Gustavus was awake, and apparently wrapped in profound meditation. Long before daylight the King was up and stirring, and it must have been a strange and striking sight the marshalling of the troops in the cold dim twilight of the foggy November morning.

The attendants came up to equip him for the field; but when they presented him with his cuirass, Gustavus declined it. "Not that," he said; "give me the coat of elk-skin."

"But will your Majesty wear no armour?" remonstrated the page Lübeling.

"Not to day, Lübeling; this blow I got on my right shoulder the other day makes the weight of the cuirass insupportable. The elk-skin is proof against a sword thrust, and for the rest the Lord God is my sufficient defence."

The troops had now advanced under cover of the mist to within a thousand yards of the enemy. Here they halted, and Gustavus, calling to his chaplain, Fabritius, desired that prayers should be said before every regiment by their respective chaplains. This was done, and, their morning devotions performed, the King himself gave out Luther's Hymn, which was sung by the whole army; and deeply impressive it must have been, that glorious hymn rolling forth from some thousands of voices, till its prolonged echoes fell on the ears of the anxious Imperialists. His Majesty then mounting his horse, a splendid milk-white charger, rode along the lines and spoke some encouraging words to his troops, but he had hardly concluded when the mist rolled off like a curtain, and the two armies stood face to face. In an instant every Swedish knee was bent as Gustavus, with uncovered head, knelt on the earth and prayed, "Oh, Lord Jesus, give us aid; we are going to fight for the honour of Thy Holy Name." Then the word is given, and the impetuous troops are let loose.

Led on by Gustavus himself, the Steinbock regiment of infantry advance quickly and steadily; they are received by a tremendous fire, but it checks them not in the least. On, across the Imperialist trenches, they rush with irresistible impetuosity; they throw themselves on the battery of seven cannon planted on a commanding eminence, cut down the artillerymen, and turn the captured pieces on the Imperialists. Then Gustavus, satisfied that all is "en bon train," speeds across the field to the right wing, consisting of the Swedish cavalry, and leads them against the left of the Imperialists commanded by Göltz. Again they carry everything before them; the Imperialists recoil, turn, and dash back at speed, followed by the triumphant Swedes, who imagine already that the victory is theirs.

Gustavus pulls in his excited horse which has borne him gallantly,

and glances round. "Somerville," he cries to his Scotch aide-de-camp who rides at his rein, "the victory is ours if we can keep our advantage."

"There is Duke Bernard's aide-de-camp, Sire; he comes this way, and it seems to me there is some confusion amongst his troops."

The King rides forward to meet the officer, who hurriedly explains that the Prince of Saxe-Weimar has been unable to make any impression on the right wing, and that his men are beginning to waver. Gustavus rides off instantly in that direction to see what can be done. The Imperialist batteries of cannon, flanked by dark lines of black horsemen, the famous regiment of Cronenberg, and by the light and active Croatians of our friend Isolani, are posted exactly in front of him. The wavering Swedes cheer up at the sight of the white charger, and receive the King with acclamations.

"Forward, my children," cries the King. "We must dislodge those black horsemen;" and the Swedes hasten to obey. With his usual impetuosity the King gallops forward, clears a pretty wide ditch which lies across his path, and distancing his staff, presses his horse up the slight ascent.

Alas! for this too eager haste. At this instant an Imperialist officer called to a musketeer who stood by, "Pick me out that officer on the white horse; he looks like a person of consequence." The man fired, and shattered the King's arm above the elbow. The pain was intense, but Gustavus made a gallant effort to conceal it from his troops, who having got over the ditch were hastening up. But the flowing blood was evidence sufficient, and the King, feeling himself growing faint from loss of blood, whispered to Francis Albert of Saxe-Lauenburg, "Cousin, lead me to the rear; I am wounded." The prince, shocked and distressed, hastened to comply. But in the momentary confusion of turning, an Imperialist officer, named Colonel Maurice Falkenberg, spurred out from his own ranks, looked fixedly at the King, then drawing a pistol he deliberately cocked it, and saying in a low clear voice of savage triumph, "Ha! is it thou? Long have I sought thee," fired.

The shot was too surely fatal; the King, ever thoughtful for others, could only exclaim to Francis Albert, "Take care of yourself, brother; I have got enough," when his horse at the instant bounding forward, he fell to the ground.

The next moment all was confusion; down on the wavering Swedes came the trampling hoofs of Piccolomini's horse; back in one mass of rout and disorder swept the Swedish cavalry. Francis Albert, without giving another thought to his wounded charge, spurred away after the fugitives; all the King's attendants followed. Yet not all—one remained, faithful even unto death. The young page Lübeling sprang from his horse, and kneeling by his master's side implored him to make the effort to mount. Gustavus fixed his dying eyes on the brave youth. "I cannot. Save yourself." At this moment a party of Imperialists rode up, and asked who the wounded man was. "He is an officer," replied Lübeling boldly, as he stood over the King with his drawn sword in his hand.

"Say you so?" returned the other; "despatch them then," he added, turning to his men and discharging his pistol at Lübeling. Lübeling in return exerted all his remaining strength, and cut him down, but it was his last effort, and he sank down mortally wounded by the side of his royal master. The unhappy King was despatched by several wounds, but his dying thoughts were for Eleonora, and his last words were, "Alas, my poor Queen!"

Meanwhile, the well-known white charger flying wild, his accoutrements and housings stained with blood, gave the first intelligence to the troops of the terrible calamity which had happened. Bernard was busily occupied in rallying the men, for the seven-gun battery on the hill had been wrested from the Swedes, and their advantage appeared completely lost. At this moment an equerry named Trueshes galloped up to Bernard. "Prince," he exclaimed in a low tone of dismay, "his Majesty has fallen."

Bernard turned pale with horror.

"Perhaps the King is only wounded and a prisoner," suggested the equerry, alarmed at the effect of his communication. But the Prince quickly recovered his self-possession and rode off instantly to Kniphausen. That General, who commanded the reserve, came forward to meet him, and Bernard grasping his arm whispered, "A dreadful misfortune has befallen us. The King is either dead or a prisoner—we fear the worst; what is to be done?"

Kniphausen looked as much horrified as Bernard. "The troops are in good order, Prince; it would be easy to effect a decent retreat."

"Retreat!" exclaimed Bernard, the indignant blood rushing to his

brow. "Never! I vow to Heaven I will fight it out to the very last, and rescue the King if he is a prisoner, or avenge his death if he is fallen."

He turned abruptly from Kniphausen, and rode up to the troops who had made a stand, and cried: "Comrades, your King is wounded and a captive—will you leave him in the hands of the enemy, or will you not rather liberate him or *avenge* him?" He was answered by cries and acclamations; but one soldier held back, it was the colonel of Steinbock's regiment, who sullenly refused to obey. Bernard knew how critical the moment was, and did not hesitate. "You will not?" he said; "then take that!" and he gave the recusant such a cut across the head with his sabre that the man fell senseless on the earth.

Bernard's authority was instantly established, and the Swedes, like lions at bay, poured impetuously on the vaunting Imperialists. Nothing could withstand them; they were over the trenches, the seven-gun battery was seized a second time, and the guns of the Windmill-battery were also captured and turned against the Imperialists. Nothing could exceed the wild fury of the conflict or the desperation with which both parties fought; but the Swedes were animated by a motive which made them irresistible. Again the field is theirs, Bernard pauses to take breath and to listen to the shouts of victory along the Swedish lines, when suddenly the Imperialists rally, and a large compact body of cavalry appear on their right flank. Down they come like an avalanche on the conquerors. Who is that on the white horse who spurs on at their head, waving his sword to cheer on his men—whose eager glances wander restlessly round as if seeking one whom he wonders not to see? It can be no other than Pappenheim!—Pappenheim, who has eagerly and rapidly obeyed Wallenstein's hasty despatch, and pressed on as fast as the horses could travel towards the field of battle. The troops have been allowed a short rest, and then brought on to the field at the close of the day to make a last effort to retrieve its broken fortunes. But in vain, Count Godfrey, ah! in vain dost thou seek for the idol of thine imagination, with the hope so long cherished of at length measuring swords on a fair field with the great King of Sweden. Gustavus has met a soldier's death, though Pappenheim knows it not.

Meanwhile, the exhausted Swedes are wholly unable to resist the shock of Count Godfrey's comparatively fresh squadrons; they recoil in

confusion, and Wallenstein, seizing the opportunity, a desperate conflict takes place over those twice-captured guns, while Friedland himself directs his troops though exposed to the hottest fire. The seven-gun battery is again taken, the gallant Swedes are again driven back across the trenches, leaving their dead by hundreds.

But the Imperialist triumph was not long. As Pappenheim presses recklessly onwards, still searching with his keen eyes through dust and smoke for the great King, a falconet ball strikes him on the shoulder and inflicts a mortal wound. He is borne away by his attendants, but his fall turns the fortunes of the hard-fought day. The untiring Bernard has rallied his troops and persuaded them to make one last charge; once more they are successful, once more they storm the Imperialist batteries, once more they are masters of the field. There is nothing more to be done now. Wallenstein, in the advancing darkness, slowly and sadly leads his broken and shattered army towards Leipzig.

In a vaulted chamber, which is still shown in the castle of Pleissenburg at Leipzig, lay the dying Pappenheim. The attendants stood sorrowfully round, when the door opened quietly and an officer stole in and whispered something to an officer of rank who stood near the couch. Pappenheim caught the name of the King of Sweden, and asked excitedly what they were talking about.

"Marshal," said the young man, stepping forward, "it is certainly ascertained that the King of Sweden is no more."

A ray of joy beamed in Pappenheim's dying eyes, as half starting up he exclaimed, "Then tell the Duke of Friedland I die happy, since the irreconcilable enemy of my religion has fallen with me on the same day:" then sinking back, he expired.

Pappenheim was much regretted by the party he served, and in truth there was much that was fine and noble in his character. There was a great power of appreciating what is good and excellent, and if it had not been for his relentless cruelty and utter indifference to human suffering, Pappenheim might have merited the name of a great hero.

He arrived too late to fulfil the prophecy in which he himself partly believed, that he, a *Pappenheim Balafré*, on a white horse, should kill a great King come out of the north; though it is curious so far that they should both have fallen on the same day.

The victory of Lützen was no triumph to the Swedes; thoroughly wearied out, they lay on the desolate plain all night, unable to sleep

brow. "Never! I vow to Heaven I will fight it out to the very last and rescue the King if he is a prisoner, or avenge his death if he is fallen."

He turned abruptly from Kniphausen, and rode up to the troop who had made a stand, and cried: "Comrades, your King is wounded and a captive—will you leave him in the hands of the enemy, or will you not rather liberate him or *avenge* him?" He was answered by cries and acclamations; but one soldier held back, it was the colonel of Steinbock's regiment, who sullenly refused to obey. Bernard knew how critical the moment was, and did not hesitate. "You will not?" he said; "then take that!" and he gave the recusant such a cut across the head with his sabre that the man fell senseless on the earth.

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Meanwhile, the exhausted troops are waiting for the shock of Count Godfrey's cavalry.

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But the Imperialist triumph was not long. As Paganini's progress recklessly onward still searching with his keen eyes through cloud and smoke for the great King, a flaming ball strikes him on the shoulder and inflicts a mortal wound. He is borne away by his attendants, but a hero turns the fortunes of the hard-fought day. The military heroism has rallied his troops and persuaded them to make one last charge; once more they are successful, once more they storm the Imperialist fortifications, once more they are masters of the field. There is nothing more to be done now. Walsenburg in the advancing German army and sadly leads his broken and shattered army towards Leipzig.

In a vaulted chamber which is still known as the chamber of the King of Sweden, by the young Pappenheim. The attendants stood sorrowfully round, when the door opened quietly and an officer came in and whispered something to an officer of rank who stood near the coach. Pappenheim caught the name of the King of Sweden, and asked excitedly what they were talking about.

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Pappenheim was much respected by the party he served, and it was there was much that was fine and noble in his character. There was a great power of apprehending what is good and excellent, and if it not been for his personal frailties and his tendency to intense suffering, he might have been a great benefit to his country. He arrived in the city of a great town.

He arrived
believed that
great thing
should be

for the biting frost, brooding over their irreparable loss. The next morning they marched to Weissenfels. There the King's body was embalmed, and lay waiting its removal to Wolgast, previous to its transportation to Sweden. The unhappy Queen Eleonora had arrived from Erfurt perfectly overwhelmed with grief. His favourite officers stood grouped around the cold remains of him they had so deeply loved and respected; many weeping aloud; some mourning with that silent oppressive grief which is too deep for tears. They bore the corpse of their idolized King to the castle of Wolgast, where it was to lie in state.

It was a mournful procession, the officers walked by the side of the coach, and the men, trailing their arms, marched dejectedly after, while before the royal dead was borne his favourite white standard.

SCENE XXV.

"It is right that the Duke of Saxe-Weimar should fill *his* place," said Gassion to Kniphausen, as the officers were sitting together on the evening of their arrival at Wolgast.

Kniphausen answered by a deep sigh.

"That gallant boy Lübeling expired just before we left; his account of our beloved master's death was clear and consistent to the last."

"Our men suspect Francis Albert of Saxe-Lauenburg."

"You don't believe him to be guilty, do you?"

"No, I believe Lübeling's statement, which acquits the Duke of all, save an overweening care for his own safety; but it is the general impression among the troops that he has acted a traitor's part, and Francis Albert will not be well received."

There was a pause, and then a voice said:

"If he had lived, where should we have been now?"

"On our road to Vienna," exclaimed Ernest of Anhalt; "we should have followed Friedland into Bohemia, and dispersed the remnants of his army; we should have marched into Vienna, and the King of Sweden would have exchanged his title for that of Emperor of Germany."

"No," said Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, who had entered unobserved, "you mistake his character. If Gustavus had outlived this battle, Protestant Germany would have been free, but he would never have, aimed at an Imperial crown for himself; his was no selfish ambition,

and his conquests were not achieved for his own gratification or interest ; he was almost perfect," added Bernard, turning away with sudden emotion, "and there is no one worthy to fill his place."

The officers looked at him with interest, but they did not tell him what they all thought—that there was none in the army so worthy to fill that place as the high-hearted, high-principled, generous Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

HILDA. That is rather an abrupt ending, Rochie.

OTHO. I think it is a good place to stop at, however, at Gustavus's death. How interesting that part of the history always is !

HENRIK. Yes, what a dreadful death that must have been, but a very glorious one.

ROCHESTER. That battle of Lützen was a very singular one—it was in fact three battles.

OTHO. So it was. I have heard papa say that the instances are very rare of the same troops being brought up again to the charge, after being defeated.

ROCHESTER. I fancy they were hardly routed, only momentarily repulsed. But the arrival of Pappenheim at the end, driving everything before him for five minutes, and then falling at the critical moment, is more like an incident in a novel than an event in history.

HILDA. I am sorry, Rochester, we shall not have the end of Wallenstein's career ; I rather admire him.

HENRIK. Do you believe him, Hilda, to be guilty of what his enemies accused him of ?

HILDA. What, of treason ? No, I don't, Henrik. I think he was atrociously murdered. Butler was the name of the man who killed him, was it not ?

ROCHESTER. It was Devereux struck the fatal blow I believe, but I am sorry to say, Hilda, that papers have been found lately at Dresden, proving beyond a doubt that Wallenstein had been in correspondence with the Swedes for two years before his death.

HENRIK. No, really, but that must be a late discovery ?

ROCHESTER. Yes, it was made after Mitchell's biography of him was written. Poor Mitchell will be quite disappointed.

HILDA. But that does not justify his murder.

ROCHESTER. By no means ; his murder was atrocious. Ferdinand was in fact mortally afraid of him, and did not dare bring him to trial, for

Wallenstein was very nearly as powerful as an independent sovereign. I should not wonder at all myself if he had succeeded in making himself King of Bohemia, in the same way as the Elector of Bavaria in later times became king.

HENRIK. I forget, Rochester, who succeeded Wallenstein in the command of the Imperial armies.

ROCHESTER. Ferdinand, the King of Hungary (afterwards Ferdinand III.), and his cousin, Ferdinand Charles, the Cardinal-Infant, one of the sons of the King of Spain. They were very gallant youths, especially the Cardinal-Infant, who distinguished himself very much at the battle of Nordlingen.

OTHO. That was the battle where Horne was taken prisoner.

ROCHESTER. Yes, poor Horne suffered for the impetuosity of Bernard of Saxe-Weimar. Horne had been strongly against risking a battle, but Bernard, recollecting, I presume, how Gustavus had overruled Horne's caution at the battle of the Lech, insisted so strongly, that the other yielded, and the result was a defeat. Bernard afterwards bitterly reproached himself as having been the cause of the disaster, and was only fearful lest any of the blame should fall upon his friend. But Horne was treated in the kindest manner by the Imperial cousins, the Cardinal-Infant gave up his quarters to him, and lodged himself in a miserable hovel.

At this moment a tap at the door was heard, and Robert having shouted "Come in," a domestic entered and announced that Miss Wilmot and the young gentlemen were wanted in the drawing-room. "We have out-stayed our time I suppose," said Rochester, "or else they are out of dinner earlier." "It is only just eight o'clock," said Otho as they went downstairs. They went into the drawing-room, where they were surprised to see the gentlemen even though it was so early, but amongst them stood one who was a stranger to most of the young party. He was a tall good-humoured looking man, with fair moustaches and fair short curls, who hastily turned round as the boys entered, then loudly exclaiming, "Which are they, where is Henrik?" Henrik sprang forward and was warmly embraced by his uncle, Count Gustavus Lilijenhorn, who had written a short time before, to say that he was coming to England, and that his nephew would return with him abroad;—an announcement which had hung heavy on the young people's minds. The first glance at his face reminded him strongly of his

father, and Henrik forgot in the excitement of the meeting that he was come to take him away as he supposed from all his English friends. Rollo had his share of his uncle's affection, and then the English cousins were introduced, and they were all soon on the best terms listening to the Count's explanation of his arrival following so soon upon his letter, nor was the subject of Henrik's departure once alluded to.

The Count had been a few days at St. Evreux, when Rochester came hastily into the library where Henrik was looking for a book.

"Henrik, you are just the person I want; come here, I have something to say to you."

"What is it?" said Henrik, coming down from the ladder on which he was perched with a book in his hand.

"The day for our uncle's going is fixed. Thursday week."

"So soon!" cried Henrik; "and am I going too, and Rollo?"

"You are going; not Rollo, or the little ones."

Henrik's countenance fell. "At all events, you don't seem to care much, old boy."

"Well, Henrik, I don't think I shall break my heart."

This unfeeling speech caused Henrik to stare at his friend, and seeing no signs of grief in Rochester's face, which was looking particularly bright and rather arch, he turned away a little hurt.

Rochester's kind heart smote him. "Henrik, dear Henrik, I never meant to tease you. What should you say?—listen, boy—if you were only going for two or three months, and one of your charming cousins was going with you?"

Henrik looked up quickly. "Are you coming, Rochester?"


"Yes, I am; I hope you are not very sorry."

Henrik gave a jump expressive of delight, and then heard from Rochester that as soon as Otho went back to Eton they were to start for Sweden; that Henrik's home was still for the present to be in England, but that he was often to visit his own country, to make acquaintance with the land of his birth, where his natural sphere of duty would eventually lie.

The following day week, Rochester and Henrik were on their way to the land of Sweden, the country of Gustavus Adolphus; and it is difficult to say which cousin was the happiest of the two at the prospect of the bright holiday before them.

CONCLUDED.

THE BROKEN FLOWER.

T was a lovely afternoon,
 Herbert's half-holiday;
 The birds thrilled out a happy tune,
 The flowers wore all the tints of June,
 And all around was gay.

And Herbert as he ran about,
 Rejoicing to be free,
 Felt all the joy of being out,
 And called his dog with merry shout,
 His playfellow to be.

Dash lov'd to hear his master's cry,
 And *dashed* off at the sound;
 All dog-like, running heedlessly,
 He did not stop his course to spy
 The flowers that grew around.

"Dash, Dash, be careful!" Herbert said,
 And watched him anxiously;
 But Dash was in a flower-bed,
 His wagging tail had snapped the head
 Of a tall flower close by.

• "Oh, Dash!" cried Herbert, in dismay,
 "Oh, see what you have done!
 That flower no money can repay,
 For papa said the other day
 His was the only one."

Saddened, subdued, and penitent,
 Poor Dash crestfallen stood,
 As o'er the flower his master bent,
 And seemed so grieved and innocent,
 So wishing to be good,

That Herbert's anger had an end,
 And now he was intent,
 As the poor flower could never mend,
 On sparing his beloved friend
 From well-earned punishment.

"Dear Dash, I need not tell, you know,"
The little fellow said;
"They'll think the wind too high did blow;
Perhaps the stalk again may grow,
And have another head."



Thus reassured, the dog and boy
Began their merry play;
For nothing can for long destroy
A child's or puppy's fun and joy
Upon a summer day.

So when engaged in happy race,
His father called his name,
Herbert left off the hopeless chase
And went with bright, unclouded face,
Fresh from his eager game.

But when he saw his father stand
Beside the fatal bed,
The broken floweret in his hand—
Too young his features to command,
He blushed, and hung his head.

“Herbert, have you this mischief done?
Don't be afraid to say;—
Rather than you, my only son,
Should tell a lie, reproof to shun,
I'd thrice the value pay!”

Sterner became his father's eye,
And Herbert feared him so;
His little hands twitched nervously,
He longed, but did not dare to cry,
And faltering, answered “No!”

His father took him on his knee
With many a fond caress,
And gravely spoke and earnestly,
But Herbert only seemed to be
In heightening distress.

He clenched his hands, he would not speak,
But 'gainst his will the tears
In bitter drops ran down each cheek,
His swelling heart seemed like to break
With its unspoken fears.

And seeing he would not give way,
Nor soften nor repent,
But seemed too sullen to obey,
His father led the boy away
To bear his punishment.


Proudly swelled Herbert's little heart,
Bravely he bore the pain;
It seemed to him a martyr's part
That he could for another smart,
And steadfast still remain.

"Twas over soon, and Herbert said,
 " Papa, I could not tell ;
 'Twas Dash who broke the poor flower's head ;
 But now you've punished me instead,
 Please don't whip him as well !"

" My noble boy, I scarce can blame
 That you did not obey,"
 His father said. " Oh, keep the same
 True heart for ever, and your name
 Shall always be as free from shame
 As on this happy day !"

E. M. L.

FOX AGAIN.


E was an honourable little fellow, that Fox. His mistress used sometimes to put him on guard over the sugar, knowing that if Fox had a weakness, it was for sweet things. She would then leave the room, and presently peep between the door-hinges (which, I am thinking, does not say much for *her* honour), when she would see poor Fox steal a look at the sugar, then turn his head the other way, and hold it so. By-and-by he would seem as if he could not help turning back for one peep at the longed-for treasure, and then he would again turn quickly away in the most determined manner, so as to *put himself out of the way of temptation*. This happened several times, and when his mistress returned she invariably found the sugar untouched.

The fact is that Fox knew his own weak point as well as she did ; and like a wise dog he did not allow himself to look and long until he could not resist taking a bit, but tried to turn his thoughts, or at any rate his eyes, quite another way.

Fox was right ; and if *we* never allowed ourselves to go on thinking " how nice it would be " to do something which we know is wrong, we should not so often end by doing it.

HÉRISSE.

BOOK NOTICE.

 **A BAGATELLE.** Revised by Madame N. L. (Lockwood and Co., 7 Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Hill.)

Let the disciples of progress stand abashed before this admirable little reprint of an admirable old school book. We could hardly believe the evidence of our senses when we saw the dear old

volume in so nice a form, carrying us back so pleasantly to the days of our childhood. For beginners in the study of the French language we can imagine nothing more practically useful to learn from than this. We cordially recommend it to all mothers and governesses of very little children.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.



AN any of our readers solve the following riddle, kindly sent by F. C. H—r, who found it amongst his late father's papers without an answer?

"No voice have I, no sound I hear,
Nor aught of all on earth can see ;
From none I shrink, to none appear,
Nor length, nor breadth, is found in me.

"Fix'd and unchanged, and still the same,
I stand unharmed by age or clime ;
Though time and space usurp my name
I only fill not space nor time.

"Though none can seize me, none discern,
Yet all that move in earth or sky
From me depart, to me return,
Or float around me, far or nigh."

"An Early Bird" wishes to know from whence the following lines are taken :

"Thanks to Aurora's vow, our lengthened day
Adds days, months, years, yet steals not youth
away."

Also, she has several thousand old postage stamps, which she will be happy to give to any of our readers who want them to make snakes with. Aunt Judy will send the "Early Bird's" address to any who wish to avail themselves of this offer.

If any of our readers who sent stamps

to "Norma," but have received no tale pictures in exchange, will send a stamped envelope with their address to her, she will return their stamps, as she has disposed of all her pictures. Can any one supply her with the words of "Mon Brave," a French war song? The quotation inquired about is from "The Better Land," by Mrs. Hemans.

"Twilight" asks if any correspondent has a stamp snake to dispose of, either for sale or exchange?

She also wishes to know "on what terms an English lady could be received at Kaiserwerth for a few months, to see the working of the Institution and take a partial share in it?" In answer to her inquiry about English Sisterhoods, Aunt Judy begs to refer her to a little work—"Anglican Deaconesses" (Bell and Daldy, York Street, Covent Garden), which she thinks will give all the information required.

Copies of the photograph of the Doll's House cannot be purchased separately, but the number of the Magazine containing it is still to be obtained, and does not cost more than would be charged for the photograph alone.

Aunt Judy is not fond of inserting riddles unless she is sure that they are genuine, and capable of being properly answered; and she will be glad to find that the following, sent by "Undine," is not a hoax:—

"If I were to ask the Queen and the chair
Both to tell me what they were,
And then should beg of you to bear
To the top of the house the Queen and her chair,
The Queen, her chair, and yourself, all three;
In the very same sentence would answer me."

"Veritas." Aunt Judy does not profess to know much about the keeping of caged birds, but she hears from a friend, who has had much practical experience, that the canary enquired about is most probably afflicted with *red mites*, who are the greatest torment to birds, making them excessively restless and fidgety, and apt to peck out their feathers. These insects are extremely difficult to get rid of: if the cage be a wooden one, it must be burnt. A pinch of Scotch snuff, if sprinkled under the wings and about the body of the canary, will generally dislodge the tormentors; but the most effectual remedy is to wash over these parts with a solution of white precipitate, taking care to dry the bird well by the fire, or in the sun. These last hints Aunt Judy has gathered from "Bechstein's Handbook of Caged Birds." (Bell and Daldy, York Street, Covent Garden.)

"Mortimer Lightwood." The line "Nights devoid of ease" is in a poem by Longfellow, "The Day is Done." Perhaps some of our readers can say whence the other quotation is taken:

"God above

Creates the love to reward the love."

"Hex." "Hamilton's Catechism on Thorough Bass" (published by Messrs. Cocks & Co., 6, New Burlington Street, London), is a good elementary book, and not expensive. A larger and more instructive one is "Mandel on Thorough Bass," published in four Parts, 5s. each, by Messrs. Boosey & Son, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

"H. M. P." asks if the author of "The Wynnes" and "On the Banks of the Thorne," has written any other stories?

"Lilly" sends the following enigma for the amusement of our readers:

"I am a noun of plural number,
A foe to rest and peaceful slumber,
But add to me the letter S—
What a wonderful metamorphosis!
What plural was, is plural now no more,
And sweet becomes what bitter was before."

Report of the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot," at the Hospital for Sick Children, 49 Great Ormond Street, London. September 14, 1871.

"The contributors to 'the Cot' Fund will be glad to hear that little Annie H—— is improving in health; she has been recommended to have a week's change of air at the Convalescent Home at Highgate, and will return for further treatment at the Hospital afterwards: she is therefore still considered 'the Cot' patient. A short stay in the fresh, bracing air of Highgate, to 'recruit' strength, is often found to be very beneficial before proceeding to take further measures, which in Annie's case it is hoped will result in a cure of that deformity which at present makes her a cripple.

"A day or two before Annie went to Cromwell House, she was dressed and placed on a couch in the large front Ward: those who knew the grave little maiden in bed could scarce recognize the same child again, a change for the best seemed effected at once, and no little girl in the Ward was more bright than she.

"Her kind doctor, who has never before elicited a smile from his little patient, was at once invited to a game at play, and merry laughter rang through the Wards that afternoon, such as has not often been heard since the olden days when these Wards were the grand reception rooms of the rich and gay. All her companions appeared happy to see their little favourite break the somewhat

unnatural reserve, which has characterised her since she came to the Hospital. It was a pleasant sight on the last visiting day before Annie went to Highgate, when 'Fa-ver' came to see her; seated on the long low couch beside his child, he spent the allotted hour, listening to all (and a long story it was) she had to say; her large earnest eyes looking up at the tall man bending over her, pointing and gesticulating with her little fingers and telling him all she had heard about the playground at Cromwell House, and the wonders and beauties to be seen there, and all about what she hoped to do when she could run about 'like the other little girls.' The conversation was evidently confidential, for if Annie found that any one was looking on or listening, her eyelids at once dropped, and no more words were spoken till she again felt alone with her father, whom she seems, as before stated, to regard not only in the light of 'hers,' but also as a friend and companion. Judging from appearances, it may be readily inferred that 'her father' does not spend many happier moments in his life than when he is listening to the innocent prattle of his little girl. Probably before the next report little Annie may have returned from Highgate to the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot' at Great Ormond Street."

Contributions to the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot," received to September 15th, 1871.

	£	s.	d.
Maude and Mildred, York (monthly)	0	2	0
Susan and Harriet (monthly)	0	1	0
Beaver (monthly)	0	2	6
M. A. F. (monthly)	0	0	6
"Helen," Halesworth (collected quarterly)	0	16	6
Lucy M——.	0	2	6
Collected by a little boy, Hubert de B. Dwyer	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Maggie, the produce of the Summer House Bazaar, Calton, Norwich	0	6	0
Maggie, for Mary Anne T——	0	1	0
Mrs. Wm. Shore, Meiningen, Germany	0	3	0
Nelly Tomkins, Rochester	0	0	4
"An old Fogie"	0	2	6
Mrs. Pott, collected by some children at Abingdon	0	6	4
"Ethel," (collected), Cotham, Bristol	1	0	0
Miss Mary Gough, 6d., Miss Gough, 6d., Mrs. S. French, 6d., Miss Colthurst Brabazon, 1s., Mrs. French, 1s., Miss French, 6d., Mrs. H. Dumersq, 6d., Seymour Bushe, 6d., Miss Phæbe French, 6d.	0	5	6
"Shady, 3d., Great B——, 3d., The Bombardier, 3d., Bumble Puppy, 3d.," Brixton	0	1	0
Letty	0	1	6
Cavie	0	1	0
Juliana Sparks	0	0	3
E——, for Annie H——	0	1	0
Nina, Alice, and Annie	0	3	0
R. M., and O. T.	0	5	0
Collected by E. M. W., 7d. of the sum being given by the boys in her Sunday School Class	0	5	0
Florence Edith and Minnie Church, Hamlet House, Chelmsford, collected	0	7	0
Part of the contents of Edith Beatrice Mia's money-box	0	1	10
M. M. W., and A. D. W.	0	4	0
Miss Katherine Stuart Wortley, a large doll and other toys			
M. L. A. S., and Mrs. H——, a large scrap book and a picture book			
Miss B——, odd numbers of "Children's Prize."			
Janie Atkinson, a scrap book			
Bessie Hutchins, a parcel of knitted shawls			

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Form 410



